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CAROLINA MAGAZINE

OCTOBER • 1941

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ISSUE

In the Army..In the Navy..In the Marine Corps..In the Coast Guard

ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN POST EXCHANGES, SALES COMMISSARIES, SHIP'S SERVICE STORES, SHIP'S STORES, AND CANTEENS SHOW...

Camels are the favorite!

First on Land and Sea!

Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard ...yes, it's *Camels* with the men in the service. And with the millions of others who stand behind them, too. For Camel is America's favorite.

Join up with that ever-growing army of Camel fans now. Enjoy the cool, flavorful taste of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Enjoy smoking pleasure at its best —extra mildness with less nicotine in the smoke (*see left*).

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% Less Nicotine

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!* The *smoke's* the thing!

SEND HIM A CARTON OF CAMELS TODAY. For that chap in O. D. or blue who's waiting to hear from you, why not send him a carton or two of Camels today? He'll appreciate your picking the brand that the men in the service prefer...Camels. Remember—send him a carton of Camels today.

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

SPIRIT

On many Saturday afternoons each Fall, young people, students at Chapel Hill, file out the pathways by a steep bell tower. They have witnessed a game. Sometimes Ray Wolf's team has won. Sometimes it has lost. No matter what the outcome, they know that they have experienced the common feeling of all people who love their university, past and present. Stimulating that feeling is the football team. Giving it direction and emphasis is Curry Jones and his whole cheering squad. Pat Johnson is one of the transmitters through which the spark of Carolina spirit passes.

278175

LET'S GO TO TOWN

By Shirlee Brimberg

WE FEEL that, perhaps more than anyone else at U. N. C., we are best fitted to edit a column dedicated to food, entertainment, and bargains. We'll put forth two sound reasons for the above back-patting. One, we don't like to eat, and two, the mere thought of leaving our less energetic pursuits upsets us. If we like a piece of Chocolate pic it'll have to be Chocolate Pie Supreme; and if we approve a dancing spot, it'll have to offer more than just an evening with a juke box. And, when we find ourselves spending our long-saved tax pennies, they'll go for the sort of bargain that any of Uncle Sam's boys could afford. Henceforth it's to be "intellectual" supping and shopping.

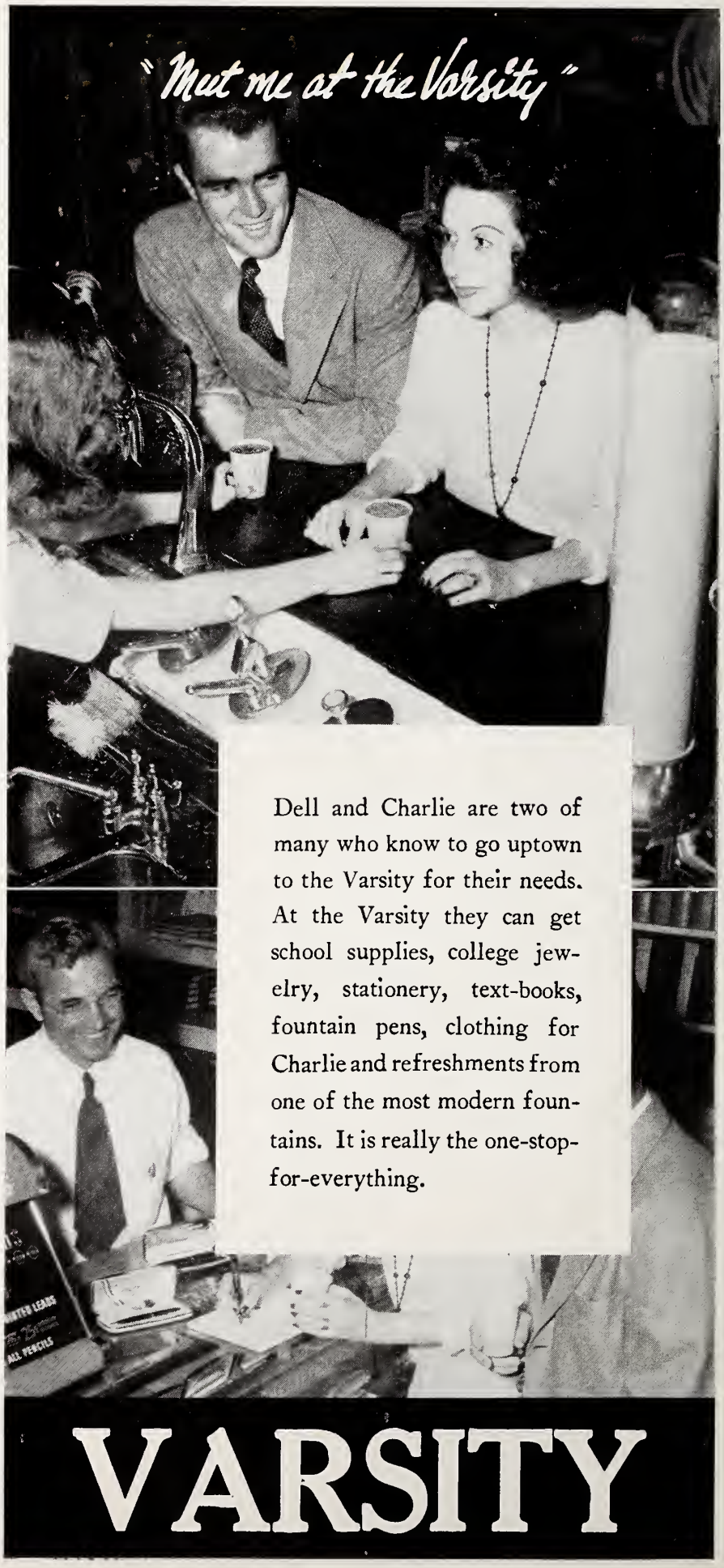
Knowing that this weather can't last forever, we've kept our eye peeled for sweaters, and we found them too. They all have a faint resemblance to Dad's golfing sweater, but we feel that they'd be a great improvement on the shirt sleeve element. At Varleys, shetlands whose color would make any co-ed turn around; Cashmeres, glens, flannels, and jackcts at Pritchard-Bright's (in the Washington-Duke Hotel) that are sure-fire for that football weekend . . .

One of the problems that confronts every Carolina student as often as brushing his teeth, is the problem of getting a little novelty into the daily menu. For good inexpensive food we naturally recommend the various cafes of our food conscious community. Rare steaks at the University Cafe where the dish for the millionaire or college student is also found: the Hamburger. For Suth'n chicken, suth'n fried potatoes and suth'n buttered toast go to the Pines.

We stopped in to see Mr. Kutz at the Varsity, and ended up by staying an hour. We offered him a coke but he reversed the process. We finally wangled out of him some nice juicy gossip about co-eds who were buying certain members of the male element (namely, Johny McCormick and Bucky Harward) mighty nifty-looking sweaters.

Now let's get down the staid and stolid problems of good eating; try the spaghetti and caviar to be found at Harry's. The spaghetti's super and the caviar . . . well, what can you expect with the war and everything. We don't know how they manage . . . probably some underground connection through the Holland Tunnel. Their roquefort cheese on rye is the real stuff.

Well we've done our weary best, and the rest of the Mag has assured us, with some success.


"Meet me at the Varsity"
Dell and Charlie are two of many who know to go uptown to the Varsity for their needs. At the Varsity they can get school supplies, college jewelry, stationery, text-books, fountain pens, clothing for Charlie and refreshments from one of the most modern fountains. It is really the one-stop-for-everything.
VARSITY

CAROLINA COMMENTARY

REVIEWS

THEATRE

Rossini—Student Entertainment shoved a tonselier on the stage. The first act left a lot to be desired—an audience.

Founded and Directed—Playmakers Touring Company tossed the old onion of southern degredation on the stage . . . a not good, not bad performance . . . thespians little too rigid for reality. "Male Animal" predicted a sure fire hit (pages 12-13).

SPORTS

Gridiron—Lenoir-Rhyne went back to the mountains not a wit sadder nor wiser . . . why do small teams risk life and limb just to be a breather? . . . South Carolina left UNC much sadder . . . wondering why they weren't wiser . . . Davidson was Davidson . . . Fordham was just like winning . . . and metropolitan papers apparently forgot Rams Bowl buildup and refused to play Wolfmen down . . . as we go to press Duke looms, blue, sickly, twelve miles away (see page 15).

Tank—Practice starts and a big splash is made . . . Jamerson between jobs scouting future grid opponents, falls in the pool to get his breath back . . . not even he knows what to expect.

Track—Cross-country lads still do the cake-race as though the angel-food prize waited at the finish . . . five miles a day is traveling . . . it might not be seeing the world . . . but it's traveling.

Courts—Maass holds his seed in intra-team play with Virginia looming not so large as only fall match on the horizon . . . no one worried but then the boys with the racquet never do.

ART

Resident—Carnegie Foundation sends Kenneth Ness, artist . . . he draws different things . . . many different things . . . all of them by most elemental sophomoric criticism are interesting . . . he must be good . . . that foundation tosses little cash into gutters (see page 24).

NEWS

Fees Bill—not thwarted but postponed . . . good Tar Heel copy but hanging over slow fire. Sanford-Cochrane combine seems unperturbed.

Oath—Employees of University swear allegiance to State and nation with little fuss which fact should indicate something . . . no one has determined exactly what.

Airport—Growth continues . . . money pours in . . . second largest field in state . . . plenty of room for Cubs . . . someone overshot the field a hundred yards and landed atop the Washington-Duke.

Relations—Student-Faculty day ended the death process last week and went to grave unmourned . . . hints of Faculty suppression aroused little ire . . . no one unhappy in the least.

Profiteers—Allegations known to be true but unprovable by evidence rang on false metal and a flat tone denied all . . . Franklin street tycoons are pondering, wondering, but playing safe . . . soldiers make the register jingle pretty.

VIEWS

As IT must to all men death came to the Carolina Gentleman early this quarter and got things off to a thrilling start. Seems the gentleman died at the feet of a lovely coed which is as nice a place to meet the lad with the scythe as any. R. I. P.

Busiest men around campus these days are Dr. Frank Graham, the commuting mediator, Louis Harris with all sorts of ideas, Randy Mebane whipping a Sound

and Fury into shape that lost a sparkfire founder last spring, and DTH reporters trying to find the origin of the funky odors that rose about Orange county Denmarks. According to the newshawks bad smells come from the airport, the ISS, the administration, the trustees, the merchants, the housing. Next busiest man is the frosh reporter trying to find something that smells good.

Inexplicable actions that no one worries about could include such matters as student self-contradiction in the CPU poll balloting, the abolition of Student-Faculty day. The latter may be the result of years of dormancy and an explosion of faculty disfavor. The event is as unmoaned as a lynched hoss-thief.

New ideas sprang from nowhere, flitted in to haunt scholars returning from vacations of indolence. Names, stranges names with ghoulish cadence and forgotten allegory. Names like McCorkle, who probably didn't want a lawn named after him anyway—Alexander, Morehead, Lenoir—a rhyne name for a cafeteria. Crepe suzettes for madame, Lenoir.

Then, striking cold fear into the hearts of smooth articles with convertibles, chilling with dread the veins of those who perambulate blythely to an 8:30 behind six cylinders, the whisper growing to shout, yelling that maybe student cars would be abolished. Then the heroic rise of the safety council and the legislature to quell action that was only rumored, to forestall a move unfounded in fact. Ah, glorious freedom, surge to defend liberty, the fight to maintain private rights—Johnny, how many people were slaughtered in Europe today?

PREVIEWS

DRAMA

The dance hits Carolina's Student-Entertainment-numbed campus in a different sort of presentation which should show Harland and his lads how to do it. November 17 Elizabeth Waters, Linda Locke, Sam Steen arrive in recital program with everything from boogie to ballet.

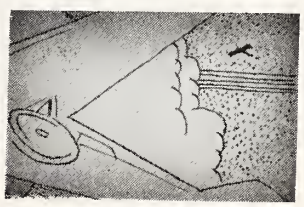
Playmakers presentation of the "Male Animal" promises to do everything for the show that the wacky Thurber could have hoped for. Past performances indicate that the local Thespians do well with this sort of stuff.

Student Entertainment history halts prognostication. It's too early to anticipate Sound and Fury but the script sounds neat with ditties tossed in liberally to syncopate affairs.

THE UNIVERSITY

Proved wrong last quarter on 97 per cent of our stuff, this writing should score better because there is only a month in which to go wrong. Slated to grow greener and busier but no larger is the Horace Williams Airport, now covering an area equal to the entire University. Stretching from the fire station will be a highway, white and gleaming and not a curve in its entire length. Even now the deep roar of Army ships drowns out the put-put of Cubs and Chapel Hill warms up for the invasion, looking farther ahead into the days when an airport is a necessity and we can say, "we already got one."

No forecasts again on registration. It jumped. Chances are it will jump again and the ratio decreases along with transfers to ECTC.



GOVERNMENT

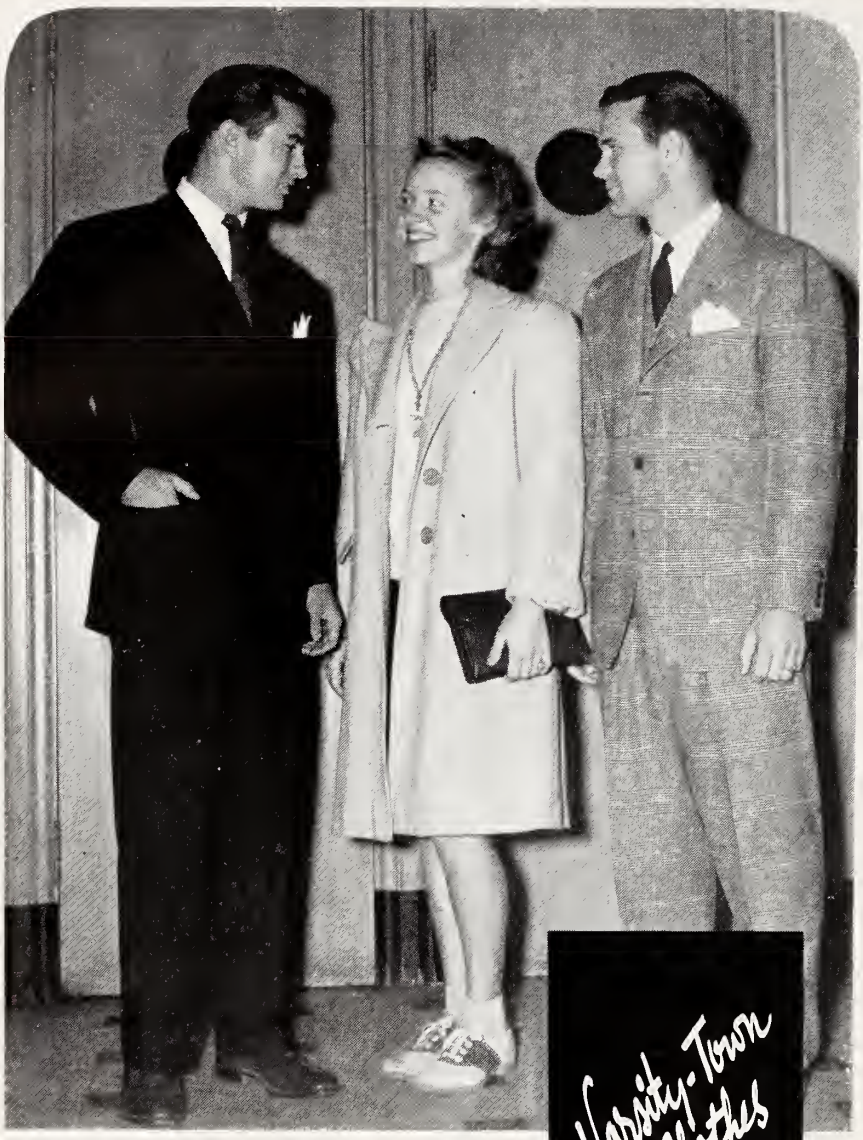
Favorite child of Weaver, the student legislature waits in line again while a decision pends on the stormy fees bill. Rising slowly over the horizon is the safety bill, a vain but well-meant attempt to slow down the Oldfields that zoom airplane-like past the Bell Tower. It may pass but bets are up that it won't work. Nothing more world-shaking than budgets and committee appointments for that august body this month.

Flaring into life in a Carrelian comeback the Debate Council has raised its stink and now waits for it to settle peaceably. Reorganization plans were the fad last year but the debate council decided to rejuvenate that also. We wait for developments, expecting a long pause. We also await the return of the yo-yo.

SPORTS

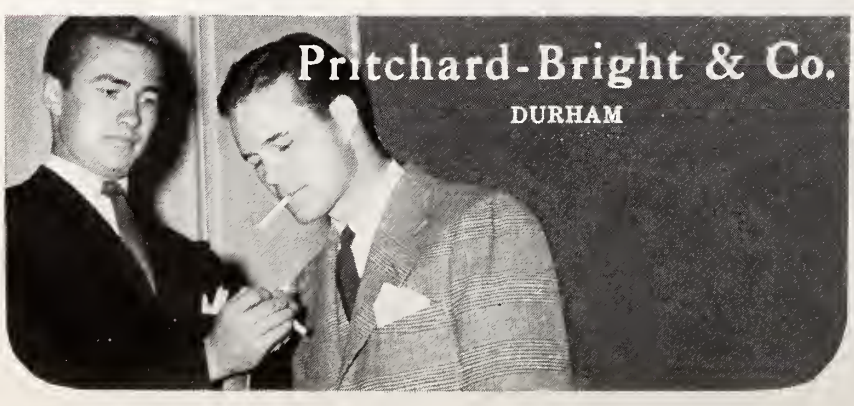
Double lime lines stretch 50 yards across either terminal of Kenan stadium. Every stadium in the nation is like this. Methodist Flats is no different and when Carolina takes to that turf in Columbia blue jerseys in three weeks the same tenseness that grips the stands in every such game, year after year, will make gambling souls wonder if they did the right thing.

Tennis team will lick Virginia 9-0 or George Levy has misplaced his faith. Fears that the draft would rob colleges of promising muscle men were also unfounded. The army is doing all right, the draft boards are doing all right, and the mighty grist mills of brawn grind still.



Bill Alexander has gone overboard for the Drapertown in "Flagship Blue" which is the Varsity-Town origination that is off to a flying start as the newest, best color for Fall '41. In color-on-color stripes and look at the low spaced pockets, the snap top trousers. You'll sail for one the minute you see them.

Carolina's Bill Shuford has chosen another Varsity-Town creation, the Newhaven. The Newhaven is in demand for its soft, subdued, or bold colorings that are so mysteriously blended. The "Glens" are smart with their longer jackets and they bring magic to your wardrobe. Patsy Miller smiles in approval of both boys and clothes.



We've Been on the Fence...

We've been waiting. Waiting around for something definite to be decided about our status. Replanned five times, the Mag finally reaches you a little late and not a little changed from what we originally intended for our October issue. The initial cover by photographer Hugh Morton had a quick birth and an even quicker death in the Mag trash basket as we employed Yackety-Yack cuts to save money. Articles planned for you were bodily ripped out and substitutions made when they could be worked around available and cost-free cuts. Lost in the economy blitzkrieg were: a picture spread, "The Mag Goes To A Football Game," all the illustrations to the short stories, and Jack Field's photo-art section on this quarter's Sound and Fury tryouts, "Rehearsal for Performance."

But nothing has been lost. If we couldn't do it in our first issue, we can do it still better in our next. So the Mag will still "go to a basketball game," have its illustrations, and have an even better "Rehearsal for Performance" in one of the winter-quarter issues. Also in production is a colorful "Mag Double-Header" for November and December which features a section edited by Women's College, State, and Duke, and another section on photographic art. To listen to our staff you would think we had put out one of last year's Mags. Blame it on their enthusiasm for wanting to put out the "best college magazine in the country," we the editors feel that although it isn't exactly what we planned, it is a good issue, nevertheless.

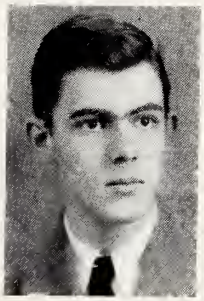
As we go to press, Terry Sanford's Legislature and the P. U. Board gird themselves for battle over a decision on our appropriation. The Legislature would like to see the Mag get as much financial appropriation as the humor magazine so that more Mags like the popular June "College Aviation Issue" are possible, and the P. U. Board goes to bat with its original Mag appropriation and the problem of making all budgets balance. In all events, when this Mag is distributed, the smoke will have cleared, a settlement will have been reached, and we will be able to plan our next issue on firmer financial ground.

Meanwhile, all the publications and students can particularly thank Speaker Sanford if we get a "banner year" of student publications these three quarters. Formerly unconnected with any editorial work, this year he has been seen quietly visiting about the various publication offices, show-

(See FENCE, page 29)

CONTRIBUTORS COLUMN

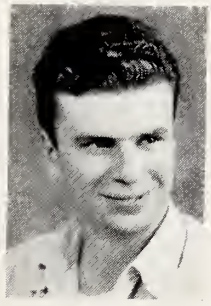
DOT CUTTING (All of It, pages 1 to 32) One minute of awful (look it up, if you don't believe me) silence should be given this modern Maid of Orleans. . . . Armed with an unquietable typewriter, astride her three legged chair, she has led ream after ream in triumph to the Orange Printshop. Seriously, Dotty has given at least twenty-four hours a day to the Mag. We appreciate it.



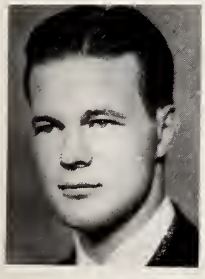
BUCKY HARWARD (A Visit to the Art Dept., page 24) Insists that he is nothing but a hack-writer. We think differently. Whenever the Mag needs a good article and needs it done up right, Bucky's the man. Of course he's kind of hard to get these days, but who isn't? After all elections are only six months off.

JACK FIELD (Male Animal, pages 12 and 13) does his first full-fledged job for the Magazine this issue. Hard-bitten when on the job, Jack works carefully, studying his subject thoroughly before using the fast trigger. Interested in face study, he knows what to get out of each shot.

DICK ADLER (The Male Animal, pages 12-13) We expect Dick to leave us any minute now. The prowess he exhibited in both the script writing and camera generalship, should seduce a call from MGM in a hurry. It is definitely something new to be able to turn over a job like this to one man, and have it come in like this one did — and on time.



BILL SHUFORD (Quadrangle Quandary, page 22) Bill believes in student government, and he has worked for it. Here he writes for it, and quite eloquently at that. But he modestly attributes the aforementioned eloquence to the importance of what he is writing about—which by the way is dorm life, its ailments and its needs, its past and, most of all, its future.



JAMES COX (Echo, page 21) Though Literary Editor, and responsible for fiction selections, he was not responsible for this one. His objections were over-ruled, and we are printing *Echo*, because it deserves to be here. It's a story that will take more than one reading. The real story is beneath the simple dialogues, and implied with a quiet simile. It's worth looking for.

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Magazine of Campus Life

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ISSUE

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Dorm life needs a good shot in the arm.

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CREDITS

To the Art Department for their generous help and especially to resident artist Kenneth Ness for the photography, layout and execution of the "Visit to a Department" Feature, with exception of the Ness page itself, which was done by Hight Moore.

¶ *Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina.* ¶ *Material appearing in the columns of* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor.* ¶ *Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial.* ¶ *Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.* ¶ *Subscription price of $1.50 per year.* ¶ *Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

JABBERWOCKY

RAY GLIKIN

WE DEDICATE THE FOLLOWING PAGES TO RAY, KNOWING THAT MOST OF THE SPARKLE HAS LEFT THEM AND OUR LIVES

Jabberwocky by Ted Royal '44, Dick Goldsmith '42, and Staff

. . . Signifying Plenty

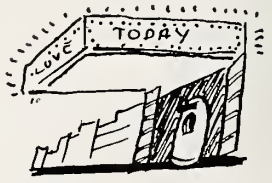
Pushing our way through the crowd that was gathered in Worley's lobby admiring the original sign by 'Pace,' we fought our way up to the "Mag" office, our home. In past years we have shared this section of the building with only one other organization, but this year we entered the ante-room for the first time and were greeted by balloons, bright lights, loud voices and more people than we had ever seen. We were swept through jugglers, acrobats, singers, seals, the elephants in the corner and numerous other creatures, right up to the door to the "Mag" office. Before taking refuge in the sanity of our cubbyhole we shakily turned once more to view the three-ring riot, when we were suddenly reassured by a solution. There in the corner sat Randy Mebane calmly typing away, completely oblivious of the uproar. She had moved Sound and Fury into our ante-room and now the only thing to say is that the name of the organization has not been misplaced.

Buildings Department Take Notice

A man can stand just so much and yet day after day we are forced to endure more and more. Trying to get a local telephone number is hard enough, but trying to establish contact with the long distance operator has become too much like a quest of Dr. Livingston. With all these difficulties there is yet another. Let's take one incident for example. While trying to call our home town the all too precious contact was just completed, when the noise in the dorm hall took a turn to the riot side. "Oh yes Mom, they're just a bunch of swell fellows down here, couldn't be better." The walls began to shake with the growing frivolity and we stood there naked of a telephone booth. Suddenly one fellow broke loose of the loud crowd and started healthily down the hall. He whizzed by us. Not long after came his pursuer, yelling, "Give me back my drawers you — — — — or I'll tear *that* off." We don't know what the ominous *that* was, but, well our folks couldn't have taken much stock in that line we gave them about the swell fellows at Carolina, now could they? As a matter of fact they didn't. The next day we received a package in the afternoon post. It contained one pair of drawers and a short note. The note read, "Please give these to the vulgar person who apparently doesn't own a pair of his own." Is this not reason enough to ask the buildings department to stop counting how many thumb tacks we have put in our wall and start doing something constructive, like building telephone booths?

Jabberwocky Jr. by Jack Dube '43

We're still plenty worried about the cooling system in the **Carolina Theater.** We nearly froze to death during "Law of the Tropics." . . . "Threshhold" has



a story entitled "If I Were a Freshman" by **Eleanor Roosevelt.** We doubt whether her husband would stand a chance in Carolina freshman elections. . . . When Jack Fields and Dick Adler were taking the pictures for "**The Male Animal**" (p. 12) one of their worries was the cost of props such as bottles, broken mugs, etc. for the drunk "shots," but they were saved all this trouble for as they entered **Harry**'s two characters lurched by, leaving their table as a perfect setting for the scene. . . . Rushing is over but the jokes are still coming in. . . . The **Kappa Sigs** sent an active transfer from Mississippi, to a nearby fraternity—the Kappa Sig pretending to be a rushee. The other house took him in, cordially introduced him to all the members, gave him another date, and deciding him to be "a boy worth developing" passed him in chapter meeting that night. . . . **The Frosh** who misunderstood the rushing directions and visited all the fraterni-

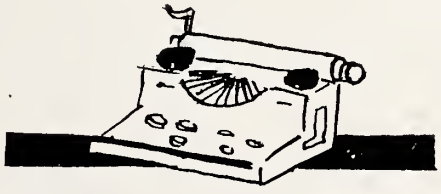
ties including the **Carolina Inn.** Night found him a little footsore, taking in the sororities where he was at last well received. . . .

Misnomer?

To be embarrassed is one thing, but to be completely so is quite another. We find ourselves in the latter position. It's all because of a letter that we received from a prospective contributor to the "Mag." He asked, "What is the difference between the Carolina Mag and the Tar & Feathers and was it true that the P. U. board and the Tar & Feathers were one and the same thing?" We could not present him with an unbiased answer to the first, but replied that, as far as we could safely ascertain, the P. U. board was *not* the same thing as the Tar & Feathers.

Chapel Hill Dunkirk

The two richly upholstered motion picture houses in our fair town did a bang-up business due to the droves of students who avoided the performance of the "Barber of Seville." Of those who braved the symphonic effect created by two pianos, few were pleased. During the second act five freshmen and two upperclassmen were stopped trying to get out the side exit with a whole row of seats. The seats had been ripped from the floor and were probably destined for one of the front rooms of Battle-Vance-Pettigrew, but unluckily for our heroes, an usher put a stop to the skulduggery. When the usher questioned them one freshman was heard to remark, "We paid to get something out of this show, this is it!" One of the upperclassmen indignantly added, "Why my father was sent up for less than that." We're not sure, but it is believed that he was referring to the performance because upon investigation of his record we found that his father was serving two years in Sing Sing for yodeling "O Solo Mio" during a performance of "Henry IV" in Cleveland.



Ye Olde Carolina Monthlie

Since 1871 there have been 70 Yackety Yacks containing an astronomical number of cuts. For the first 68 years the Art editors of the Magazine have been able to adapt these cuts to articles. For the past two years it's become more practical to build the articles around the cuts. Today we not too proudly announce that we have used *all* of the Yackety Yack's astonishing number of cuts. Since money is plenty of object, some financial assistance is required or we shall have to present the Carolina Ladies and Gentlemen with a new cycle of "Mags," the first of which will be dated, October 1871. Any Suggestions?

A Better Mouse-Trap

It is the thesis of many of the religious and philosophic leaders of the modern world, that nothing will be done to improve things until the world blinks open its sleeped-up eyes and there is some sort of a general conversion of heart and will. We think that the men who say this are cooking with gas, and not just clicking their teeth. But the obvious rub is the agency of conversion that has been sticking in our craw, but it looks like we've got it licked. If we could only find and use whatever it was that changed Dr. Ericson's mind, we'd have a lever that could put the skids under mountains, and you know what happens when you've got a better mouse-trap.

Somebody told us one about **Chamberlain** the other day, and remembering the way he was led about by the nose by Herr Adolph, we have to report about the Svengali who, masquerading under the simple pseudonym of Herb Lee, hypnotizes the boys in **Manly Dorm.** The other day he got Al Bush under his spell, told him that his leg was in a cast, and Al held it up for some fifteen minutes. . . . If you don't think that proves hypnotism try holding yours up for fifteen minutes. . . . Current events: "Sis" Sherrill likes Speaker **Terry Sanford's Legislation** very much. . . . According to some of our visitors the soldiers have been living two lives; one that the **Army Publicity** department tells them they've been living, and one that they actually live. . . . . Sign on the bulletin board in the "Y": Lost in the Arboretum while working at night—Eyeglasses and Mechanical pencil—Reward. . . . The sorority gals vote on the non-sorority coed member for the **University Club.** They couldn't think of one worthy girl out of a possible three hundred, and not one of them voted for the one girl who was suggested . . . mos' pekoolyar. . . .

Our ship almost sunk when **Ted Royal** told us about this witty conversation in the sounanfury orifice—It seems as if one of the denizens looked out of the window and said, "Lookut the sun, ut's shinin.'" "Tizn't sun, s'moon," said another. So they asked Randy Mebane, and she said "I don't know, I'm a stranger here myself." . . .

Perhaps you've heard about the Hermit who lives tucked away in a far corner of the "Med" building, or in a Carrel in the library; he's only been seen once this year. We saw one lascivious eye peeping from behind drawn shades when the coed cheerleaders passed by the dorm leading a pep rally. . . . The poor professor who was so misled as to give assigned seats to his class in Gerrard Hall. The windows are next to the seats, and after roll call, it's just a step to the outside world . . . so as the period ticks away the class diminishes. . . . Grotz (The Myth) wants to know if ghosts believe in people. . . .

You Have Seen Their Faces

A Sensational Indictment of Our Supposed BMOC's

By Louis Harris '42

WE'VE ALL heard the story of the pessimistic long-hair. He bemoans student government on this or any other campus. " . . . a hand-full of campus leaders are keeping the system going. . . . all extra-curriculars are controlled by just a few individuals . . . twenty people work the devil out of themselves and sacrifice their school work and play—all for the betterment of the campus community."

Frankly, that's bunk.

As one of those students who works about ten hours a day on extra-curriculars and who stays up long nights getting in a minimum of school work, I can state that those who major in "campustry" are just kidding themselves.

Most of these super-work bugs that I have ever come across have been either foolish enough to think that they could get a lot of "pull" from the administration or the faculty or alumni by "making a name for themselves," or they merely liked to see their names in print and their pictures spread all over the Tar Heel. In other words, in most cases, it is either a short-cut to success or it is the old power-drive that leads so many astray.

There's no doubt about it: the purpose of student government on this campus as on any other campus is to get students, while still free from the economic and provincial bias of having to hold down a job when they get out, to realize the meaning of group participation. This means working with others and realizing a sense of "responsibility" toward other students and the community they are living in. It all boils down to what our mother used to preach to us,

"Learn to respect other people and to get along with them, so that everybody can be happy."

That's probably the closest to the real lesson we can get out of student government without waxing philosophic in great and by now, empty-sounding phrases about democracy. It's as simple as pie, and yet that pie has grown so hard you would think it had been lying around for many years. That's how stale it has grown.

And that's what's happened.

Go up to just about 75 or 80 percent of the student body if you will, and ask them

what they think of student government. They tell you,

"Oh, that means the honor system. We used to have proctors in our high schools, but here we are left on our honor when we take quizzes. If we cheat, we are busted out of school. That's Hell, too."

The rest of this stuff about the Legislature, the Dance committee, the Inter-dormitory council, and Inter-fraternity council, and all the rest, are just things that a few BMOC's trouble to bother with so that they can get their pictures in the paper maybe once or twice a year, or, if they are lucky and have a fraternity brother as the managing editor, as I have, a couple of times a quarter.

That's why we entitled this article, "You have seen their faces." You have.

But they haven't seen yours.

Last year, I came to a conclusion that you had a perfect dilemma in student government: the leaders would reflect the campus, and unless you have an enlightened, informed, and aware campus—one that would care—you wouldn't have enlightened, informed, and aware set of leaders. Of course, you might find a couple who were pretty honest and sincere, and a few more who would be convinced along the way that they ought to really work for the "system" or the "common cause." But, on the whole, the leaders wouldn't amount to much. They haven't.

But, your leaders would never come to much, and would be able to do just about anything they liked just as long as your student body remained the way it did. You see, they had me coming and going. Lethargy bred lethargy; apathy bred apathy.

There was no way out. The campus first had to wake up and then the leaders would. Well, things like this just don't happen.

The only solution that I can come to is that the leaders wake up and take upon themselves the job of getting the campus interested in what they are doing.

But, how?

Well, don't pass an eight-page constitution, George Hayes, and expect even your Inter-dorm council to bother itself much about it. They won't, let alone the 2,000 boys they represent. Make the fellows live a happier life in the dorms: put your council to work getting better lights, easy chairs, more comfortable living quarters, so they'll feel like they are living in a place where you feel like breathing, instead of yowling in and out as though it were a barn. Make sure that the boys are living right, first, and then worry about whether your individual dorm councils have enough power or not.

In the Legislature, and I feel ridiculous doing it, don't try to act big and important, and think you are creating epochs by passing Safety Bills, merely because something better just couldn't be thought up. Instead, sponsor better distribution of current magazines and books into the dorms, do something about the curriculum—the class room—and find out if that is being made a part of our daily lives, find out how to make better living on the campus, not to complicate matters and make for disinterest and the apathy you are fighting. Who cares, for instance, except a few egocentric politicians, whether you abolish the secretary of the class? This is begging the question: it's just providing play things for the big-shots who get their pictures in the paper.

Without getting too theoretical (we hate to these days when so many guys are losing their lives every day), let's ask just what is the purpose of any government. According to most books, and from all we can gather, it is to keep the people self-organized into a homogeneous, working group. Merely a tool for helping the people live better.

How about our campus government? It's the same thing: it's supposed to improve our daily lives. Here's the catch, though: in order that each of our lives be a fuller one on the campus, here, it is necessary that we all get together and work for it. But, on the campus, instead of letting everybody run around and say he's king, we've got to get some order, and so we delegate our authority to officers; these are the leaders—so-called.

It's through organization that we can get things done in this modern age. Hence, the only way to get satisfactory results from dormitories is to get everybody in dorms to join together. Then, we are supposed to think of how we can better improve our lot—and who ever feels completely satisfied under any conditions?—and we make our council work for bettering it. The rub is that we would be a lot worse off if we didn't have some sort of organization than when we do—

Provided that our organization amounts to something, that we can still find something to fight for: that we don't think our lots are in paradise yet.

All I'm saying is that we've got to produce results from student self-government, or we've got to admit it is as dead as a doornail. And results mean things that make our lives better ones.

In working for what we want, we get the real benefits from a democratic living. We learn to respect people who disagree with us (not that we don't still dislike them for disagreeing, but we learn to let them say it freely); we learn that in the welfare of our organization lies our welfare, and so we've got to cooperate; we learn that if we don't do our part, nobody else will do it, and if everybody felt like we did, nobody would do anything; and finally, we learn that people are happier in general when they feel like they amount to something: they can say what they think, believe what they want to, and worship whatever God or idol they think is best.

That's just about student government in a nutshell.

That's any democracy in a nutshell, except "outside," in the world, there are a lot more problems.

Student government is so easy to catch on to, if students here don't understand and want to work for it, then how can we expect people who have to face economic problems: the how in getting enough to eat—how can we expect them to understand what democracy is in that mad scramble for a slice of white bread?

* * *

But, the rub, like I said at the beginning, is that our majors in "campustry" are just kidding themselves. They are ruling the campus just for the sake of ruling. Just for the sake of getting their pictures in the paper some day, or getting tapped by Golden Fleece or the Grail, and then they are a success.

Young martyr, it isn't that at all.

In doing things just for people to say you are doing them, you are discouraging everybody else from not only wanting to take part in their government, but you are making them become skeptical and "not-give-a-damnish" is their attitude.

So think about it you little corporals when you perform an act this year, and discover if you are doing something just to perpetuate your own personal conquests or whether you are doing the campus some good.

People like Rex Winslow who have learned what to look for in men are looking right straight through you now. You are just baiting yourselves; nobody is impressed; the rest of the campus just doesn't give a hoot.

* * *

The thing that gets me is that out of the bunch of us, they are looking for people who will one day stand off the threat of future Hitlers, or will make the world free from power-mongers. The old people look to the young, and the best way is to see the young in action.

(See BMOC's, page 30)

You sit next to them in class, but they forgot you after elections. The farce behind the "Student Leaders" who get their pictures in the Tar Heel.

Miami Honeymoon

The Story of Flossie Who Is Acidly Portrayed by an Author Interested in the School of Realism

By Sylvan Meyer '43

THREE OF them lived in Room 8. Room 8 was a cubbyhole in one of the oldest hotels on Miami Beach. Room 8 had two twin iron beds with dotted chenille spreads. Its walls were plastered, bare, peeling and the two uncurtained windows looked out over an alley three feet wide, to the Barbizon, a typical Miami architectural atrocity in the modern theme.

Gerry, Paul, Milt. Three of them crowded into this cubbyhole. Gerry had a typewriter. He kept it poised open, ready for use, ostentatiously on the dresser. The machine was very dusty.

Paul liked poetry. He had two Van Doren anthologies on the windowsill, the Dial was by his bed, and a collection of Modern Library philosophy editions was displayed prominently in a stack on the iron dresser. The cracked mirror, gilt stripping from the ornate frame, reflected a few western story magazines belonging to Milt and completed the literary scene with a pair of brassiered breasts, the word Spicy W — —.

I walked into this dismal mess at eight o'clock in the morning. I am Mike. I had come from my all night bell-hop march across the street in the Parkham. The night clerk hadn't shown up and I had done the transcript by myself. I was disgusted.

Paul sat up. "Hiya Mike."

"Hullo, fellas," I said drearily. "Drag Gerry out of the deep slumber and ship him off to work."

"Gerry got fired again, Mike."

"Which one was it this time?"

"That neat blonde from Baltimore. The manager caught him down in the pump room by the pool at the Atlantic. Fut-fut—another job."

The three dragged out of bed, ready for another stand against Miami's ennui. Miami is a glittering hell-hole. Down the length of Ocean Drive ranges a park of palms and luxurious grass. Above the grass tower hotels—hundreds of Norman Bel Geddes structures done in blue, brown, white, green stucco, glittering at night with neon tubing around the futuristic flanges of the buildings, glittering in the daytime with the color, the tropical langorous Miami sun reflected off the cool, blue water that kisses south Florida's spongy sand beaches.

I stayed in their room. The heat became stiffling. The boys shaved. You have to look good, you have to kill the women when you work at hotels down there and you have to work at a hotel. The place is nothing but hotels, bars, and fairy joints.

I dropped off to sleep until six that night when I would get up, prepare for another stint hopping bells, satisfying nymphomaniacs, toting ice-water to gibbering matrons.

Gerry would get another job. He always had.

I slept.

That night they came back in, full of a two-bit supper after serving three-dollar dinners all night. This work for tips and meals is funny. Sometimes they tip—but you eat the lunches they had afternoon before, the supper they had a day ago.

I went across the street into the Parkham. When I left Room 8 I paased through a dingy corridor, down rickety steps, through a lobby with a fake marble desk, wicker chairs, a three-day-old newspaper, and a slumbering street-walker.

As I crossed the street Miami's sun was setting from over the water and the glorious fresh air was filled with a soft rose as the sun shot behind the Barbizon looking like a giant hole in the sky with all the fires of hell burning behind it.

The deep rug in the Parkham lobby rose around my ankles. The lobby was packed. People were getting ready to go places, all kinds of places. Even the murals of unicorns and pans scattered brightly with excellent taste about the chromium stripped walls looked ready to ride.

As I walked to the patio I heard the soft music of a Cuban rumba band, heard the rustle of the palms, heard the soft feminine laughter of the women who hadn't had time to get drunk yet, heard the gentle lap and suck as the soft stream waters kissed the shore. The surf doesn't pound in down there, it minces in like a coy schoolgirl, reluctant yet eager, gentle, yet untamed, dangerous, overflowing with dangerous ideas.

I saw the night come down suddenly, the dark off across the water, the lights of a ship moving slowly toward the channel between the jetties, I saw a silver moon shining like a floodlight over the night games of the Gods, and the silver path it mowed across the washboard ripple surface of the blue Atlantic.

Behind this pretty face that smiled on the Parkham and its luxury-ridden Yankees, Miami hides a heart of stone, cold, dark stone, dug from the quarries of depression, exploitation, heartbreak, and filth. Miami doesn't sting, she doesn't snap. She seeps into your soul with her moonlight and romance, and infiltrates your mind with false glamour. When this is over, she leaves you like flat beer in an open bottle. She is stale and rancid, depressing, stagnating, and yet alluring in the promise of beauty and quick glory.

"Front!!!" I snapped out of my reverie, the same reverie I indulged in every night, and scurried to the desk.

I went to the call. Mrs. Greenblatz was seeing things again. Mrs. Greenblatz had delusions of persecutions. She thought international spies were peering at her husband and herself through a hole in the ceiling. She thought people were shadowing her from every telephone pole. Although married to one, she hated Jews and told me dramatically that they had sicked the OGPU on her. She was a mess. I calmed her down. I have a way with that type of woman.

The crowded lobby cleared. I stacked the deep leather chairs, the chromium ash trays in the center of the lobby and attacked the mess with a vacuum cleaner. I swept and restored the place to its brilliant sheen, its flamboyant imitation of wealth.

The crowd came back at 2 a. m. They messed up again. I cleaned up again. The crowd went upstairs.

I had lunch, packed at home. I have a home. I live up the beach. Away from the vacationers. I just stay in Room 8 when I am too tired to walk home.

The boys strolled in. Paul was stewed. Gerry was despondent.

"I got one," he said.

"Yeh," Milt said, "he got one. He went into the classiest hotel on the beach, hollered for the manager and demanded a position. Not a job. A position, he demanded. He didn't get it."

"I am on as beach boy at the Royal Palms. Nice chickens there."

Gerry sat down at a Parkham writing desk.

"I am going to write Flossie," he said.

"You will see Flossie at three," Milt told him. "She gets off at the delicatessen then."

"I said I am going to write Flossie and I am going to write Flossie."

Gerry scratched with pen, while I nibbled a banana. I knew what was coming. It came.

"Listen to this—" he read. 'Dearest Flossie: At first I thought that our love was just a myth, an illusion"— he stopped. He pointed a long slender forefinger at the tubular lights in the blue ceiling.

"Boy," he said. "Can I write. Get that cadence, that style. Boy, that's poetry. That two years at Princeton didn't teach me this. My family's money didn't teach me this. I was born with it. What writing. You watch. Someday I will write something terrific."

(See MIAMI, page 30)

Co-eds Afoot

The Independent Movement Begins to Materialize

By Elsie Lyon '42

OF ALL the Carolina coeds, only one-fifth are sorority members, yet of all coed offices, three-fifths are held by sorority girls. According to this fact we are to assume that the Carolina independent coed is brainless, unpopular, and unattractive. Either we must accept this assumption or it proves that there is a need for a social and political organization to back the independents.

Let's look at the record: Sixteen of the seventeen undergraduate coeds nominated for May Court last year were sorority girls; president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, speaker of the Senate, and president of the Interdormitory council are all sorority members; seven of the eight members of Valkyries are affiliated; president, vice-president, and treasurer of the Women's Athletic Association are sorority members; president, vice-president, and secretary of the YWCA are sorority girls; and the secretary of the senior class has been for at least the past two years from the ranks of the sororities.

Constitutional provisions happily give independents four out of the seven at-large representatives in the Senate; but such provisions are not present in other coed organizations. However, stray Greeks are considered as independents on this campus in spite of the fact that at least three national sororities are considering placing chapters here next year.

One can point out isolated examples of the equality of independents and sorority girls in attaining office. Jane McMaster, an independent, was elected president of the Women's Association last year, but only with the backing of one sorority; Louise Jordan was president of the YWCA the year before. But unfortunately, these examples are the exceptions rather than the rule, despite the fact that four out of every five girls one meets on campus are independents.

Sororities do not pledge all the brainy, attractive, and popular coeds. Red tape due to recommendations, or the lack of them, unanimous agreement required to pledge a girl, and the fallibility of snap judgments made in one week of hectic rushing prevent sorority from picking off all the potential leaders, popularity prizes, and beauty queens. Rush chairmen of the sororities are the first to admit this fact.

A girl coming to Carolina receives rush letters from the sororities during the summer, and upon arrival sees a list of Pan-Hellenic rushing rules in the most conspicuous place in her room. She attends a Pan-Hellenic tea. She is called upon by sorority girls. It is practically impossible for a new girl not to overemphasize the importance of being asked to join a sorority. And under these conditions, it takes a very self-confident girl to act entirely natural during the rushing season. The shy girls, for whom a sorority would conceiveably do the most good, are lost in the shuffle. Those with even a slight inferiority complex do not have a chance.

And a girl must attend Carolina for a quarter or so before she learns that she will still be able to date Carolina gentlemen, get in activities, but not hold office, even if she has been ignored by the Greeks. So that when invitations are shoved under doors, it is a disappointed girl who is left out. Independent coeds who have earned themselves a small place on the campus may try to tell her it makes no real difference, but she will never be convinced because the importance of the Greeks has been overemphasized in her mind for two months.

Many girls, having been excluded, are lost. They become ordinary girls who date, attend classes, but never cover themselves with campus glory because they have no backing. Yet they still may have potentialities. Frenchy Gibson was certainly attractive; so is Dot Cutting, and so are many of the other independents who never get into the May Court and the Yackety-Yack beauty section. Margaret Swanton makes straight A's in a pre med course, so one can't call her brainless, and neither are the other independents. But no matter how attractive, popular, and brainy is an independent, she is usually not given her share of campus responsibility, a responsibility which she would probably take as seriously as any sorority member would.

Certainly, an independent can get into talent activities. Extra-curriculars which require ability and talent and interest are glad to have her help. Publications must meet a certain minimum standard of merit, therefore they cannot afford to discriminate against independents, and consequently many independents work on publications staffs. The CPU, IRC, Di, Phi, Debate Council, and athletics are the same way, and there again the independent gets some of her just deserts.

But let an independent set her eye on some elective office and she seems doomed to failure. She cannot get an office without backing. She needs friends, yet independents notoriously do not know the independents outside of their dorms because there is no social organization which will

(See INDEPENDENTS, page 32)

Campus Play Comes to Campus

The Mag Rewrites Broadway Success To Fit In College Scenes

Director Earl Wynn strikes an "Orson" pose. His exacting supervision was largely responsible for the huge success of the play.

MEMBERS OF THE MALE ANIMAL CO. AND THEIR PLACE ON THE CAMPUS

Doug Watson, a senior, who starred in the "Highland Call" road show, has been playing leading roles on this campus since his first year here. Husky Billy Webb of D. K. E. fame came to U. N. C. in '40 after he had spent his Freshman year playing football at Princeton. Jean McKenzie is Secretary of the Senior Class and the student in charge of the Chi O House. Jo Andoe received her A.B. in Music and is now combining in the fields of Drama and Music for her M.A. She has been featured in many recent dramatic hits. Bob Bowers, U. N. C. graduate, now holds a Rockefeller Foundation Fellowship in Radio. A member of the original cast of "The Lost Colony," (see page 19), he has since starred in many professional road shows and has appeared in the Pulitzer Prize winning Co. "You Can't Take It With You," on Broadway. Frank Brink is another Rockefeller Fellow in Drama and has the lead in the department's first show in his first year at the "Hill."

"The Male Animal," a Broadway success by James Thurber and Eliot Nugent planted itself on the "Hill," then exploded in the Campus Theatre, and left its mark in every alley and corner in Chapel Hill. Richard Adler took the script, condensed it and then re-wrote the play in 15 short scenes. Photo expert Jack Field was summoned to do the shooting and in one afternoon staged "The-Mag-Male-Animal."

The Thurber-Nugent script has the entire motivation taking place in one setting. Adler has expanded using the motion picture single shot technique and has flexibly reproduced the plotted action on to ten different campus scenes that include Kenan Stadium, Bell-Tower, Old-Well, The Tar Heel Office, The "Y" at Chapel Period, The Pika House, lounge-room of the pretty coed's Chi O establishment (Courtesy of Mrs. Kluttz), the 'borracho's' Harry's, venerable South Building and the Grail Room.

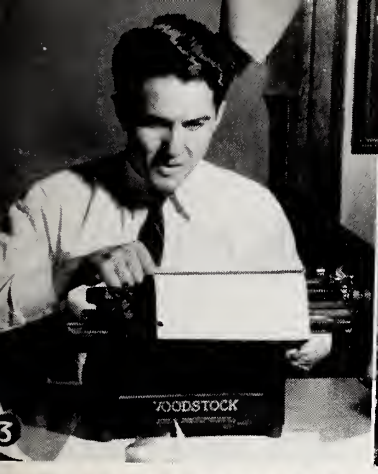
THE UNIVERSITY of the play is located in a little college town that stands on a hill. The campus credo is complete intellectual freedom. The Board of Trustee big guns have built the beautiful stadium and monument. They are afraid of the liberal student ideal.

STUDENTS STEER CLEAR of the stately Administration Building. The silent street outside is an ironic contrast to the helter-skelter commotion of the interior, caused by Barnes' statement that English Professor Thomas Turner would read a radical speech to his class.

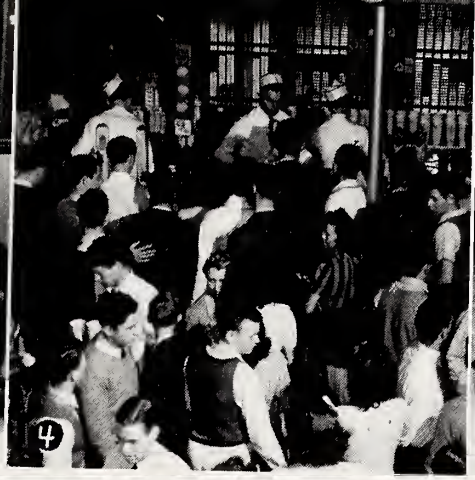
LIVELY AGAIN as Myers rips off-tackle in the drive that resulted in the game's only score.

"NOW THE SOUSE FAMILY" . . . Tommy and Michael get drunk in local beer joint. Tommy has squabbled bitterly with Ellen—jealous of Joe, and Patricia has jilted 'red-Michael' for the big triple-threater.

HOME, HOME OUT OF RANGE . . . the game over, the reeling Tommy falls into Joe's arms after attempting to land a hay-maker on Ferguson's jaw. Ellen looks on abashed and Patricia tries to revive the passed-out Michael.



RYING FASCIST ACTIVITIES of Board of Trustees is Michael Barnes glas Watson), intellectual and con- liberal, as he writes a blazing edi- l in the University Newspaper office.



OVER MORNING COKES and smokes, talk concerns the two most outstanding campus issues—the great rivalry game with Michigan and Barnes' dangerous attack against the administration.

ALL-TIME-ALL-AMERICAN Joe Ferguson (Bob Bowers) Mid-western's greatest football hero of the past is greeted by Wally Myers (Billy Webb) present fullback, and Patricia Stanley (Jean McKenzie), as he returns for the game. The new pledges enthusiastically rush to greet the hero. Meanwhile . . . .

DMINISTRATION VS. STUDENT BODY as Dean amon (Arthur Conescu), in the Turner home angrily primands Michael Barnes for his "turbulent trick." homas Turner (Frank Brink) stands by his wife Ellen Josephine Andoe) who is seated at the piano. Ferguson, Patricia and Wally enter amazed.

EX-COLLEGE SWEETHEARTS Ellen, en-raptured, dances with Joe, who she has not seen in ten years. Prof Turner looks on dejectedly.

A PRE-GAME PASS as Wally tries to kiss Patricia before the kick-off. Good-naturedly, she pushes him away. Later, the game begun, things are . . . .

WORD IS RED HOT . . . Ed Keller (Art Golby) sident of the Board of Trustees, and Dean Damon, spend Michael from school in Trustee's "grill" room.

GIRL LEAVES BOY as Ellen walks out on her husband. Ex-hero Ferguson comes to claim his college dream and finds her staring at the Turkish towel wrapped around Tommy's hang-over head.

GOODBYE NOW growls J. Ferguson as he and athletic henchman (also despondent) exit. The conflicts have been adjusted. Patricia cozies up on Michael's lap and Ellen again adores her husband. The gals like their male animals.

Told in Simple Dialogue, the Story Is Mainly Implied

By James T. Cox '42

Echo and Shadow

ALL right, I have been drinking?"

"It's not all right, Martha."

"And who are you to decide?"

"I'm Tina's father."

"Father and mother, you mean."

"Well, whose fault is that?"

"Yours."

"I don't suppose you remember last winter, when you came in like you came in tonight, only it was worse. She hasn't forgotten it, and neither have I."

"I know you haven't. And you haven't let her forget. But I can remember it too. I can keep on remembering it."

"There's no use in talking to you now, I'm going."

"I'm perfectly sober now, and you know it."

"Please lie down and get some sleep."

He got up from the bed and limped across the room. Martha reached up and took hold of the lamp cord over her bed. He opened the door into the dark hall, and closed it behind him. She listened to his footsteps receding toward the back room, muffled, as they crossed the rug, then again like the sound of the clock's pendulum in the front room. She jerked the cord hard. Part of it broke off in her hand. And she kept it clenched tight after the instantaneous darkness.

He stood in the doorway a moment. He saw the tip of Tina's head resting on an arm of the chair beside the window. He crossed over to the chair and leaned on the back of it. Tina lay curled up, hugging her kness close to her. She turned her head up to him.

"I knew you would come, Daddy."

He walked around the chair. She uncurled herself like the awkwardness of a white flower opening. She stood up in the chair, straightened her dress, and sat down on the arm. He sat down and took her into his lap.

"Because this is our window, isn't it, Bob?" her voice tinkled.

"Yes, Tina, this is our window."

"And we can see the city and the hills 'way over there."

"Yes," he said, thinking that her voice was like delicate music.

"It's so pretty."

"Yes, Tina, it is."

"Daddy, why don't you talk to me?" Her soft blond hair nudged close under his chin. He stroked it gently. "Is she asleep now?"

"Yes, she's asleep now."

She braced her fists on his chest and arched away from him.

"Bob, you haven't read your newspaper tonight. Want me to get it for you?"

"No, thank you, Tina, I don't feel much like reading tonight."

"Daddy, it would make me feel better, like nothing had happened, if you read it now, you always do."

He nodded. She climbed down out of the chair, edged across the dark room, she found the paper and came back to him. She turned on the lamp.

"Here, Bob, here's your paper." She nestled into his arms again.

"Thank you, Tina."

"You're welcome."

He put the paper up before him and for a long time pretended to read.

"Daddy?"

"Yes, Tina?"

"But you don't look like it now. Just while you were reading your paper, you looked like a little boy. Like I am now, eight years old. Only I'm not crippled. I wish I was and had to walk like you, Bob."

He kissed her on the forehead.

"Don't ever wish that, Tina," he said, and turned back to the paper. "It's not only the way you walk."

"Daddy! you aren't reading." Quickly Tina reached up and turned the lamp out. She fell across his chest, crying.

"Daddy? . . . she, she called . . ."

"Quiet, Tina."

"She called you a crippled-legged —"

"Don't say that! Tina." He clutched the child to him.

"Daddy, doesn't Mother love us anymore?"

"Tina, your mother was another person tonight. She wasn't our girl tonight."

"Daddy, do you hate Mother?"

"No, Tina."

"Neither do I."

A moon rose from the dark body of distant hills. It lifted itself into the sky. Tina and Bob watched it shed its earth colors and, climbing, become small and pale. Stars burrowed from the depths. Tina's head settled slowly beside his cheek. She was asleep.

Suddenly he heard his wife in her room.

"Where's the light?" Her voice was loud and sleep-thickened. He heard her stumbling toward the bath. He rose without waking Tina and hurried down the hall to her bedroom. He cut on the light. She was groping along the wall.

"Here, Martha, let me help you."

"Cut that light out, it hurts my eyes!"

"Quiet, Martha, you'll wake Tina."

"What do I care about Tina?" she called from the bath. She came back and sat on the edge of the bed.

"What do I care about Tina? Huh? Answer me!"

"Quiet, Martha."

"Will you stop saying that!"

"Martha, there's no excuse for you acting like this."

"No excuse? My God, what woman wouldn't in my place? You don't love me. Both of you, you and Tina, both of you despise me. You don't love me. I know. Your love died out so long ago, what woman wouldn't in my place?"

"Martha!"

"You've taken Tina and wrapped a shell around yourself. Both of you are against me." She began crying and lay back slowly on the bed. Bob turned and limped to the door.

"Shall I cut the light out, Martha?"

She didn't answer. He walked back to the bed. Spreading the covers over her, he realized that she had taken her arm away from her face and was staring at him. He found the piece of light cord that Martha had broken off. Still he felt her eyes following his. He didn't want to meet them. But all at once his eyes felt lame like his leg. He picked up the cord. Crippled-like his eyes limped to face hers . . . .

"Martha," he slowly lifted the hand with the cord, his lips whispered, "What's this?"

The hesitant step of the clock's pendulum sounded loud from the front room. It sounded like his own footsteps down the hall.

"Nothing," her lips said.

Her eyes closed. The pendulum-steps were hurrying.

He straightened up. Martha's eyes flickered open, glanced toward him, then closed again. She put her arm over them.

"Kiss me goodnight, Bob."

He leaned down and kissed her lightly, his forehead pressed against her arm. He took a step away from the bed.

"Goodnight, Martha."

"Goodnight, Bob."

He left the room. He hurried down the hall, away from the pendulum steps that followed him, mimicking his limp.

"Goddamn," he said, "goddam that clock."

The inside of him was trying to say something in words. Then he was standing over Tina. Moonlight from the window palely sheathed her face and her hair. He lifted her into his arms, stood for a moment. It's true, he thought, it isn't fair. Tina opened her eyes. He sat down.

"I've been asleep, Bob."

I should go back to Martha. She's waiting for me. I would have stayed, I should.

(See ECHO, page 29)

Suntheimer and Dunkle Speak for the Record

By Orville Campbell '42

Gateway to Glory

TWENTY-FIVE years from now when your sons and daughters are attending the University of North Carolina, and the battle cry is still, "Beat Duke," chances are you'll tell your children about a certain day back in 1940. The date was November 16, and the occasion was the annual Duke-Carolina game. The bettors were given Carolina and 20 points, and the Tar Heels were given about as much chance of winning as the Hottentots had against Germany.

There is no need to repeat the score of that game. Carolina won, 6 to 3, and 14 men played their hearts out against all odds known to football teams. Jim Lalanne was the spearhead, Paul Severin, Joe Austin, Carl Suntheimer, Harry Dunkle, Bill Faircloth, and eight other Tar Heels, the stars.

Out of that ball game and out of those stars had to come the Co-Captains of this year's team. Harry Dunkle and Carl Suntheimer were chosen, and in the opinion of Coach Wolf, "they've been true leaders in every sense of the word." "In fact," stated the genial maestro of the Carolina team, "these boys have worried so much about their jobs that they've done nothing but eat, sleep, and talk football since the day they were elected."

Which gets us around to what we are supposed to be writing about, the Co-Captains of this year's football team. They were interviewed on two separate occasions, and the inquiring reporter asked both about the same thing. The answers were ditto.

Said Harry Dunkle: "You can't account for the way things have been breaking for the team this year. The boys have tried just as hard, and the spirit was never better. Watch out. We're going to give someone a fit before the season is over."

Said Carl Suntheimer: "Ditto."

Said Carl Suntheimer: "I've been taught more on the football field than football. I consider Ray Wolf the finest coach in the country, but I will never forget the way he treated me and the rest of the fellows. A loss hurt him worse than it did us, but he didn't take it out on us. He taught us first of all that we should act as gentlemen. Yes, we might forget the Duke reversal and some of our other victories, but we'll never forget Wolf. He's as fine a gentleman as you'll ever find. He's . . . ."

Said Dunkle: "Ditto."

But Harry added a word to this statement. "I'm looking forward to the day I can send Wolf about 20 All-Americans," the kicking ace stated. "He deserves them, and believe me I'm going out and find them."

To a lot of readers this might sound like a lot of gush. It's nothing of the sort. It's just exactly how a couple of swell fellows feel about their coach.

A little case history now on our two heroes.

Suntheimer is from Hatboro, Pa. Asked where it was he stated it was close to two or three other towns we'd never heard of. Asked the population he asked us if we wanted the actual figures or what the Chamber of Commerce gave out. Assured the former would do, he said 2,000.

In high school Carl starred in basketball, track, baseball and football. He was selected on the All-Surburban team for three years, and during his senior year was captain of the Hatboro eleven.

"Those were the days," Carl told us. "I was a halfback, not a center, and our biggest rival was Upper Moreland, not Duke. My senior year in high school was my best. Against Upper Moreland I be-

(See CO-CAPTAINS, page 31)

FRANK ALSPAUGH

CIC Awards

THE CAROL

The purpose of the Carolina Inter-Campus Council, as it was for
to the campus for the past month. These students have given much to
paper; they have not the glamor of a string of keys trailing after the
By recognizing their abilities and their honest efforts, the Carolina
than those of the past. They stand as the unselfish men and women
what they do, they do merely to see a job well done.

FRANK ALSPAUGH. If you have ever ventured down to the "Y" at 10:30, you will have seen an alert, young student, who flips milk shakes with a double-jointed elbow, and yet, who has a glint of sobriety in his eye. This fellow is Frank Alspaugh, sophomore cheerleader and student government leader. Frank isn't known to most as a "big-wig" in student government. Yet, quietly, as a member of the Student Government committee and as secretary of his class, he adds sincere effort to his role in making individual campus responsibility work. A self-help student, Frank finds time to keep up his work with student government and besides does his part to keep up school spirit in his duties as cheerleader and member of the gymnastics team. But, Frank is still young in his actual work at the University. The reason we have chosen him is for his good-neighborliness and sincerity, whether he is cheering the team on or whether he is sitting in on a discussion of student government problems. Beyond all this, we can say that Frank, in living his life on the campus, comes closer to being a "real democrat" than most of us.

ELSIE LYON. It's
with a columnist w
afraid to pull his
woman, then the cas
with Elsie. She is
heard and effective.
last year, she has le
present set-up, to on
on the campus. As a
the coveted Bingha
But, her work hasn
alone. A member o
also been a leader i
a member of the re-
now the co-ed gover
lature. Her publica
writing a weekly col
lina Magazine; fash
zine; and a Tar He
pus affairs is the org
The aims of this gro
together socially and
in politics.

THE COUNCIL

Truman Hobbs	President of Student Body
Mary Caldwell	Pres. Woman's Gov. Assn.
Terry Sanford	Speaker of the Legislature
Orville Campbell	Editor Daily Tar Heel
Charles Tillett	Editor of Yackety Yack
Bill Seeman	Editor of Tar an' Feathers
Henry Moll	Chairman of Council
George Hayes	Pres. Interdormitory Council
John Thorp	Pres. Interfraternity Council
Fish Worley	Graham Memorial Director
Steve Peck	University Club President
Bobby Gersten	Monogram Club President
Louis Harris	Member at Large
Pinky Elliot	Member at Large
Mary Lib Nash	Secretary of Council
Hugh Morton	Council Photographer

ELSIE LYON

RCAMPUS COUNCIL

, was to select those three students a month who had rendered unselfish service They are not the students whose pictures adorn the front pages of our news- done their work quietly and carefully, without vain hope for immediate return. Council seeks to encourage them to future acts as meritous and even more worthy us—those students who will develop into the real leaders of the future, because

GLADYS BARNES

n that the Tar Heel is blessed ne truth frankly, and isn't , when it happens to be a xceptional. This is the case tspoken, but is nevertheless ed to make the Debate squad his year for revision of the bring about life in debating was the first woman to win year while still a junior. ed to writing and debating na Political Union, she has udent government. She was committee last Spring and is ntative to the Student Legis- is by no means limited to associate editor of the Caro- the Tar an' Feathers maga- Her newest project in cam- an independent co-ed group. draw the independents closer em function more effectively

GLADYS BARNES. Cheerful and conscientious in every job she has carried out, "Petey" also goes down as a competent leader in every job she has been asked to perform. When she was elected president of McIver dormitory last spring, she didn't merely remain another dorm president. When soldiers began pouring into our little village, Gladys met the occasion head-on by providing an open house through which the boys in khaki were able to meet co-eds. The success of the affair is now a campus fable. Recognizing her abilities for organization and leadership, the Phi Assembly elected her one of few girls in its history to take over the Speakership reins. This year elected vice-president of the Young Democrats on the campus, Co-chairman of Senior Week, member of the Woman's Interdormitory Council, and a leading worker in the YWCA, "Petey" continues to do her part. Not the brilliant, inspirational leader who makes the headlines every day, Gladys is the type of student leader who keeps organizations working, who makes the wheels turn round, who is the driving force behind the scenes in every organization of which she is a part.

A Letter to France

A Free Frenchman Writes to a Friend Back Home

GEORGE LEVY
CAROLINA INN
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

Monday . . .

Dear Paul,

I received your last letter. All this adventure is so terrible, I can hardly believe that all what you say to me takes place in a land which was once free and happy. One year of defeat. One year of government by cowards and ambitious—and hundreds of years of a lovely civilization have disappeared.

You asked to me some news of my life. I hate to speak of myself, but you ask for it.

I am here—in Chapel Hill—studying in the University of North Carolina. Thirty years have passed since the last time I studied in Paris—in the same University as you. And I feel the same—ambitious of a grade—eager to learn new things. For the first time I have found in this delightful place happiness—calm, and peace.

Don't think of a luxurious life. We have in France a completely false idea of the American college. We thought only of sport, dance and pleasure. Nothing is more false. Life is simple—even frugal. Studies are hard. The real student has little time to spare.

Life, you know, is a mixture of big worries and little pleasures. Here you forget your worries and enjoy a lot of little pleasures.

Everything is made for that: The blue sky when you wake up early. (Believe it or not, I am awake at 7 o'clock.) The promenade to go to school under beautiful trees. The girls who walk quickly and always with grace not to be late. The first cigarette in the class. (Yes, you can smoke in some classes. That changes us from the French discipline.) The changing of class. A crowd of young and healthy people with always this incomparable charm of the feminine presence. The half-hour of rest between classes from 10:30 until 11. The best moment of the day before the YMCA. The struggle for the Coca-Cola . . .

The place itself is beautiful. I begin to think that I am alone to understand it. In no place, even in England, have I seen more beautiful trees. All things have an incomparable charm made by nature and not spoiled by the men. This University is built in the forest: There is one place on the campus that I call 'my place.' A bench under one of the finest and most magnificent trees I have ever seen. I am there always alone in the afternoon. Only a little white dog comes and plays with me. In this calm, after the turmoil of Europe, I understand what is happiness.

What a change, my dear Paul, with what we have known. You realize: 800 girls and 4000 boys in the same little village. I know quite well what you would ask me: What happens between these young people? I say it to you—nothing. I have spent 6 months here. My eyes wide open with all the curiosity that all the theories we know in France have created in my mind. I have seen only good comradry. Romantic promenades hand in hand to accompany the date—they call a "date" the fact to have an appointment with a coed—to the dormitory. The words whispered at the last moment—and . . . that is all. At 10:30 everything is quiet. The 'bad boys' go to drink a glass of beer and play at bowling. The others study.

How stupid we have been to think that we were in Europe the only possessors of beautiful sight. I have seen Saturday a match of football. Carolina against Duke. The color, the movement. . . . I would like to see Dufy painting such beautiful scenery. The enthusiasm of the crowd . . . the players . . . blue against gold . . . solid like gladiators. . . . It is a Roman spectacle . . . the circus of the Colyseum has not heard such noise! The trees surrounding the stadium . . . the perfect green of the grass. It was beautiful.

What can I say to you more? I know what you ask to me. The coeds? My dear, they are either beautiful or charming. American girls have always been good advertisements for their country. You remember the success of the American shows in Paris? Here, they are not on the stage. They don't dance. They live and they walk and it is simply charming.

Well, in leaving this agreeable subject, let me express to you that one thing has

(See LETTER, page 29)

No Chorus Girls Wanted:

The Story Behind the Lavish Production of "The Lost Colony"

By Bob Bowers

USUALLY the plans for a big Broadway production are laid in the slick twentieth story offices of some venturesome "angel." The smoke of expensive cigars and the pungent odor of after-shave lotion tinge the atmosphere, and the well-tailored boys discuss the script as they would a horse. Is it a good bet or a bad one? About it all there is a certain flash, the flash that is found in all phases of show business. Tens of thousands of dollars are on the line. If they make, they make plenty. If they lose, the only return is the refund on the lighting equipment.

There is one hit in America, though, which had no such aristocratic beginnings. It had its start on a hot summer day, 1928 in a dingy, first-floor, North Carolina county chamber of commerce office. Spittoons, too small to prevent an occasional miss were situated conveniently about. No plush carpet graced the cement floor. Desks and worn business equipment left little space for the occupants, and the rooms only decorations were a hardware-store calendar, a map of the county, and a sport fishing photo which somewhat broke the monotony of the grey tin walls.

Eight perspiring men were the actors on the scene. Nothing was pretentious about them. They didn't speak *Variety* or Stork Club English, and for the most part their talk was slow and easy. Whatever plans they had for the production under discussion were few and nebulous; for, as yet, there was no script and no money, just an idea and much talk.

The three fuglemen at this meeting were the secretary of the Dare county chamber of commerce, a tubby man with glasses who spoke with nervous animation as he shifted his quid from one cheek to the other or opened fire on the nearest receptacle; a fiery and agressive editor of a small-town weekly who frequently broke into the session with a crash of fist to describe his visit to the Oberammergau Passion Play; and a southern playwright who made an occasional contribution to the discussion in a rather high-pitched nasal voice with an inflection like a country preacher.

Outside, the town was lolling along in its sleepy pace. A knot of men swapped lies on the barber-shop steps. Tow headed kids played around the wooden store fronts. Bare-footed boys and girls sat over cokes in the drug stores and joked each other with easy abandon about the previous night's experience at the Casino, a beach dance hall. Up the shady, sandy streets, housewives borrowed eggs from each other and culled the recent bits of gossip. Down at the docks the waves lazily lapped the pilings, and here and there a bronzed fisherman tinkered with the motor of his boat and called casually to his friend down the way about the morning's catch.

Most of them knew nothing of what was happening at the Chamber of Commerce, and those who did know gave it little thought. The Lost Colony! Virginia Dare! Sir Walter Raleigh! They had heard these names since childhood. Ever since 1880 when a group of patriotic and distinguished North Carolinians had bought the site of the original "Citie of Raleigh," the exact spot where the Lost Colonists had lived on the north end of Roanoke Island, there had been some sort of annual community celebration on Virginia Dare's birthday, and most of these same people had taken part. There had been other meetings in years previous to plan a great summer-long celebration, and nothing had come of them. Men with integrity and men without it had tried before without results to exploit the possibilities of the Lost Colony theme. One press agent even had the wild idea of staging a mammoth pageant around the life of Virginia Dare with a "looker" chosen from a nationwide beauty contest as the young and supposedly pulchritudinous pioneer; so the skepticism and disinterested air of the townspeople was quite understandable when they learned that D. Bradford Fearing, their voluble chamber of commerce secretary and local politico had called a meeting with Paul Green, playwright; W. O. Saunders, editor of the Elizabeth City Independent; and town and island officials to discuss the plans for a memorial to the first permanent settlers on American shores and the first white child to be born here of English parentage.

Shortly after this meeting in 1928 Paul Green went to Europe to study. W. O. Saunders went back to his editor's desk, and Brad Fearing stayed in Manteo. There was little they could do then without money or a script, but none of them gave up the idea of one day achieving their dream. Mr. Green turned the story of the Lost Colony in his mind seeking the approach to the theme. Saunders continued to excite his readers with strong editorials on the necessity of a Roanoke Island celebration. Brad Fearing kept his eyes open for ways and means and dreamed of the day when shoals of visitors would drive the lonesome stretch down the bar of sand between the ocean and the sound, past the Wright Brothers monument atop Kill Devil Hill, over the bridge to Roanoke Island where they would spend their money for food, gasoline and a night's lodging. It all seemed very remote indeed and quite impossible.

Then in quick succession came the depression, Roosevelt and the WPA. What once seemed the impossible suddenly became the possible. If the materials were provided, government labor would do the work. Brad Fearing, quick to grasp the opportunity, sought out Frank Stick, the local artist and architect who pored over the history books and came up with plans for a reconstructed "Citie of Ralegh." Alber Bell, a construction man who had originally come to this country from England and settled on the coast of North Carolina because as a young fellow the story of the Lost Colony and their struggle on Roanoke Island had caught his fancy, was hired to do the building. A letter went off to Paul Green who began the terrific job of research for his script. Brad Fearing borrowed some money for expenses the WPA couldn't cover, and on June 15, 1937, Sam Selden, Carolina Playmakers director and a motley collection of actors, half borrowed from the New York Federal Theatre and half students from Chapel Hill, invaded the peaceful island of Roanoke.

The scene was a desolate one that met the eyes of the company on that warm June day. The sight of the lonesome banks was a new experience to most of them, and it seemed they had come to the end of the world. The depression-hit town of Manteo was not the thriving fishing community it had been. Fewer fishermen tinkered with their boat motors. Fishing had fallen off in recent years—proof that the depression must have been a natural phenomenon affecting all forms of life. Housewives still borrowed eggs from each other, of course, but the bare-footed boys and girls in the drug store had learned to shag, and day and night the blarings of the recently installed juke boxes provided a nervous undertone to the repressed calm of the community.

The bleakness of the town of Manteo settled over the members of the company

like a thick mist, and they wandered about seeking some redeeming features to the strange, eerie country in which they found themselves. A few days revealed that it wasn't such a bad place after all. The swimmers discovered that just five miles away the breakers licked the golden sands of Nags Head Beach. Some of the more limber actors hiked across the wind-shaped dunes that towered above the strand at Kitty Hawk and Kill Devil Hills. The Izaak Waltons in the cast rented boats for fifty cents an hour and had a try at the croakers. With a few diversions their new life became somewhat more tolerable, and the serious business of rehearsals began.

To a group of actors whose only previous acquaintance with Virginia Dare had come out of a bottle, the whole idea of the Lost Colony was a question mark. Each night they rode the four miles from Manteo to Fort Raleigh and the Waterside Theatre for rehearsal. Mosquito-ridden and cold from the sound breeze they built smudge fires of the scraps from the unfinished stage to keep warm and unbitten and put into action the few scenes of the script that were ready. None of them knew what his character was or its significance in the plot. It was not until a week before the opening when Mr. Green arrived with the final script that any of the performers knew exactly what he was doing. Until that time they had blindly followed the director without any sense of the full scope of the play.

A greater mystery than what happened to the Lost Colony was by what bit of legerdemain would an audience be created. Elizabeth City and Norfolk, the nearest centers of population were sixty-five and ninety-five miles away. That's a mighty long way to go to see a show especially when half of the driving is along a narrow strip of sixteen-foot highway banked on each side with treacherous sand. And then where would a sizeable crowd stay if they did come? Where would they sleep? Where would they eat? There were plenty of houses on the island, but many of them were not equipped with inside plumbing and didn't want tourists anyhow. Eating in one of the local restaurants was the next thing to camping out. The long distance to drive, the remoteness of the island, the poor food and lodging facilities all portended a quick flop and most of the company made quiet plans for the middle of July giving the show two weeks run at the most—and then only with good luck.

While the natives speculated and the city-bred principals slapped mosquitoes and complained, plans for the production were put into effect. A gathering was held in the court house to choose the 120 Islanders who would play the minor roles and act as colonists in the group scenes. In emergency time Charlie Overman, the county farm agent, was rushed into the role of Manteo, the Indian who befriended and protected the first settlers from the savage tribes. (Chief Bluewater who claimed Indian nobility but who turned out to be an ex side-show pugilist had originally been borrowed from the Federal Theatre for the part until his illiteracy and addiction to firewater were discovered.) Fred Howard, dancer and Florida orange crater took over the double job of teaching 30 CCC boys an Indian dance and at the same time proving to them that the art of terpsichore was not entirely feminine. The Manteo WPA sewing unit under the supervision of Ora Mae Davis, Playmaker costumiere worked day and night creating brilliant and colorful garments for the 135 members of the cast, and Al Bell's workers at the Fort speeded the Waterside Theatre to completion.

Perfectionist Paul Green with open shirt and wilted Panama hat shoved to the back of his head hovered the entire preparations for his symphonic drama with the attitude of a jealous mother. A meticulous and conscientious playwright, he wrote and rewrote the scrip, cut and fashioned scenes, and made suggestions to the director, technicians and actors until he drove them to the point of near desperation.

Any brain but that of Sam Selden's would have cracked under the terrific strain of those rehearsals. To the mammoth task of directing and organizing the diverse units of *The Lost Colony* he brought a mountain of patience and understanding. He taught the CCC boys the meanings of up and downstage, made pretty good performers out of raw native material, made a historian out of a ventriloquist and a passable Queen Elizabeth out of an ex-Irish songstress borrowed from the Federal Theatre, salved hurt feelings, helped paint the scenery and listened to gripes from everybody. By stubborness, diplomacy and an exasperatingly even disposition he wheedled the show through the rehearsal period and on July 3, 1937, *The Lost Colony* had its premiere.

To people who work indoors the weather is never an important element, but to those whose living depends on a clear sky, the weather becomes a monster, a stern unpredictable villain. To get off to a good start *The Lost Colony* needed a dry opening night, and it looked as if the hopes of all concerned would be fulfilled if the preceding hot, dry days and clear, cool nights were any indication. They were not. The premiere of the drama was underway about thirty minutes when a light rain began to fall. It fell throughout the remainder of the two-hour performance while the troop of silent, disgusted actors went through the scenes. Out in the auditorium a slim papered house of eight hundred patrons sat in puddles of water and held such quiet the company may as well have played to empty seats. There is an uncorroborated story that Brad Fearing,

(See MANTEO, page 28)

Paul Green and two other well-known celebrities discuss the project

With our poets....

The Not Wild?

By Nancy Smith '42

A great moth came to my window out of the night
And fluttered with futile wings against the pane,
Drawn by mystery, incomprehensible, bright
As the sun and the arc it makes thru the rain.
What was it brought a wild thing away
Out of the woodlands to yearn for a man-made sun
Unthinkingly, blindly, when he might have the day
And all its brilliance, yet waits till that day is done?
I saw his eyes like ruby chips let fall
From a careless jeweler's bench; so close was he.
How like the brittle pane of glass the wall
Between the wild and the not wild; so close are we
Who seek the gold at the end of rainbow towers
When all the fleeting rainbow might be ours.

Confessio Ignorationis

By Harrison Symmes '42

I

Let Autumn come
To change the time
Which I've endured
And have assured
Myself is some
Long dream to be dispelled with Fall.
But yesterday I heard a call
Which touched reality below
This semblance, this mute mask. I know
I drew a breath I'd never drawn;
And I could feel within me spawn
The sense of some new season,
The birth of some new reason:
The stimulus to live
While life can give
To me and take my gift.

II

And let the waning happiness,
The sense of half-way weariness
Produced by winter's dismalness
Attack my being's forcelessness;
And may I burn the drapery
Of that thick, mawkish memory,
Like old leaves in a dry pile,
Quite reverently, but happily.

III

So let them come,
I am attuned:
Praemonitoned, praemunituned.
I see red leaves,
And dead leaves,
And dry smoke;
And rake marks
Through dry grass,
In soft earth.

IV

Often pathetically
I have endeavoured
To live as a leaf:
To be blown, to feel rain,
To feel dryness; but pain
Which is mine as a man
Has convinced me
That feeling was whimsy.
It was fallacious;
I must confess it.

V

As now the incarnate nostalgia
From the nexus
Of my determined and determining past
Assails my softening spirit,
Saying I must live by its ideals,
I know that they shall be forever unfulfilled.
Yet shall they solace me in solitudes.
(The perished portion of the past bears fruit:
The earnestness of youth.)

Thus from the unsourced spring,
Which notwithstanding wells and boils within me,
Flows a full flood of freshness;
And borne on the stream as it flows on
And stops for a time in an eddy's swirl
Are these soft-said words:
I could not, cannot, tell
Those things you wished to know
Of me
And you
And our two worlds.

Quadrangle Quandary

A Former Member of the Interdorm Council Offers Advice to the Present Troubled Members

By Bill Shuford '42

DORM life, the core of living at Carolina, has merely been beating a depleted thump in the past few years, and takes its rank as the leading campus organization which has noticeably failed to take advantage of its potentialities.

But, that's no reason why we should give it up. Plans are now underway and others can be begun if only the leaders of the present dorm councils will take it upon themselves to do some constructive action.

A couple of years ago, while I was serving as a member of the Interdorm Council, I was thoroughly disgusted with the weakness of the organization. This was typical of Councils before and afterwards, where indifference was the chief characteristic of its members. I don't wish to deny credit to those who deserve it, for there have been some true leaders in the past—true leaders in the sense that they served their fellow students as best they could, neither asking nor receiving any reward in return. If it weren't for these few who were sincere—those not seeking just political power or recognition—the Council undoubtedly would have died a completely normal death through inertia.

It's this "disease," a common attitude, that is the root of the trouble. It exists in the dorm officers, and springs from the dorm residents.

Indifference on the part of the boys living in dorms allows men to be elected who have not only not been interested in the work, but has also enabled scheming and sly politicians to manoeuvre themselves and their "stooges" into offices. How about these politicians: why do they do it, when the offices really carry little prestige with them?

The answer is fairly simple. Some have used them as stepping stones to more important political jobs; some have sought them because of the chance of remunerative gain received by controlling the selection of dance concessioneers; others want jobs on the University Dance committee.

By all rights the Interdormitory Council should be about the strongest and most powerful body on the campus, but it is now the weakest. This is pathetic. Especially so, since the vast majority of our men students live in dorms.

Yet, the picture is not wholly a dark one. There is hope for better dormitory government and hence better dorm life. The present Council means to overthrow its spell of lethargy and get down to business. Not business-as-usual.

Under the able leadership of President George Hayes, one of the most energetic campus citizens in recent years, the Council has vowed to cut out its wasteful dabblings in power-politics and do-nothingness. Exhibit A is a new constitution passed at the last meeting. While its framers and its sponsors admit that there is plenty still to be done, it does mark a step forward.

Here are a couple of the progressive steps: now the individual dorm council, instead of the entire inter-dormitory council, can expel a student from residence in a dormitory. This gives the individual body more responsibility and seriousness than it has ever had before. Then, there is the stated intention of the council to enforce a "quiet hour" from 7 to 11 in each dormitory. Then, as a check on the individual members of the Inter-dorm council, the ruling now stands that those members who don't attend at least two-thirds of the regular meetings each quarter will be dropped from the roll. Also, it is time we made an "all out" effort to make our dorms quiet enough for study purposes. They also need more social advantages.

By social, I mean living. The way boys live better at college is to meet more fellows, feel as though they are a part of many groups, and still have plenty of outlets for the "wild horse" tendencies of all young men. You have to get all this and yet, at the same time, some sort of order, too.

Take intra-mural sports. Though they were meant to develop students physically

and to give them a chance to participate in group sports, their chief value has been in the past. The spirit of competition between dorms, and at the same time the idea of cooperating within one dorm tends to give students a wonderful lesson in group-living all at the same time. The success of intra-murals, however, is limited since there are many self-help boys and extra-curricular people who never get the chance to take part in them.

Perhaps one of the most fertile potential fields, and yet, one of the most unsuccessful fields in the past has been that of dormitory socials. These seem to fail because there were not sufficient funds allotted to each dormitory to enable them to properly stage a decent social.

Beer parties, when still legal, were popular with the few who like beer. However, in spite of the reputation which our University students have for guzzling, it has been my observation that only a minority of the dorm residents honestly care for the beverage. Attendance on the whole has been missing on the part of some, and reluctant on the part of most. I recall one occasion when the dorm president packed the dorm store with his friends and proceeded to "railroad" through a beer party when the majority of the dormitory residents were in favor of a hay-ride. This is indeed a disgusting debacle to those who were sincerely interested in having a congenial social.

Hay-rides need a certain amount of informality and frivolity to make them go across. When dorms have tried these in the past, the social atmosphere has been all too formal—merely because the boys didn't know each other better.

There have been many more: dorm banquets have been tried and have been fairly successful; but again, there was not chance for mixing. Here, each man seemed to talk to the boy on his right or left, but hardly beyond that—and the boy on his right might have been his room-mate.

Last year, four dorms got together, pooled their resources and had a dance. Lack of funds, lack of interest, and lack of acquaintances in individual as well as all the dormitories kept this from being much of a success. There have been other attempts in the past—many of them. But they seem to just miss the boat, just failing in each case to reach the stage of mutuality necessary for common action.

Well, after I have condemned and pointed out the weaknesses of the prevailing system, what is the solution? What new steps can be taken that will bring the boys together better? There is no cure-all; there is no complete solution. All we can do is to begin bettering relations and continually expand and improve them.

The other night, while several of us were "bulling" about student government, this idea arose. Why not have some plan

(See QUANDARY, page 32)

Grey Interlude

This Month's Mag Short Short-Story

By Stanley Fuchs '42

HE LAY there, quietly. He had been doing the same thing for a week now, just lying there, very still, trying to relax. He no longer tried to read, he hadn't written a letter since Monday before last. The letter to Lillian. Lillian—he didn't even think of her now. He didn't think at all any more. He couldn't. He tried, but it was no good.

At first it had been all right. He had been able to lose himself in thought. Thoughts of other things, anything, and especially Lillian. Lillian was his favorite. He had saved her for the worst times. It was good to think about her. It hurt, but it helped.

He was quite still, but he was not relaxed. His eyes were fixed on the ceiling. They saw nothing now. It was only when remembering started, then it was like somebody put a stereoscope with slides in front of him, and the ceiling got full of pictures. They weren't pretty pictures.

One arm lay across his chest, the muscles taut, his hand clenched tight in a fist. He could feel his heart beating under it. His body felt wrapped in a belt that was so tight his body ached. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead and ran his tongue over his hot, dry lips.

Why was this happening? It doesn't belong to me. My life was never like this. It got in somehow, you didn't know it was happening. But all at once it was in, and you're lying here too weak to get up. It really doesn't belong to me because I'm strong. Always, always I was strong.

And now you want to pray. You never have prayed. The family always prayed. They were religious, but after you went to school you weren't any more. Dad especially was a pious man, always thanking God for his family's comfortable circumstances. You were happy at home. You never minded Mother's continual fussing over you. It made her happy, and it was nice anyway. You enjoyed your brother's admiration, too. It was funny about Sis. She was always stand-offish.

I hear those gentle voices singing

Buck's singing again. The biggest, the blackest, buck nigger, called Buck, and he's singing again. He's gotten the words wrong. It's "calling," not "singing." Maybe I ought to tell him, but it doesn't make much difference. Let him sing it his way for three days. He hasn't got but three days to sing it wrong.

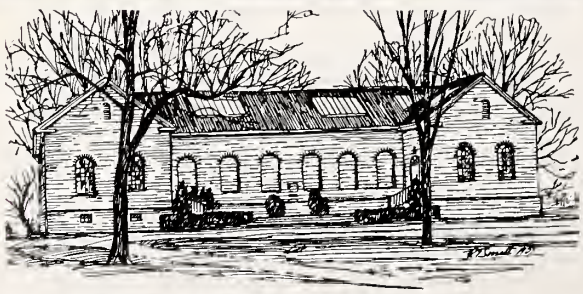
I hear those gentle voices singing

The last time he had heard music, he had bene with Lillian. Dancing. . . . The Astor Roof. . . . Tommy Dorsey. . . . A cool drink. And Lillian laughing. He wondered if she would remember that night.

Remember? You said you loved me very much, and that I danced wonderfully, but I shouldn't hold you so close. You couldn't breathe, and there were so many people. I told you it was your own fault. Remember? You shook me, then kissed the side

(See INTERLUDE, page 31)

—VISIT TO A DEPARTMENT FEATURE. This is a big University where a multitude of departments continually seethe over their budgets, classes and class cuts. Convinced by personal experience that not even the best apple-polisher or most proficient Phi-Bete knows the ins and outs of them all, the Mag staff inaugurates a monthly visit to see and tell all that goes on behind the respective classes. Leading off is the Art Department in Person Hall, "show window of the University." Moving from art to athletics, next issue will visit the Physical Education Department.



When John Allcott succeeded Russell Smith as head of the Art Department over a year ago, he started almost from scratch both with the student body and with his budget.

Carolina students were still finding it the vogue to smirk and jibe about all creative work. Probably the nearest Person Hall ever came to campus popularity was the time when Carolina males flocked to see the nude snow statues sculped in the winter of 1940.

Financially, the Department was the step-child of the University. Administrative heads laughingly called it "Dr. Frank's baby" because President Graham had tried unsuccessfully for five years—ever since he helped to establish the school—to secure for it more than a subsistence budget.

Allcott waded in with a flurry of infectious energy that has since given the Department the reputation of being the biggest bedlam on the campus. But his tactics got results.

To stage six excellent gallery exhibits—most effective means of reaching the campus and public—he secured some $1600, all from sources outside the budget. Sizeable donations came from Mrs. Katherine Arrington Pendleton, University trustee and long time patron of Person; from George Levy, refugee Parisian banker, himself a prominent collector of French painting; from the Latin Americans here for their "summer school."

Friends of Person Hall from the campus, town and state organized to show their sincere interest in the Department's work by giving some $300. Under practical, iron-handed Mrs. W. D. Carmichael, the organization also helped by supplying gallery guides and library helpers, in turn receiving special lectures and exhibit previews.

Out-of-pocket contributions by the art school's faculty and the extension division's annual allotment eked out the final sum. Backed for the first time with adequate cash, Person's shows got attention from a campus which had formerly considered itself art-proof.

All previous records for gallery attendance were broken at the October show of Old Masters borrowed from the Metropolitan Museum. Within three weeks, over 4000 came in to see the paintings of Gainsborough, Van Dyke and Reynolds.

Just as popular were the succeeding monthly shows—paintings of Portinari, Brazilian super-realist then the rage of New York; American architecture and regional painting staged for the visiting Latin Americans; original canvases of Van Gogh, erratic Frenhman who once sent his ear for a gift to a lady friend; annual show of art from the state's colleges and public schools; French painting from Picasso to Ingres, put on by George Levy at his own expense. Several of the exhibits were circulated throughout galleries in the state.

OPEN TO THOSE WHO CAN'T DRAW *a straight line are basic studio courses shown above. Students in these free-for-all classes come to understand sculpture, drawing, graphic arts and color magic as they work with their hand to learn by doing. Lantern slide courses like the one illustrated below teach that the history of art is a phase of the history of culture.*

But this was only one phase of Alcott's expansion. For the first time, primary art courses were thrown open to sophomores. Two nights a week, Person held open house in its studio for any students or townspeople who wanted to come in and sketch.

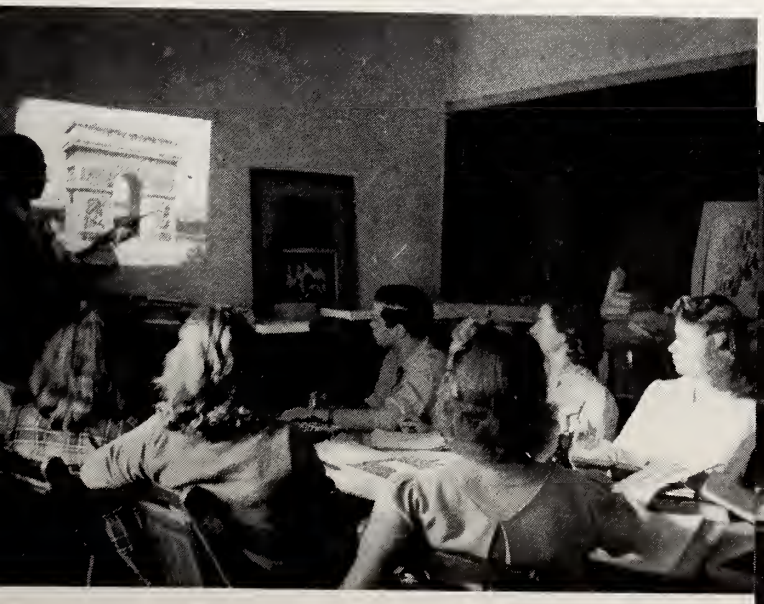
Innovation of a rental collection also pushed art to the student body. Thirty-five facsimile reproductions of old and modern masters were displayed at the beginning of the fall. Students came in, reserved what they wanted, and then paid twenty-five cents a month to rent the painting.

With one successful year behind him, Alcott now begins another with a still widening program. Freshmen may now take basic studio courses. Enrollment of sophomores jumped from thirteen to 50 as the faculty ruled that the Survey of Art History course could be elected for the second year history credit. Pictures from a doubled rental collection are now being loaned out to public schools in Orange County, while plans are to make the program statewide.

Gallery exhibits started off last month with a show of Ness' own works. Current display is the annual exhibit of North Carolina Artists and Sculptors. Still on paper are several future exhibits, which Alcott modestly describes as "extremely good."

But there is still one hitch—finances. Because the state legislature does not convene until next fall to set the University's biennial budget, the Department must continue to struggle with a lean allotment equal to that of last year. At the same time, many of last year's sources of outside income have been exhausted.

Alcott continually mourns that the art school has set for itself a program which neither it nor the University can underwrite. We aren't worried. He did the impossible last year. He can do it again.



NAPOLEON, THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH, *and neo-classicism are discussed in an art history class by Professor Alcott.*

ALLCOTT IN SHIRTSLEEVES *directs hanging of painting for gallery exhibit at left. At right, students from Chapel Hill high school come in for a gallery lecture.*

KENNETH NESS exploded our idea of the modern artist.

When the papers announced that the Carnegie Foundation had decided to recognize the University Art Department by sending down one of its three resident artists, we looked forward with a pretty morbid curiosity to seeing the nationally famous painter.

We knew that his paintings were somewhat "impressionistic"—whatever that meant—, that he had indulged in some undecipherable surrealism. We expected to find a long-haired, badly dressed, undernourished Bohemian who would shun the company of ordinary folks and seclude himself with his easel and beautiful nature.

When finally we went to Person Hall for a look, we were disappointed. His hair was cut. His pants were a little baggy, but his shirt and tie were conservative and neat. He looked just about as anemic as a stocky Swede farmhand.

Finally cornered, he talked—a lot—about himself, about art, about his new job.

Ness confesses that he doesn't give a rap about anything but art. Ever since he left his home in St. Ignace, Michigan, almost twenty years ago, he has worked at nothing else. Eight years of formal study started him off—four at schools in Detroit and four more at the Chicago Art Institute, where he worked under Boris Ansfled, famous exiled Russian painter. During all this time, he supported himself by commercial art work. He never starved in the conventional garret, but supper during those early lean years often came from one can.

Recognition after leaving the Institute came steadily until, in last May, he received notice of his appointment as resident artist in Chapel Hill.

Even if Ness has confined himself to art, he has tackled most of its forms. Not content with water color, oil painting, and sketches, he has also dipped into photography, lithographing, and etching. His only diversion —not recreation because he considers that a waste of time — is reading and some stream-of-consciousness writing.

His art work reflects his intense energy. Water colors and oils are done in brilliant, forceful color. In only three to four hours, which is very brief compared to the years old masters used to spend on a single picture, he completes a painting without taking time off to eat or rest.

Ness' job, as resident artist, is to help further art education and appreciation in the state. The only effective method, he believes, to spread the appreciation of art—or anything else—is through university students.

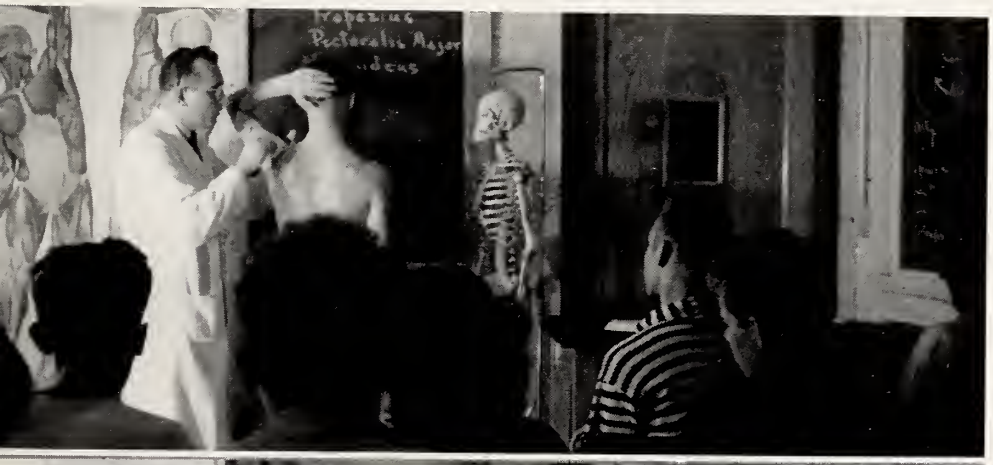
Working nine to twelve hours a day with Person Hall as his base of operations, he is mingling with the students, cultivating gallery visitors, and working with department head J. V. Allcott on a year's program of exhibits and statewide work which may yet fall through because of insufficient funds.

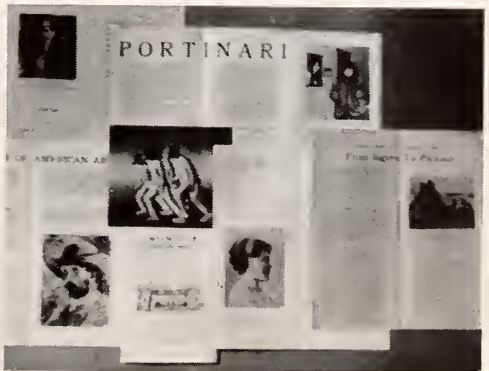
He refuses to say whether or not he will leave Chapel Hill when his year is up, and there is a possibility that he may stay longer. Carolina's "show window" would deserve the break.

INTERNATIONAL SCHOLAR *of European art, Dr. Clemens Sommer sits above in seminar discussion. Here art appreciation becomes art criticism. Students learn historical factors determining nature of art period considered. Art history as an exact science is relatively new, was made possible by photography. Last year Larry Flynn of Chapel Hill and Herman Weil, University trustee from Goldsboro, generously aided library.*

RANDOM SHOTS *at right show Person Hall's library, curator Harriet Adams at Jacock Print Collection, and Bob Koch with the Weil Collection of over 8000 photographs of works of art.*

CONSTANTLY CHANGING *exhibits of Person evidenced by art bulletins posted below. Last year showed art from Old Masters to Van Gogh and Picasso. This year will display from modern architecture to antique clocks. Gallery exhibits have proven best link with campus and public.*





DY MECHANICS *are demonstrated at top by Dr. Frank Low of the University medical school. low, William Meade Prince, top flight American illustrator, criticizes a drawing. Anatomy, ustration, commercial design are among specialized courses offered.*

MANTEO

(Continued from page 20)

fearful lest some of the money customers demand a refund on their tickets, ran into the woods with the cash box and hid behind a tree. None of the first nighters left, however, and the show came to a damp finish. The few patrons were enthusiastic, but still they were few.

After that opening night the management realized that one very important item in the plans and the preparations for the season—*publicity*, had been seriously neglected. Word of mouth advertising, the most valuable for a production like *The Lost Colony*, had, of course, not had time to develop. What was needed was a press agent, one man who could supply the papers with dope, statistics, and human interest angles on the show. For the first few weeks three or four hundred people nightly lost themselves in the huge auditorium, and there often came near being more people on the stage than in the audience. The budget moved farther and farther into the red, and the actors were on the verge of buying their tickets out of town when that intellectual scion of the clan MacNeill, the pompous, cynical, sardonic, self-considered oracle of Carolina newsmen, Ben Dixon MacNeill, visited the coast for his health. He was handed the job of selling *The Lost Colony*. Preferring to be known as "Lost Colony correspondent" and not press-agent, he turned out reams and columns of picturesque and rambling verbiage on the Island, the show, principal actors and the CCC boys. It had its effect. Attendance gradually rose until there was at least some hope that the show would survive the season and that the actors wouldn't die of lonesomeness. Still, there was some stroke needed that would clinch the validity of the show and give it nationwide publicity and distinction. There had already been a Virginia Dare half-dollar minted, and a special Virginia Dare stamp had been issued, but they weren't enough. The show needed something *big*, something to give it national significance.

When the Dare County clique put its head together and decided to "get Roosevelt," it was achieved. On the morning of August 18th, his sleek black limousine rolled off the Manteo docks, and that afternoon as he spoke on *Democracy*, to a throng of fifteen thousand his voice reached out to the entire world, and most of the newspapers in the country set up the mysterious and hitherto unknown dateline of Manteo, N. C. That night with a flit-gun armed Secret Service man perched in the tree overhead as a mosquito guard, the chief executive witnessed the 37th performance of the Lost Colony. When the finale was reached the president had considerably overstayed his schedule. He was about to leave when the organist for the show with visions of a triumphal and glorious musical exit by the Chief Executive struck up the Star Spangled Banner. He was in the midst of a third chorus when a frantic Secret Service man ran down to say that the President really couldn't do a thing until the organist stopped playing the national anthem. As the music ceased and the presidential automobile rolled down the ramp at the back of the theatre the tired performers faced with a second performance that same night turned to each other with a like thought in mind. At last *The Lost Colony* had received national recognition and acceptance.

Some remarkable statistics, results, and effects have been recorded since that dismal, soggy premiere in 1937. Two hundred and fifty thousand people from all over the world (the press releases say 400,000) have made pilgrimages to Roanoke Island to see the awing and beautiful spectacle, *The Lost Colony*. Anthony Buttitta, squeaky-voiced press agent from New York, has beat the tom-tom of *The Lost Colony* until pictures and stories of the production and its Island setting have appeared in leading periodicals and newspapers throughout the country. Wherever you go, be it North Carolina, New York, East St. Louis or San Francisco, there are people who know of Eleanor Dare and her hard-bitten companions who struggled for existence on Roanoke Island and finally marched into oblivion. An estimated quarter to a half million dollars is spent in Dare County each summer by swarms of tourists attracted by the show. For the first known time in the history of the union a state has now underwritten a dramatic performance of any kind, and Manteo, once a remote fishing village, is the scene of intense activity and even traffic jams.

Awakened to the opportunity of this mighty attraction, the people of the Island and Dare county have seen the inadequacies of the first year and corrected them. Today, almost every house in the town of Manteo has accommodations for tourists. Inside plumbing is the rule there now, and clean, pleasant places to eat have replaced the sorry restaurants of a few years back.

In retrospect, the success of *The Lost Colony* seems quite natural. Looking over the results and the statistics of the five years it has run, one is inclined to minimize the colossal task that faced the original promoters and dreamers, but like any clicking gridiron play *The Lost Colony* needed the right combination of men. Its combination was found in Brad Fearing, whose tenacity and courage saw the production through to its physical realization; Paul Green who wrote the deeply reverent hymn to Democracy, and Sam Selden who staged the drama and welded the inimical production forces into a fine and even whole. By the cooperation of these men what was in danger of being a minor pageant has through the enchanted audience, the newspapers and radio attained the stature of being the vital part of a nation's recognition of its own strong roots—its own pioneer beginnings.

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FENCE

(Continued from page 4)

ing interest, and asking questions. He was the original legislator to demand "two good magazines for the students, instead of one," and the one to defend the *Tar an' Feathers*' budget from being severely cut down because "so far, the humor mag has shown a healthy critical spirit to campus shibboleths" and Seeman seemed "to be the first editor who had capably solved the problem of satisfying both the campus and the people in the state. This was true of his first *October* issue and he ought to do a good job if he follows in this line."

In the first two short months of his Speakership, Sanford has done more for student publications than most of us do in a year—and without writing a single article, story, or editorial. When last seen, he was leaving the *Tar Heel* office to discuss some Yackety-Yack layouts with Editor Charlie Tillet.

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LETTER

(Continued from page 18)

stupefied me. In nine months here I have seen neither a fight nor a political argument. Do you remember—in our school days the fights between students at each war. The ones who were for the boers and the partisans of the English argued in real battles. The same during the Japanese war—the same during the "affaire Dreyfus." At each election day the hospital was full. Here—nothing . . . I was in Chapel Hill the day of the election of the President. One of the most important moments in the history of this land . . . not a word . . . .

A politician comes from Washington and speaks before 4000 people. He is the supporter of an immediate declaration of war against Germany. Everybody applauds. Eight days after the Senator LaFollette—the head of the Isolationists—comes in the same place and pleads "Keep out of war." The same people applaud.

Indifference? No. Politeness for the stranger who comes to speak. They have made up their mind and don't try to prove with their fists to their neighbors what is the real truth.

Even the dogs don't argue. I am still waiting for a battle between the dogs—which are plentiful.

You said to me, my poor Paul, that food begins to be scarce and you are hungry sometimes. Don't be too jealous of me. In this 'land of plenty' the food is bad. It is the only complaint I make—and they would be furious if they knew I say it because they seem to be perfect'y happy with the strange kind of dishes they eat! Where is my good old cook, Germaine who is in France and eager to come here. If only the state department would grant her a visa! I don't speak about American food—I have never seen restaurants in France like in New Orleans. But here—vegetables served in ash trays—strange combinations of gravy—and mint jelly!

Nevertheless I get accustomed and when in two years—I hope—I will be an American citizen, it will perhaps seem excellent to me—and I will consider it perfectly convenient to eat in a drug store between a bottle of Listerine and packages of soap and Kleenex . . . everything is a question of habit.

You understand by that I have taken out my papers. I intend to be a true and good citizen. This land is the one I love. It gives to me all what I like . . . freedom—calm—beauty. I hate to know that so many of you have not thought of that before. If you like to see me, come here. I will never go back because I will never find anymore what I have left behind me. I stay: Urbi Ibi e patria . . . where I am well—it is my land.

Yours friendly,
Georges.

ECHO

(Continued from page 14)

But it was the clock.

"Have you, Tina?"

"Unhuh."

He lit a cigarette. As he put it to his lips and drew in, the burning end brightened. A dark-edged portrait flared on the window, and was gone as he lowered the cigarette.

"Look, Bob, you and me. Do it again."

They became quiet posing for the window portraits. And the quietness became sadness. They searched each new portrait for a smile. Tina fell asleep.

He flicked the radio on. Slowly music slid from it into the silence. And the music was silence. But hearing the growth of the violins, he remembered the wide wind in the trees in the mountains of his childhood.

He inhaled deeply. He picked up the ash tray, and broke off the burning oval from the shank of the cigarette. He put the shank on the other side of the tray, watching the small glow sink into itself. It created an ash shell, fed to a greater density as the glow decreased. He watched this till the glow had sunk to a thorn point beneath its dark shell, and then was gone.

"Like this," he said.

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THE PINES

A Mile and a Half Out on the Raleigh Highway

MIAMI

(Continued from page 10)

Gerry stopped for breath. He made that speech every night.

Milt said passionately, "Flossie is a blonde little bitch. A little two-bit slut that has taken on every hop on the beach and you know it. She's a cheap little you-know-what."

"Yeah," Gerry got excited again. "Well, you watch. We'll make something of our love—just we two—we'll show the wide world, buddy. We will do great things together."

"You'll do great things together," I said. "The same thing she does with every other fellow on the beach."

"OK, wise guys. OK, OK, OK. Just wait. She will inspire me to do something great. Just wait."

"You walked out of Princeton two years ago with great ideas. You are still on the beach. You will be on the beach unless you drag it back to Jersey or Georgia or somewhere where people live like humans. You are definitely nuts, and please don't mention me in your will. Have you heard from your folks?"

"Sure," he said. "They want me back—without Flossie. But nosiree. Flossie and I will stick together. Our love is a great love. It will live in literature and I will write the literature."

At this juncture Flossie undulated in. She was a sexy little piece, saucy but uncute. Her hair was frizzled and she had that dumb look that haunts sexy, uncute, frizzled nineteen year olds who have been drained of life for four years by Miami.

The night clerk came in from "lunch" and Gerry, Flossie, and I took a stroll down Ocean Drive. Paul and Milt went up to bed.

Moon. Moon. The night was all moon.

We walked silently. Gerry and Flossie had their arms around one another. I walked to one side, tossing baby cocanuts onto the sand beyond the grass.

Suddenly they stopped. Looked at each other. Gerry jerked Flossie into his arms and kissed her passionately. A car drove by, honked. They were still hanging on each other's lips, drinking from the same fountain.

Then Gerry said, "Flossie, will you marry me?"

Flossie giggled, grabbed his arm. Grabbed is the word. She didn't take his arm. She grabbed it, clutched it, said, "Sure, sweetheart. What will we eat with?"

"Never mind," Gerry said, "Mike—lend me seven bucks."

"No."

"Mike, lend me seven bucks."

"To marry her—you think I'm nuts? You are still a friend of mine. You can have three and a half women like her for seven bucks."

"Mike, lend me seven bucks. I'll steal it. You may as well let me have it."

What could I do? I loaned him the money. I would never see it again but that didn't matter. Gerry was an intelligent lad, he had family, background. Flossie had one thing—and she had used it plenty.

Gerry payed two dollars for a preacher, two dollars for a license. You can get married or divorced at any time in that town. They are open all night for guys just like that. He spent the other three bucks on liquor. You can buy that at any time, also.

When I left the Parkham lobby the next morning the sun was already in the sky, but a dismal day was waiting. Clouds, black.

Back into the dingy lobby, up the ricketv steps. I opened the door to Room 8. It was still a mess, only some feminine undergarb scattered around relieved the usual pattern.

The beds in that room are less than two feet apart. Paul and Milt are in the bed on my right. They are awake. Gerry and Flossie are in the other bed. They are awake but they look done in—hangovers. A double dose in as messy a room as I have seen. Flossie—Gerry, Milt—Paul.

"Good morning children," I said. Then to Flossie, "Well Blondie, how did you like your honeymoon?"

"Honeymoon, hell," she said. "We slept!"

After the Dance . . .
or for regular meals
YOU WILL FIND OURS BEST

•

•

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Steaks or Seafoods.

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BMOC's

(Continued from page 9)

Maybe the world will take care of itself. But with thinking like that, Hitler will take care of it for us: unless we snap into something *real* mighty quick. We won't beat Hitler, though, unless we have something solid, something constructive and meaningful to hold on to.

All the material for doing it lies moulding on the campus in our own self-rule. Let's get wise for a change, before it's too late, and begin to heat up the pie so that everybody can have a slice. Not just a couple of BMOC's scratching around it.

INTERLUDE

(Continued from page 23)

of my cheek, where your head was resting on my shoulder.

He lifted his hand and touched the spot where she kissed him.

Slowly over the grey ceiling the pictures of it were coming back. He tried to tear his eyes away. But couldn't.

The drunk was beating him. Beating the shoe-shine boy. And I broke away from Lillian. She was trying to hold me. And I hit the drunk.

WEALTHY BROKER KILLS SICK LABORER

That's the way it looked afterwards. But it wasn't that way at all. It wasn't that at all.

"I'll see the governor," Bill said. Bill said that. I remember when he said it but I don't remember what I said.

What was the difference? Did a man have to stop breathing to be dead. Did one live on without a brain? He wondered If you killed a man you couldn't live with a brain. Eating, sleeping, walking, always your brain remembered that you killed a man. Your body remembered, too. Your body was like a dead body, remembering.

Maybe he was dead. It was the same blow. And they were going to execute a dead man. It was very funny. He parted his dry lips to laugh. But he didn't. He screamed.

Come Out of the Dog House!

Watch your appearance from your neck up too!!

•

Graham Memorial Barber Shop

IN THE BASEMENT

CO-CAPTAINS

(Continued from page 15)

came lucky and intercepted a pass in the closing minutes to give our team a 7 to 0 victory. How far did I run after catching the ball? It was 90 yards, I think."

When Carl entered Carolina he gave up basketball and baseball for football and track. He throws the shot-put and discus, and Dale Ranson will tell you he's a valuable man to have around. Line coach Johnny Vaught usually uses a few adjectives when this big 203 pound center is mentioned. "He is a keen diagnostician of plays," Vaught said recently, "and he makes enough tackles for two men. He's a great leader, and one of the most alert and aggressive players I've ever coached."

Suntheimer turned in his best collegiate performance against Pennsylvania in 1939 when Carolina won 30 to 6. He intercepted two passes and recovered three fumbles to put the Tar Heels in scoring position time and again. His play turned what looked like a first quarter defeat into a rousing victory.

Carl is a Sociology major. He's one football player who does not plan to coach. Instead he's going back to Hatboro and work in his father's bakery, a job he held during the past Summer.

Now to Dunkle. Harry has been playing football for 17 years. He started when he was six years old. His family had a very close friend who played fullback at Pittsburgh. The friend paid a visit, took a liking to Harry, and upon his return to Pitt sent young Dunkle a football. "For a year I didn't let that football get out of my sight," Harry says. "I slept with it, I took it to the table, even to school and church. Then and there I wanted to play football."

Dunkle has played plenty of football since then. After an outstanding high school record, he attended Kiski (Pa.) Prep, where he played fullback on the State Prep School Championship team of Pennsylvania. On that same team were Jim Daniel, Ohio State's great tackle; Paul Kromer, who plays right half back at Michigan; and others.

He came to Carolina because several of his friends had come here. "They suggested I visit here," says Dunkle. "I did, and I've never regretted it. It's going to be a lot harder for me to make up my mind to leave, than it was for me to make up my mind to stay when I was a freshman."

Dunkle was a star on a none too good freshman eleven. As a sophomore he was a sensation even though Carolina had such backfield stars as George Stirnweiss, Sid Sadoff, George Radman, and Jim Lalanne. He led the nation in punting with a remarkable average of 46.6 yards for 37 boots. The same year he tied with Turner of Holy Cross in the total number of extra point conversions. Each made 16. Last year he averaged 40.7 yards on 68 boots to rank 13th in the nation. He is an excellent blocker, and on occasions has been known to tear up the opposing line when two yards are needed.

Just before Carolina scored its touchdown against Duke last year, Dunkle was injured and had to be removed from the game. The Carolina student body started yelling, "Touchdown for Dunkle, Touchdown for Dunkle." A pass from Lalanne to Austin gave the Tar Heels a touchdown a moment later, and made Harry a very happy man although he says he doesn't remember the yelling. He was unconscious.

Before the present crisis Dunkle had planned to stay at Carolina and enter the law school. Now his plans are uncertain. He feels he should give Uncle Sam two or three years. After that it's either back here to law school or going in business with his father. Our prediction is he will end up doing the latter.

Both Dunkle and Suntheimer stated their greatest thrill was the Duke victory last year. Both admit they're great fishermen. Both had a good chance of receiving some All-American recognition until the Carolina team took a nosedive. Both eat, sleep, and talk football. Both are great leaders, a credit to football at Carolina and the South. They won't soon be forgotten, not these two guys who Co-Captained the Carolina football team of 1941.

For the Coeds . . . .

We feature Coty, Max Factor, Caranome and Adrienne Cosmetics.

Carolina Pharmacy

• *THE REXALL STORE* •

Phone 6141

QUANDARY

(Continued from page 23)

under which boys could get together and really know each other without being pressed financially or have a to-do about formalities? It sounded good, and here's the idea: by having boys eat together, a common everyday experience for most of us, they can be brought together better than in any other way. For instance: let the boys from Grimes, the first floor, eat supper with the boys from the second floor of Grimes. Or perhaps it would be better to let the boys eat as a single floor at first. Then, the next night, the third floor could eat with the fourth, and so on each night until every floor had eaten with every other floor. This could take place within each dorm. After the rotation was completed in each dorm, the same process could begin in all the dormitories, and between dorms. The first floor of Everett would eat with the first floor of Manly, and so on.

The advantages of this system would be that each man would pay for his own meal —which he usually does anyhow—and there would be no burden on collecting "extra" money from everybody.

However, there are several big "ifs" that have to be overcome.

First, the interest, cooperation, and participation of dorm residents must be had. Secondly, a banquet room, such as that in the Carolina Inn would have to be constantly engaged and kept free. Third, it would be desirable that some sort of a program be arranged for each of these gatherings—not stiff, formal programs with speeches—featuring musical and light entertainment numbers. The idea is to get as much talent from each floor as is possible. The dining table has long been known as a good medium of obtaining understanding and fellowship.

The other concrete plan that has been offered is that of having semi-organized bull sessions on separate dorm floors. The idea here would be to have about 20 fellows from one floor gather in a boy's room and hear a professor or campus leader talk for a half hour or so, and then let him lead a discussion. You could work the same scheme as has been suggested for the dining rotation. The success of such a scheme would depend on the willingness of the faculty to cooperate and in the planning of the programs or "bull sessions" by the students in charge. At these meetings, we could also gain a better understanding of the problems confronting us on the campus and those in the world-at-large.

At any rate, these ideas would bring dorm boys closer together. The main difficulty today is the lack of common spirit and feeling that they have for one another. The only way this can come about is for them to get it by living it.

This is the job of the men leading dorm government. They cannot do it alone. The support of all the boys in the dorms is needed.

The success of the future both immediate and nearly distant depends upon our ability to work together—to get a unity of purpose. Those of us who live in dormitories can begin by gaining this basic lesson right in our own back-yards. How about it?

●

INDEPENDENTS

(Continued from page 11)

foster such acquaintances.

Carolina is one of the few schools in the country which does not have an independent organization. At many schools, they are the GDI's, but they often have the power necessary to put worthwhile independents in office. Such universities as Michigan, Purdue, and George Washington have independent organizations which have placed girls from their ranks in key offices. They have proved that there many popular, pretty, and intelligent who are independents either democratic, or a lack of money or because they do not believe in sororities or because they lack the necessary money or recommendations.

An independent organization is a crying need on the Carolina campus at present. Carolina needs an organization which would aim, through a social program, to promote the all important friendship among independents, and between independents and sorority members. It needs an organization which would aim, not for all the offices on campus, but it's rightful share, three-fifths. We have girls here at Carolina right now capable of forming an independent organization, and they can do it.

Relax in your spare time with a good book. We have them all.

●

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—Borrow
or Buy

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For **MILDNESS**, for **BETTER TASTE** and **COOLER SMOKING**, Chesterfield is the winning cigarette . . . they're quick to satisfy with their *right combination* of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

All around you, pack after pack, you'll see Chesterfields giving smokers a lot more pleasure. *Join in, light 'em up, and you've got a cigarette to cheer about.*

Everywhere you go . . .
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CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Civilian Defence
NUMBER

XSB2C-1—It's the Navy's new dive-bombing sensation—Test Pilot Bill Ward at the stick

HOW DOES IT FEEL to dive *straight down* from several miles up? Bill Ward knows. He's the test pilot who put this amazing new Curtiss dive bomber through her paces for the Navy. That's Bill *(left, above)* smoking his *(and the Navy man's)* favorite cigarette. He'll tell you—

"YOUR EARS CRACKLE and pop. You think," says Bill, "the whole world's trying to squeeze the daylights out of you. You think maybe they *have,* if things go a little foggy or dark when you're pulling out of your dive." After a ride like that, a Camel tastes mighty welcome.

NOTHING COMES EVEN CLOSE TO CAMELS WITH ME. THEY'RE **MILDER** BY FAR. AND, MAN, WHAT A SWELL **FLAVOR**

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

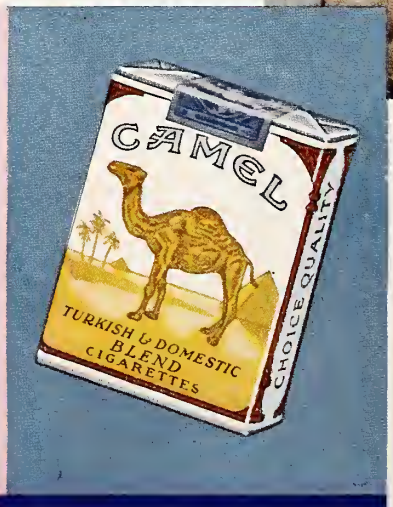
28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Test Pilot Bill Ward shares the Navy man's preference for the cigarette of costlier tobaccos... Camel

SPEAKING of tests, Bill Ward adds: "Those recent laboratory tests showing less nicotine in the smoke of Camels only go to prove what I've always found in my smoking—Camels are milder in *lots of ways.* That's what counts with me."

Light up a Camel yourself. You'll know in the first few flavorful puffs why, with men in the service*... with the millions behind them... it's Camels. (*Based on actual sales records in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard.)

I

NOVEMBER, 1941

★

Arsenal of Democracy Issue

★

You send us the tanks and guns . . . and the ships will make a bridge of freedom to our island fortress . . . you will be an arsenal for freedom, an arsenal for democracy.

—*Winston Churchill*

Arsenal of
PRODUCTION
Men and machines create the fighting power of modern nations. Unequalled in natural resources or the skill of its manpower, unmatched in production equipment and volume, America today forges the weapons for democracy's defense.

. . . . THE WILL OF A NATION TO WIN MUST B

Democracy
FIGHTING POWER
America hardens its muscles, gathers strength. Men, planes, tanks, guns, ships, mobilize for swift defense of democracy and the perpetuation of free institutions for free men—on land, at sea, and in the air.

RANSLATED INTO PRODUCTION AND FIGHTING POWER . . . .

Style Notes
By Tommy White

THOSE of us that aren't going to be wearing a suit of khaki supplied free by Uncle Sam with each enlistment, might want to spend some of that Christmas gift-money to add to our wardrobe. Keep an eye on the items already hanging in your closet and try to blend your new items with the pieces you already have.

Dressing the mythical college man from head to toe, and starting with the part of his anatomy that gets the most work in Chapel Hill, we would enclose his 13 triple D's in Norwegian calfskin shoes, with the new box-toe. These shoes are both serviceable and good-looking, and with a little care they should last for years. As an alternative we suggest the presently-popular moccasin type shoe. These shoes supply a casual touch, and they are made to impress, are built for comfort.

Argyle socks in wool and mercerized cotton are the present favorites among the better-dressed men in the Eastern fashion centers. A good assortment of argyles will help in keeping up your appearance when you cross your legs and show those messy, ungartered socks you're now wearing. Slightly more expensive, but worth the money, are the figured socks of imported wool. These socks are really unusual and feature figures of animals and athletes in action, woven into the material itself.

Dripping our droop in a drape-model suit of covert or grey flannel is the best bet for university acceptance. The perennial grey flannel serves both for sport and dress wear. The coverts are continuing the style leadership they set last year. The newest trend in jackets seems to be back to the two-button model. Jackets are long and the top button is being moved up so that they resemble the three-button Brooks models. They are appearing this season without the conventional slit in the back, except when desired for reasons which are obvious to the casual observer. Several new shades of brown, the civilian reflection of the military motif, have made their appearance and are proving a big hit in winter fashions.

For shirts we still prefer the white button-down oxford, with a solid knit tie, or silk print foulard. Oxford shirts of white with wide vertical stripes in dark colors are also acceptable for winter wear.

Of interest to Carolina's sweater girls and men will be the appearance of authentic Norwegian and Indian sweaters in wool and cashmere. These sweaters feature figures of Moose, Elk, Indians, skiers, and

(See STYLE NOTES, page 32)

For Clothes with Style and Distinction

Shoes by Whitehall • **Socks by Hosecraft**
Ties by Superba • **Shirts by Arrow**

Varsity

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

CIVILIAN DEFENSE NUMBER

This Month

November Issue

ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY

★

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THE FOUR FREEDOMS

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¶ *Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina.* ¶ *Material appearing in the columns of* The Carolina Magazine *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor.* ¶ *Address all communications to the Editor,* The Carolina Magazine, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial.* ¶ *Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.* ¶ *Subscription price of $1.50 per year.* ¶ *Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

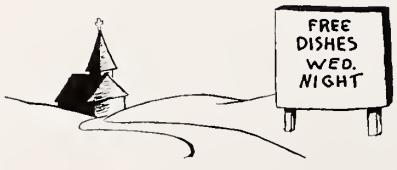
JABBERWOCKY

For Now Is the Time . . .

We are about to enter into a discussion about sour grapes, so hold your noses and listen. Every now and then, some soul on our campus pipes up with, "Oh, that's sour grapes." This may be true in some cases, but it also may be an honest attempt to right a wrong. It seems that people feel that "sour grapes" has suddenly taken on a new meaning, that of telling truth to receive personal gain. We think it unoriginal when a column is denounced for sour grapes. If that be sour grapes make the most of it. Some of the finest wines in the world come from sour grapes, but nothing constructive has ever come out of decay but its smell. Is that turning the blade after it has been plunged?

Playmakers March On

We're glad to see that our own Playmakers are really coming up in the world, with all the professional, high-winded tricks of the trade. To go along with their excellent presentation of "The Male Animal," they had that opening night broadcast, complete with campus celebrities, lights in the night, and the University Band. They had that extensive publicity campaign with pictures a la *Life* in store windows and *Tar Heel* cuts a la E. Carrington Smith. To make "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" more of a spectacle, they made history by building a revolving stage. In attempting to make those shows even more successful, they gave complimentary tickets to the right people. When all else has failed, we advocate use of a large baseball bat for knocking the old Playmaker prejudices out of the collective student body, and for knocking some active interest in.



For a Limited Time Only

The publicity methods of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE and Sound and Fury have found a worthy competitor in the Methodist Church. That notice in big black letters on the billboard in front of the church saying, "COME TO CHURCH AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS" never fails to evoke a chuckle or grin from the passersby. Some of us let it go at that chuckle and others stop to think about it. . . . What will happen? Will it be a miracle of sorts? Will we strike up an acquaintance with a pretty co-ed or will we be assured of a higher kind of emotional satisfaction? At any rate, it is interesting to note that our religious institutions are beginning to adopt secular methods.

Legislature's **Ferebee Taylor** insists that Hitler is suffering from a malignant disease. There is an interesting possibility that the Fuehrer has bitten himself. . . . It was interesting indeed to hear **Professor Ericson** speak on the Marx Brothers before the Playmakers Film Club's showing of "Duck Soup" last month. It seems that he got his Marx crossed. . . . Eleanor's **Louis Harris** believes that we must aid Russia, but not befriend her. Something like saying to Russia, "I can give you anything but love, baby." . . . We are anxiously waiting to see how **E. Carrington Smith** will work SEX (girls, girls, girls) into his advertising of Walt Disney's new "Dumbo." Where do elephants have their Sex Appeal, Mr. Smith? . . . **Dewey Dorsett** has now become aware of the grave danger that threatens the life of the republic. It is the Fourth Term. . . .

We wonder if CPU's dynamic guest speaker **Senator Nye** paid his disrespects to Christopher Columbus last month. After all, he was the man who spoiled our lovely isolation. . . . And we offer an explanation to the Senator about why Roosevelt is forgetting, for the present, his past dislike of Russia. It is for the commendable purpose of burying the hatchet in the back of Hitler's neck. . . . We heard the story of how a Carolina co-ed walked into a food shoppe and said, "A dime's worth of cookies, please." The clerk handed them over saying, "That will be twelve cents, please." . . . The Wake Forest *Old Gold and Black* tells of two Scotch children who killed their mother and father so they could go on an

orphanage picnic. . . . CPU's **Ridley Whitaker** deplores the difficulty of getting adequate supplies to the hard-pressed Russians. It seems that one of the many unpleasant things about Hitler is the inconvenient places he picks to hold his wars. . . .

According to the *Pitt News*, a Har-

LIFE Goes on the Rampage

People are inclined to get lasting impressions about colleges from the way they are represented in *Life* Magazine; we remember Harvard for its large picture of John and that long *Lampoon* room; we remember Dartmouth for its snow statues and winter sports, but oh, what will America think of the University of North Carolina after that Sadie Hawkins affair? Besides proving the fact that our campus politicians will stop at nothing to see their anatomies in print, there is something else that bothers us. What will our parents and sweethearts back home think of us? Pleas that we are working hard won't mean a thing now when they see what really goes on at Carolina.

After Exams . . .

If the magazine has reached you as we planned it, you are now in the midst of what you call worries, final grades and such. So you think that you as an individual are having troubles because of that Psychology Final and Chem grade? Well, read about Civilian Defense and the Arsenal of Democracy. It'll take your mind off your little troubles and really make them seem insignificant in face of what America is up against. Then you can *really* start worrying.

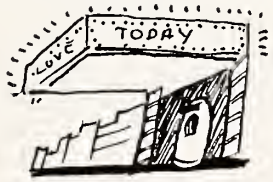
Wild Oats

A co-ed told us a little story which continually causes an immodest chuckle every time we think of it: One of our sociology classes took a field trip to a Raleigh home for delinquents. While the class was passing through, several *filles de joie* in the windows recognized some of the students and also the professor, and called them by their proper names (nothing facetious meant at this point). This caused great consternation and embarrassment to all except a few sadistic co-eds who thoroughly enjoyed it. Many morals could be herewith drawn, but frankly, we are not subtle enough to put one down without jeopardizing the true function of our magazine.

The Woman's Place

We may have turned out by the thousands for the football games and other Carolina sports, but there is not an athletic group on the campus with more sincere admirers than the Co-eds' hockey squad. The rooters rank themselves as sportsmen and connoisseurs; they are neither loquacious nor noisy, yet there is an intensity in their glance which bespeaks them true lovers of the outdoors and the arts. To them there is no more beautiful sight than a Carolina co-ed taking a ball down the field, with her bare legs twinkling in the frosty light of an autumn afternoon.

vard sophomore recently found a gold mine in his room. Going through his newly acquired quarters, the student discovered a metal box containing an index of 74 cards. And on each card was the name, address, and telephone number of a girl. Even richer, however, were the comments accompanying each name, such as "torrid," "free and easy," and "bunched for comfort." . . . One of our informers tells us of a sign in the lobby of the Duke Hospital which says: "SMOKING ANYWHERE IN THIS BUILDING IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN. ESPECIALLY ON THE THIRD FLOOR." . . . The **R. J. Reynolds, Liggett & Myers, and American Tobacco Companies** have been convicted of price-fixing. The government persuaded the jury that any similarity in the prices of cigarettes was not purely coincidental. . . . Once more that controversy as to who invented the hole in the doughnut has come up. We'd say that this is much ado about nothing. . . . High Point College's *High-Po* tells the tale of a professor who said to a student, "You missed my class yesterday, didn't you?" and received the reply, "Not in the least, sir, not in the least." . . . "What field will you take up when you finish



college?" asks a professor in *The Virginia Tech.* To which the Civil Engineer replies, "Looks like I'll take up land; a shovelful at a time." . . .

We read that Henri-Haye's hometown newspaper complains of the high offices in the Vichy government being infested with people who are hostile to the collaboration program. But Papa Petain is prepared to stamp out this vicious pro-French element. . . . Regarding Japan's declaration that she wants peace, we heard the interesting commentary that pacific aims have always been part of the Japanese policy. . . . One of our foreign informants tells that German midnight communiques are broadcast direct to Tokyo. This gives Japan plenty of time to frame her official attitude towards America for the following day. . . .

We like the one that Seeman told us about the college boy who told his father his grades were under water—meaning below "C" level. . . . In English Class—What did Browning have to do to get Elizabeth Barrett. George Stammler: "He had to work for it." . . .

A Bloody Birth

A baby came out of a mother's womb in Tokyo yesterday.

It was a live, squawking baby, one that will grow to be wiry and strong some day if nourished properly. The mother can live in a world where bombs shatter her paper shelter.

She does today.

She can live in a world where only a bright sun hovers over her clean living quarters.

She can some day.

That's what this business of war is about. That's what we have to make it about.

But war is a long-run proposition. It's long-run because it involves laying down human lives, and lives are a long-run investment. If we fight a war and give up our men, it must only be because we are fighting to let more men live freely.

There's hate afoot today. Hate against what a yellow press has labeled a "yellow peril." That kind of hate will breed more hate. It's the kind that makes a winning war a losing peace.

It takes a full-fledged man to fight this battle. And it's not one of brawn alone. It takes a man who has strength to hate the forces that won't let common people live a decent life. It means giving up common folks' lives on both sides so that common folks can live in plenty and in freedom.

That's the challenge—that's the call to us, the young-bloods. As we march to fight this war, make the vision of future free men the earth over, a free woman and baby in Tokyo, a torch to carry throughout our bloody experience.

. . . The Editors

Yell, Brother, Yell!

There's more to cheering than a pair of lungs

By Curry Jones '43

WEDNESDAY night I was lying in my bed asleep when I heard someone saying, "Jones, wake up. We have some Duke men in the Club Room."

I rubbed my eyes and climbed out of bed. When I walked into the dimly lighted, smoke filled Plaza Club, there sat three strangers on the couch. They were three live Duke students. Each of them kindly rose and introduced himself. Perhaps, lucky for them, we had not yet instituted the barber college, so we turned their names in to the cops and escorted them out of town.

* * *

Perhaps we may add another "ology" to the field of science, that of cheerleading. Too many people think that a cheer leader is only little more than an idiot who waves his arms, contorts his body, and acts like a madman. But, as is often the case (note I said "is often"), but not necessarily, people do not realize that the cheerleader is and must be one of the most sane and level headed individuals present at any athletic contest. He is faced with many problems.

His first and major problem is that of yelling. Before using a yell at a game there are several points the cheerleader must consider. Is the yell appropriate? Do we have enough time? Does the cheering section know the yell? Will the band play? Is the other section yelling? Never use a yell because you yourself or your rooters like it, but because it is tremendously impressive and effective, that is the big point, effectiveness. Insist on attention. Never permit a yell to interfere with the quarterback's signals. Make gestures as simple as possible. Give the impression that you are working twice as hard as anyone else, that is, have so much enthusiasm that they wonder where it comes from, and hope it becomes contagious. Never permit booing or razzing of a player or referee. Be happy all the time.

Well, I think that's enough of a few cut and dried facts. What I had rather write about is the spirit shown by the Carolina student body during our past season. Perhaps it will be much easier to explain this than the ventures of our team.

* * *

On September 20, we opened our season with Lenoir-Rhyne. Many of our students had not yet arrived at the Hill. The class of '45 backed by some 20,000 high school fans were the main constituents of that day's festivities. We won.

However, many of us refused to accept Lenoir-Rhyne as a true test of our Tar Heels and anxiously awaited South Carolina. The T formation was too much for us. Our neighbors were gunning for us. Carolina had her first defeat of the season.

To give our students a little rest and time to think, we went over to Davidson for a night game. In a very colorful and fighting game our eleven came home the victors.

Fordham's Rams were next. We wanted Fordham. Those of us who had ventured to Yankee Land last fall well remember what happened. We had heard from members of our team that they were "ready." That old Carolina spirit was ready that day. Fordham met an unexpected wall. Our boys fought hard. We knew it. That was a happy and thrilling day for the cheerleaders. The ole spirit was there. But our mighty Tar Heels spent another luckless weekend. In spite of our superb playing, in spite of the wonderful spirit in the stands, we lost.

We were not satisfied to play one of the strongest teams in the east but were ready to journey one thousand miles to play one of the heaviest teams in the country, Tulane. Rice had beaten Tulane the previous weekend; so Tulane decided to take it out on Carolina. I actually felt sorry for some of our boys. They were worn to a frazzle. It was great to see little Johnny Pecora ride down one of those 220 lb. backs. We had 3,000 soldiers with us down there who stuck it out for us. Dean House was probably the most enthusiastic rooter in the Carolina student section. It was very interesting to note after the game that, in spite of our loss, the crowd of boys and girls who smothered our players begging for their autographs was large. Yes, some even asked the cheerleaders to sign.

Our boys were ready to return to Chapel Hill. They were tired, hurt, and feeling low. When that team arrived on the outskirts of Chapel Hill, they knew they were home. The whole student body was there, there to welcome them home again. It was a reception that could not be equaled by any victory rally or parade. Coach Wolf was carried high on the shoulders of proud students. The student body shouted to the players, "We're with you gang." Once again, the campus felt the firing spirit of the Tar Heels.

(See CHEERLEADER, page 30)

Stacked Poker

We can call our own hands in this game . . . if we really want to

By Louis Harris '42

PEOPLE in Washington are too busy to drink cokes at 10:30. War has hit Washington. Everybody there knows it, and the way they travel around as though they were continually on a pair of roller-skates is testimony to it.

You'll read a lot about civilian defense in this issue. Plenty has been written on the "Four Freedoms" and the "Arsenal for Democracy." President Roosevelt has talked about them in every speech he has made.

Pure and simple, we are in the middle of war.

But, we don't know it.

* * *

America needs a Dunkerque. Britons before June, 1940, felt the same way about the war as we do now. They thought it was a "pleasant experience, that Hitler was just an old devil," and that, as one member of Canadian nobility told me, "It's just too jolly to be driving an ambulance through the London streets dodging bombs!"

Chapel Hill needs a Dunkerque.

When the British found that their brothers and husbands, that their fathers and their sweethearts were being unmercifully slaughtered in a little Belgium port as they sought to leave Flanders, they began to realize that the Nazis not only were striking at their own flesh, but that they were well on their way to take over their homes and their entire lives.

They rebounded.

The British realized two things: one, that Hitler really wouldn't play with them when he had them under his fist, but would cut them to ribbons if he once captured them; and two, that before they could make a fight of it, they had to know what they were fighting for.

We went to hear Nye one night in Memorial hall last month. As he went through his demagogic stint, softening up the audience with a laugh and then punching home a half-truth that the rollicking students would be too hilarious to figure out, I noticed three freshmen sitting in the row ahead. Each time a joke was cracked, they would wildly applaud, and each time a point was made, they would nudge each other and grin as though they were putting one over on somebody. There was an atmosphere at the Nye meeting of, "So, what the hell, we'll agree with this guy—he seems pretty convincing."

The matter of war is still academic to us here in Chapel Hill.

But, it's still that way to our folks at home, so we feel justified in thinking it's all a sham battle.

* * *

As a matter of fact, this business of war is beating a steady tattoo on each footprint behind us and is a fire that will open up the ground in front of us in each step we take in the future. And the pits that are opening before us every day now are so gaping that even elephants would fall in them.

But, *we* don't see them.

All right, for one, here's the self-help boy who lives on $35 a month. Meal prices went shooting up about 20 per cent in Chapel Hill this fall. He eats only two meals a day instead of three now. This is happening to all of us in one way or another. Prices are going up, and our incomes stay the same. This is inflation.

For another, we've seen a lot of fellows who were students here last year suddenly change from herring-bone jackets into khaki uniforms. And there are a couple million more than just the one or two we know. Chapel Hill saw them during maneuvers.

For those nigh unto 21, there is the choice of going into the army, navy, aircorps, marines, or getting a job as a laborer in a defense factory. State College has special courses now in technical defense training. Look at the football team with Pecora, O'Hare, and plenty more who are leaving for camps in a couple of days.

Go home Christmas and ask your folks how it is to live these days, expensive or cheap? Most college students come from higher income brackets. Ask your old man what he thinks, and if he makes a decent living, he'll tell you,

"Son, these taxes are really slowing us down. How about taking it easy on the next Germans week-end."

Well, America is taking the whole business fairly easily. There's almost a holiday air in the country. Chapel Hill is no different.

In Washington, the President has had to use "shockers" to blast us into reality. He tells of sinkings where 95 men were ruthlessly drowned on this sunken destroyer. He talks about a "shooting war."

And Americans begin to stir in their boots.

* * *

But all the flags in the world unfurled aren't going to shake us away from our "don't give a damn; make hay while the sun shines" attitude.

This war, today, is being fought on the basis that Hitler is fairly horrible, but he doesn't affect us yet. There's no doubt that the American people think the Nazis should be halted.

We just aren't willing to give anything up to beat him.

* * *

Well, we've heard a lot about these *sacrifices*. What does the President mean when he talks about them? What does Frank Graham mean anyhow?

We will have to give up the hardest thing in the world to give up: our normal routine of living; our frollicking good time, where we can "raise all hell and be merry."

We've got to change our spirit for fun into a spirit to win the war and keep the chance to live better lives later on. That's it, pure and simple.

But it's the toughest thing in the world to do.

* * *

This business of civilian defense is meant primarily to help sober us up and give us a chance to get some direction.

The rub in this whole thing is that War II was put to us on a basis of fighting off something. Sort of like getting out of bed in the summer-time in the middle of the night to swat a mosquito that is buzzing around our collective ear.

Before we will really get down to licking Hitler, we'll have to begin fighting for something. And that something will have to be more than just the empty phrase, "Our Way of Life."

The British didn't know what their way of life was until workmen's huts and tenement houses, and Westminster Abbey, and streets and autos were shattered by bombs. When these things were gone, then they knew that their way of life was being shaken.

But, it is even more than that.

The British now have something to fight for. Their homes have been destroyed and they still haven't beaten Hitler. More damage will be done before they are finished. What the British people are fighting for is the chance to rebuild their homes and their land, and a torn world in a manner that will be a better one for everybody to live in.

And that's exactly what we are fighting for.

To be able to live in a place where you can sleep at night without fearing a Gestapo or OGPU coming down to drag you out of bed, where you can know that you are going to get a job and more food to eat if you were one of ten million Americans on relief, where you know as college students that you can make a fruitful way for yourself when you leave college so that you won't have to trudge the streets for jobs, where you will see everybody around you enjoying life for a change, rather than seeing your next door neighbor worrying about how to pay the rent or food bills, where a workman knows that he will be able to make enough money to enjoy something more than just a shack and tired feet, where you know people will want to work out their problems together rather than by fighting each other, where a world will buckle down to jobs shoulder to shoulder, rather than knife to knife.

If we beat Hitler, then we'll have the chance to get these things. And ask any self-help student if they don't mean plenty.

* * *

So when Dr. Graham and other leaders talk about sacrificing,they merely mean that we have twice as big a job to do.

We have the job of finding out what the good things are in the way we live today and of preserving these. We can't do away with our "Four Freedoms" today, or we won't know what they are tomorrow when we begin rebuilding our world. What this crisis means is that we have to make sure first that our freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion are not hollow mockeries, but are realities. We here on the campus can do that by learning our own campus democracy, and finding out how the people in Chapel Hill and Orange County live, and then figuring up how close we as a nation come to achieving our freedoms.

In other words, we can't just talk about the "Four Freedoms" unless they mean people we know, lots of people, and the way they live.

Once we have discovered where we are today, and where we want to go tomorrow, we must then bear down on this job of beating Hitler.

We have to train ourselves to serve the best interests of our nation. If these come as an air-raid warden or an M. P. in the army, then let it be that. If it is as an ordinary citizen who won't stand for huge profits by business when assembly lines are standing idle, then do that. If it means training to be a foreman in a new plant putting out machine guns, then do that. If it will mean taking the CAA and piloting a plane in the air-corps, then do it by all means. If yours is a job to plan what a better world will be like, then work at that.

But, all of us, in one way or another, have got to do something to help beat Hitler, and win this war and make this peace. Remember that it's the people of a country who win it or lose it in modern warfare.

This one is a people's war, yours and mine.

For on its outcome depends whether all of us, Americans and Germans alike, can look to the future with hope.

We young-bloods have a bigger stake in it than anybody else. It will be our world to live in.

We won't be able to drink 10:30 cokes in Hitler's world. Maybe it's worth giving up those for a while and doing some serious thought and serious deeds for a change.

There's a big pot at stake in this poker game we're all mixed up in today. The easy part of it is that we can name our own hands if we are only willing to work a little harder.

Don't wait till they bomb the hell out of your room-mate to do it.

Winter of Our Discontent

They took what they wanted and lost what they desired most

By Julia Booker '42

ABRAHAM, it's a-rainin' agin . . . it ain't cold. No one'll want to buy wood," she said in a tired voice.

"There'll only be one meal today then." It seemed an effort for him to speak for his words came slowly, haltingly. He turned his face to hers, and made a sad grimace, "I know it ain't been what you wanted when we married. We coulda had them silks and fancy china and two-story house if the farm hadn't burned. . . . It's all so far back—the times we had enough to eat, and the years we were gay and sang a lot. It's so long ago, I've forgotten it all. I wanted it for you and him—him that's gone."

"Now, Abraham," she interrupted. "We wasn't gonna talk about Jonathan no more. It won't do no good. We loved that child, and he'll come back. I know he will."

"Oh, Rachel, you keep a'sayin' that. For a long time you've said it and he ain't come yit. It's been over twenty years since he left." And with a lonely sadness in his tone, "It seems like we stopped a-livin' when he went."

"Can't you never quit talkin' about him? You keep a thinkin' about him, though he ran away when he warn't more'n ten year old."

"He's forgotten us—like the Lord's forgotten us, Rachel." He closed his eyes and, leaning his head against the back of the chair, rocked to and fro. Rachel moved closer to the fire as if to gather from its sparkling flames strength to keep alive. Food was scarce, and money was made only when the weather warranted the sale of wood. And each day a little bit worse than the last one. They brooded longer and became more and more bitter.

She got up from the fire and shuffled to the stove. Her shoulders were bent, and her body sagged with weariness. "Do you want this coffee? You ain't teched a bite o' food."

"Might's well," he answered. She poured a transparent liquid into a cup and gave it to him.

"Yes, it ain't been much of what we've asked for. But you're right, they ain't no use in a-longin' for what's gone. I used to have dreams. I wanted a big family and a house to live in. I'm tired of ,movin' from one place to another—never havin' no settled home to come back to. And I wanted to be somebody—not what I is now —nothin'. You and me: Mr. and Mrs. Gandry, that's all, jest names. I don't have dreams no more. I jest wants to rest—a long, long time."

"I know, Abraham; I know. We got old too soon. And while we got old, we changed. We used to love and be happy like other folks, but now all we do is hate —hate till there ain't nothin' left of us but that." She sighed and sat down opposite him. The fire flickered and threw shadows on his face, lengthening the wrinkles that marred his features. For each, there was no love, no laughter, no good, no evil. They had known a very short spring and summer; it seemed as if only the winter of their lives had ever really existed . . . no warmth nor sunshine.

Rachel moved to the window through which came a grey, melancholy light: the last remnants of day. She sighed, "Listen to the rain. It's sayin' 'hope, hope, hope.' We couldn't go on if we thought he warn't *never* comin' back, I suppose."

"But, we don't really love that boy," his pride protested.

"Abraham, we don't know how to love. We're just used to settin' here, a-waitin' for him."

The rain, like a million fingers, drummed the same age-old melody on the roof. Rachel shivered and drew the shawl closer around her shoulders. "Mebbe we'd better . . ." but she was interrupted by a knock on the door. They looked at each other, puzzled.

"Go see who'd be callin' this late," she whispered.

He rocked forward on his chair and stumbled across the room. Pulling the bolt back, he muttered a few incoherent words, then opened the door. A man in the early thirties crossed the threshold and shook the water from his hat and coat into little puddles on the floor. He spoke as if he were perfectly at ease, "Pretty wet out tonight; I must have lost the way."

"You sure must've, stranger, 'cause there ain't no other house for miles around," Abraham commented. But Rachel caught his attention and shook her head. She got up and approached the visitor, "Well, what d'you want?"

He smiled disarmingly: "I wondered if you could put me up for the night. I'm afraid to go on in this weather. The road is too muddy for my car." But he must have caught the quick exchange of glances between the couple for he added: "Oh, of course, I want to pay something for it. How much do you ask?"

"I don't know yit—" Rachel was the spokesman of the household; "You'll have to go to the barn. There ain't no room in here."

"That suits me perfectly," the stranger said. "Anything to keep dry and warm." He took out a wallet and drew a five-dollar bill from it. "Will this be enough for tonight? I hate putting you to so much trouble."

Rachel stuttered, and her hands doubled up convulsively. For a moment, there was silence; then she said, "Yes, it's enough." She took the money and motioned her husband to show the visitor to the barn.

When the door closed behind them, she sat down. Her fingers smoothed the bill out, then rumpled it up again. She stared stonily into the fire. "I ain't never seed this much money in all my life." Her features settled into their accustomed hard lines, and she raised her eyes to the ceiling. "And, Lord, it ain't fair! I shoulda had it and lots of it. Why have I been chosen to be plain and pore? I've wanted a lot, and I want it 'fore I die. There's nothin' now since You took my son." She turned her head quickly as her husband opened the door.

"Why, Rachel, what's the matter? You're a-tremblin' all over!" Abraham looked frightened.

"You know what's the matter. It ain't right! I hate him as I've hated them that's lived on the fat o' the land. I didn't know how much I wanted till I saw him pull out that roll of bills." Her voice rose to a shrill cry. "He was a-gloatin', showin' it in front of us, hatin' us, too, 'cause we're pore."

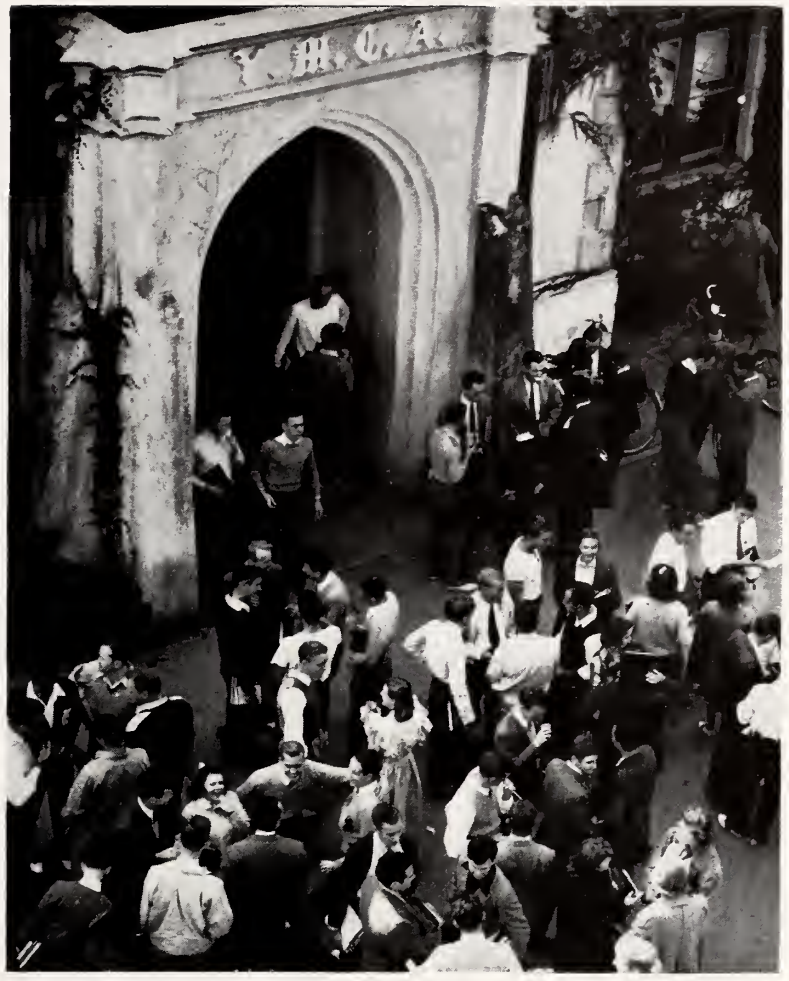
"Rachel, quit talkin'. It don't help. I hate him, too; but he did give us some money."

"Yes, and we oughta have all he's got —all of it—d'you hear me?"

Her voice aroused him at last; her yearning, her desire for the things she'd never known. His lethargy was gone; his face grew bitter with longing.

Before he could think, she started again. "All this has been kep' inside me. I'd lie and I'd steal to git a little of life 'fore I died. They ain't no use in livin' the way

(See WINTER, page 31)



We Work

These are the boys you're digging deep in your pockets to keep in school

By Dan Martin '43

WE DON'T need sympathy; we tell you that even a so-called 'poor' education is better than none at all," the self-help students at Carolina will often say.

Ironic indeed is the adjective "poor" before the word "education" for there are several self-help students who, while working some thirty-five hours a week, manage to make Phi Beta Kappa. And most of the self-help students make better than the "C" average required of them.

Working students here do not agree with the statement of the president of a well known northern college who stated that students who had to work their way through school would be wiser if they secured employment which didn't require a higher education. He maintained that getting a college education was a full time job, and a student who spent the greater part of his time working was unable to actually get an education.

Self-help students here feel that they are better off than the average student; for while this type student cannot avail himself of the cultural and social advantages a higher education offers, he will have no great adjustment to make in the outside world when he graduates.

A lot has been said and written about the hardship the self-help student endures in order to get an education. While his plight has been painted a bit too dark at times, it is absolutely true that he does forfeit many pleasures and is required to work long hours in order to earn enough to meet his expenses. I am personally acquainted with boys who never saw a football game during their first two years in college; others who never go to any dances, shows, or student entertainments. Some students are so determined to make good grades that even after working until 11 o'clock at night, they will stay up until 2 o'clock or even later in order to get their assignments.

A self-help student doesn't really object to hard work or long hours or even of missing some of the entertaining features of college life. He expects to give up something because he realizes that he must do so. It is easier to pass up Fall Germans or May Frolics when there was no plan or intention of going in the first place. The self-help student is grateful for his opportunity of working for his education rather than bitter, because he misses part of the meaningless fun.

Perhaps the self-help student has a justified complaint because he is exploited unfairly in his rate of pay. Any average college student could stop school at any time and secure a job with twice as much pay as is the average prevailing rate of pay on their campus and the business houses downtown. Of course, one cannot expect to earn all of his college expenses. It is reasonable, however, to insist that a wage scale be established more in keeping with the cost of living and tuition expense.

But the self-help student makes himself apparent in the dining hall, library, Book Exchange, gym, theater, stores and cafes. Some are taking part in athletics, others in journalism, and others have been elected leaders of their classes. They too, as will countless others, become college graduates with some share of campus glory, and accept the responsibilities of leadership.

The self-help student is more than appreciative of the cultural and social advantage which college offers. He realizes that since he is in college he may attend some of the finest entertainment in the country. Our student union brings us notable vocalists, musicians, actors, dancers, and symphony orchestras. The Playmakers present fine drama. The best bands in America are brought to the campus for dancing and everyone's entertainment.

The personal contacts one makes in college are forever beneficial. The self-help student is entitled to the same opportunities as other students. He makes valuable friendships, talks to professors, and enjoys the same refreshing and stimulating atmosphere as the other students. Here he mingles with the future leaders of the state and the promising citizens. The man who has worked a few years before attending college knows the difference between a small, narrow cramped existence in some obscure community, and the free challenging life on a college campus with books, teachers and problems to urge him on to a happier, fuller, and more understanding life.

Self-help students are almost glad at times that they are working their way! For them, there will be no task of adjustment to life when the last words of the graduation ceremony die out, and they walk from the campus for the last time. They will have no adjustment to make for life; for they have been living life every day. Their jobs have taught them prompt-

(See WE WORK, page 30)

Barricades in Chapel Hill

This thing called war hits you in seven ways

By Stuart Cahn '44

SO THE crisis has hit us, eh? Fierce are the complaints of some that the college students of America, supposedly the cream of the nation's youth, are not fully aware of the danger which the country faces and of its precarious position on the brink of world chaos. Quick to step to the defense of collegiate America are those who claim that it is too busily absorbed in its own tight little world to realize the intensity of the situation. Aside from a possible summer job, the college youth of the nation has little contact with the world about him. He does not feel the ever-increasing load of taxes being foisted upon the populace. He is only vaguely aware of increasing prices and difficulties in securing goods.

How has it affected us?

We all have ample reminders of the present situation facing us in our daily lives.

1. The first and foremost of these is our new multiple-sized army and its method of recruitment, the draft. Uppermost in the minds of a great part of the student body is fear of induction before graduation. Draft boards are given frantic pleas; draft numbers are carefully scrutinized. Students who never before realized the value of their college education are fighting to retain it. Never have they realized the luxury of 8:30 classes until 6:00 reveille faces them.

2. For those to whom the draft is not an immediate source of worry, the army situation is still obvious. The daily appearance of their friends and relatives in uniform brings the matter close to home. The sight of huge army truck convoys transporting masses of the khaki-clad is before them often. Great sectors of concrete in our football stadia were covered each Saturday with the armed forces. The transportation facilities of the nation, not prepared for the vast influx of enlisted men riding the rails, are overflowing, and many a choice railroad car is filled with soldiers before arriving at our points of entraining.

3. To many college campuses the sight of the khaki has long been a familiar sight due to the presence on these campuses of army R. O. T. C. units. This university, however, proud of having been established long before the passing of the Land-Grant act, has found itself unable in the present emergency to secure the establishment of such a unit at Carolina. In its stead appeared its sea-going counterpart, the Naval R. O. T. C. Now 200 strong, the members of this group have made themselves very apparent on the campus by their semi-weekly appearance in the blue, and the subsequent drills on Emerson Field. Common now to the diners in Lenoir Hall is the reverberation of rifle fire from the shooting range situated beneath that edifice.

4. A lesser manifestation of these turbulent times was the recently-lifted gas curfew. Many a pleasant summers-night drive was cut short by a lack of fuel, and great was the unpopularity of Harold Ickes during these days. Rare is the person who has no tale to tell of his experiences in connection with the curfew. Then, when the apparent gas shortage disappeared almost as quickly as it had come, youth settled back, sure that things must be getting better. But defense continues to accost them on all sides.

Defense taxes do not hit only the large wage-earner or employer. They are not confined to the adult portion of the nation. They have their effect on every individual whenever he ventures from his home. Even the "cheap" branch of E. Carrington Smith's enterprises now charges a ten per cent defense tax. Phonograph records, a large supply of which is necessary for the existence of many, now demand the payment of an extra tax.

It was uniforms for fall, war for winter.

5. To a great part of the student body, "priorities" is simply another word which has sprung to prominence in the present defense jumble. It is the small manufacturers who have felt the meaning of this word, and its effect on youth is indirect and practically unfelt. But even priorities are beginning to hit us. A recent government investigation revealed that the manufacturers of the college students' chief dance music source, the juke box, were using steel vital to national defense. The result: No more juke boxes. Handle the machines in the "Y" and Harry's with care, boys. After they're gone, there'll be no more.

6. When most of us began to stock up on clothes before making the trek back to school in September, we were surprised to find that the prices of many an article of apparel had taken a sharp rise over the summer. Manufacturers, feeling the pinch of the inability to meet the defense boom demand plus an increased inability to secure goods (with some degree of profiteering on the side), began to raise prices on staple goods. Until this rise is checked by Congressional action it will doubtless continue, but the chances of its reaching the tremendous proportions of that of World War No. 1 are slight.

7. Returning to the Carolina campus, there are several slighter manifestations of defense activities apparent in various quarters. Fish Worley (who himself left to join the armed forces) held a scavenger hunt several weeks ago. The student union empressario is noted for his originality and ingenuity, so the prizes offered were bound to be worthwhile. Significant among those awards was a United States Defense Bond, a popular prize in contests of all sorts throughout the nation. In the barber shop in the basement of Graham Memorial stand two empty chairs. For several weeks notices were posted about the campus seeking barbers to replace those who once worked at these chairs. Where have they gone? Well, at least one is in the army. Minor things, yes, but it is a lot of minor things which lead to major ones.

It would thus appear that, despite the assertions of some to the contrary, the college student is being made conscious of the situation in the nation. It requires merely the existence in present day life to observe events on all sides. The question is, instead, does the youth of America realize the meaning of these things? Is it conscious of the significance of the vast aggregation of occurrences about it? An honest self-appraisal will probably show that you, unless you are of the minority, have not taken more than partial cognizance of this significance.

Defense has come to Carolina. All the aforementioned circumstances will pale into insignificance under the impact of the Civilian Defense program. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss that program. That is amply covered on other pages.

The cries of those who claim that American youth has not shouldered its responsibility are still loud. Perhaps they are justified and perhaps they are not. But the assertions that youth is living in an enclosed fairyland are certainly false. Defense is being thrust into our daily lives. What we shall do about it is the question of the future.

The Devil Is a Gentleman

A conversation piece

By James Lovett '44

"When we are born, we cry that we are come to this great stage of fools."

—Lear

Devil: Wait! . . . You need not come if you fear me.

Fool: No. But you startled me, lurking in those shadows as you are. Let me see your face.

Devil: My, but you are bold.

Fool: Pardon me, but I feel that I have known you for quite a time, and so I am apt to forget formality. I have long guessed that you were watching me in the shadows, for I have heard you whispering when others thought it was the wind. You do not always whisper comforting things, you know. Tell me, do you like the dark?

Devil: Yes, I like the dark because I dwell with Truth. There is freedom in darkness—and in my exile I have found a new strength. I have become the Great Immoralist.

Fool: We Fools care little for your darkness; we cast light upon you with our reason.

Devil: You circumnavigate me with your reason; but if you have wisdom you at last conquer yourselves by abandoning your tiny boat of Reason, by plunging into darkness, and saying, "I do not know."

Fool: What is this that we cannot know?

Devil: You cannot know what you cannot know. If you like riddles, this is one.

Fool: This is sophistry, and it quite misses the mark. There are things which can be known because they are. These living things alone can serve us now; with the Words whispered by the Pities from interstellar night we have little to do; the eternal secrets, we cannot use them. My friend, your metaphysics are valuable only in that in becoming aware of them we can see their unimportance, and dismiss them.

Devil: In your frailty you assume much. Do you know where I was thrown from?

Fool: Heaven, Elysium, Valhalla; you have been thrown from many places—or perhaps you never fell at all, but invented a myth so that we would hate you and you could work without being questioned. You are clever, and know the value of prejudice. But this too is not vital. If I will the striking of a stone, my fist strikes it—thus.

You are very subtle, turning our eyes upward, outward, any direction but earthward; thus it is that we move in chaos. But what we can do with our minds shall be done, nor shall we delve too deep, or pray too loud.

Devil: O excellent Fool! Would you banish my darkness? I am primordial, I am that from which the World was born, I am the sea in which you float! There is darkness in your breath; would you stop breathing?

Fool: Some have wanted to—not I. We shall breath your darkness together, and there shall still be Happiness.

Devil: My dear clown, for in your tragedy you are a magnificent clown, the very seed of Happiness is darkness. Tell me, is it Happiness when nobody wants anything anymore, when everybody turns the other cheek, or is Happiness an immense White City, or a great sitting back, and smiling, and reading of old poetry, for there shall be no live poets then, you know.

Fool: Happiness shall be a great learning, and the birth of a few strong men.

Devil: If you love Truth. . . .

Fool: I worship it.

Devil: If you love Truth more than comfort, why then are you an optimist? How I love to watch the tide go out—I was there that night on Dover Beach with Arnold, and now here is the seed of a new fallacy. It promises centuries of amusement, and tears at the inevitability of another slow ebbing. From whence these fresh winds always? They seem to rise from despair like autumn breezes, and give strength, lifting you up again, just when you are sinking. Whence these new breaths in a world of gathering thunderheads. Pitiable Fool, believe me, I am tender, so listen to me . . . .

Fool: Don't speak; I can already hear the words on your lips—Chaos, Darkness, Truth. You can unveil these things. But I have seen a tedious climbing, and bloody labour under a constant sun; we may yet o'erleap ourselves. We are crossing the trembling bridge, we children of Darkness. Let us take another step, though the night blows down upon us, and a terrible wind springs up from the pass.

Devil: One more question, and then I must go: can you recall what happened to Zarathustra when he came down from the mountains to speak in the marketplace? —look about, speak one word; who, my Fool, will listen . . . ?

Fool: We strong ones shall lead them subtlety, unawares.

Devil: But they do not trust you. They are half born, and you cannot make them drink. They are forever in my hands, and now they pull you down from your thrones altogether. See! They are taking things for themselves! Do not ask for tolerance; they won't even turn an ear, for they have been toyed with long enough! Darkness! Darkness!

O go home Fool, go home to the meadow, and think no more. Fools were meant to play tunes under the greenwood tree—so play a gay tune, play many a gay tune, and when you can stand it no longer, play a melancholy tune, and let the soft, night wind touch your face, and feel the clear chill of Autumn about you, and I promise that in this way at least, you shall enjoy a few minutes of living.

THE CAMERA EYE

The next six pages introduce the Mag's quarterly photographic art section. The best creative work in the field of photography by our artists with lens . . .

"FARMER"

"SPLASH"

"CAMEO"

A Mag Gallery o

The art of photography has never had its
the Magazine to be the logical medium f
quarterly feature of the best photograph
following pages you will find the creative
Taylor whose compositions are noteworth
Fluidity of motion, design, composition, r
student examples.

"FARMER" by Bill Taylor. A photograph of a North Carolina tobacco farmer taken while doing a series of pictures on the growing of tobacco.

"SPLASH" by Hugh Morton. Taken at Wrightsville Beach, N. C. 1/1000 sec. at f.8, K-2 filter, Superpan Press film.

"CAMEO" by Bill Taylor. An interesting photographic effect achieved by superimposing a film positive on the negative and printing them slightly out of register.

"MODERN DANCER" by Jack Field. Part of a series of modern dance studies. Taken in bright sunlight, these photographs show the startling effects which can be obtained by using color filters.

"UNIVERSITY LAKE" by Tom Kendricks. The detail of the clouds over the lake is particularly arresting. Infra-red film, 1/25th sec. at f.5.6.

"MODER

Photographic Art

ce on the campus. The editors, believing its expression, in this issue introduce a ne by students at the University. In the orts of Hugh Morton, Jack Field, and Bill r their experimentation in several fields. im and line are expressed in the following

"AMERICAN" by Bill Taylor. This is one of a series of character studies and portrays an American. The subject was a circus worker.

"SAILBOATS" by Hugh Morton. A startling contrast with the detail of the sailboats and the abstract content of the clouds.

"DOUBLE" by Jack Field, an experiment by double exposing two angles of the same subject. Pattern by darks and shapes is the object.

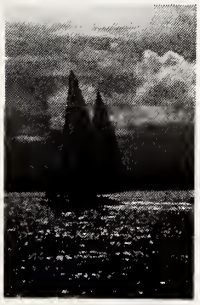
"STUDY" by Bill Taylor, the characteristic study of a face. Strong in its content of expression and angle.

"EAST AND WEST" by Hugh Morton. Depicting the two regions of North Carolina, the mountains and the coast. The former outlined in detail against the second picture's vastness.

"EAST AND WEST"

"STUDY"

"DOUBLE"



"SAILBOATS"

"AMERICAN"

DANCER"

"UNIVERSITY LAKE"

AESTHETE . . . .

Shirlee Brimberg, choreographer for Sound and Fury, is caught suspended by the camera as she soars unbelievably aloft. The picture was taken by Jack Field who is experimenting in moving subjects. Caught in a line of suspended motion Shirlee expresses the fluidity of motion. (Speed Graphic Camera, Kodak Anastigmat lens, f.5.6 K-2 Filter, 1/500th sec., Kodak XX film. Taken in direct sunlight in Chapel Hill, N. C. November 10, 1941.)

. . . . AND ATHLETE

Don Blanton, UNC Cheerleader, is shown here as he begins his fall after a tumble. Field has attempted here to catch in both pictures the difference between the upward surging body and the falling one. Here Don, with flexed muscles is tense anticipating the fall. (Speed Graphic Camera, Kodak Anastigmat lens, f.5.6 K-2 Filter 1/500th sec.; Kodak XX film. Taken in direct sunlight in Chapel Hill, N. C. November 10, 1941.)

"SEASURF"

Taken at Wrightsville Beach, N. C., by Hugh Morton, Seasurf is shown against the sun. Cutting obliquely into the center of the picture is the tide pull. The girl, Eloise Bethal, shadows into the ocean's run. Notable is the foreground and clearness of the actual surf. (1/500th sec. at f.11 on super XX film.)

"SNOWSURF"

In remarkable contrast to the opposite picture Jack Field has captured a depictation of the snowsurf of winter. Common denominator for both pictures is the diagonal pull of the object. Here, it is the snow hills and valleys of vegetation. (1/50th at f.11, Panchromatic film K2 filter. Early morning light.)

"SUCCESS STORY"

Ava Gardner of Rock Ridge, N. C., reposes here in a posed shot for Jack Field who met and photographed her in Raleigh. A typical Cinderella girl, Ava is now under MGM contract after a screen test in New York this summer. Field has done wonders in highlighting her satin-like skin against the rough texture of a shadowed background. Experimenting with spotlights and sensitive film he has accomplished a composition of some note. Taken as an "indoor shot" Field shows his versatility with his art in comparison to the outdoors, sunlit sequences of Brimberg and Blanton. (Agfa Film Supreme, 25th at 5.6.)

. . . . END OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART SECTION

Morale Comes to Carolina

Subtle propaganda, or truth? The facts behind the campus program

By Ernie Frankel '44

OUT OF this ivy-clad village these past weeks has come a constant surging staccato of news and information, ideas and discussion, argument and debate. — America's baby propaganda machine, conceived in the paneled halls on Capitol Hill and born in the back offices of South and Swain and Caldwell is testing its lungs, tearing for more air—and getting it.

Civilian morale, labeled at the outset as a "Frankensteinish project," is penetrating into the hinterlands now, and as added support flows from Washington, and student and faculty leaders join administrative heads in this program of freak proportions, observers are beginning to see its true worth, take advantage of its facilities, bolster its support.

An administrative miracle of organization, the well-oiled machinery has moved without a hitch, and University facilities are rapidly making talk of civil liberties and inflation, monopolies and labor, the Far East and the draft a coherent topic for the bankers in Charlotte and the mill hands in Concord and the farmers in Liberty Hill. Packed with potential dynamite in event of war, the many-pronged program, nevertheless may prove to be the beginning of Frank Graham's dream of educating average citizens to take stage center in government, to make democracy work.

Along with the professional alarmists, I saw totalitarian ghosts and Goebbels-like schemes rising from this gigantic movement. But, today, with the issue clear, with its accomplishments being lived in forums and panels and institutes, with public interest showing a vital step forward, I'm relegating the bugaboo to a back seat. This program has not dammed the flow of public thought, it has stimulated it. For the first time, the annual hullabaloo about Carolina as "The Peoples' University," is being justified. The University of North Carolina now takes in over three and a half million students!

Commendable has been the patient, deliberate attitude of the organizers, the strenuous work of the directorate. This has been no half-done, fly-by-night, publicity-showered program. The work of civilian morale in this state, with Chapel Hill the focal point, has been a masterpiece of planning, of conscientious effort, with every minute of success preceded by hours of planning.

Flag waving is out. Cheap patriotic slogans are not in the morale vocabulary. Officials are leaders, not politicians. In every way, the program has become a "first," and behind the doors of the White House, fraternities, dormitories, offices, and homes you'll find the strength of its beginning.

" . . . I am convinced that it is more important than ever that the people be encouraged freely to assemble to discuss their common problems. Indeed, as I have said before, this is one of the freedoms that we are determined to defend."—Thus President Roosevelt gave impetus to what has arisen in Chapel Hill.

Paul V. McNutt, as Federal Security Agency administrator, took the lead and commissioned John W. Studebaker, federal educational chieftain to push the program.

" . . . colleges throughout the United States are urged to cooperate in a Nation-wide program of public discussion to develop civilian morale as part of the National Defense Program."—And the call went out from that office to the nation.

Chapel Hill wasn't the first to attempt the program, but it was the only one to combine a powerful student-faculty-administration triumvirate. It was the first to reap success in such a concrete manner.

The call was answered. Behind the scenes, working on the "q. t.," warning reporters to keep "hands-off until," Dean F. F. Bradshaw and Extension Director Russell M. Grumman conferred with Dr. Graham and Dean R. B. House. After the appointment of an eight-man brain-trust, coordinating every facility of the University, with a Library of Information, training for discussion leaders, forum and round table organization, public relations bureau, publication division, finance department and curriculum head, the dual directorate splashed the program over The Daily Tar Heel's front page, expecting interest and aid, little more.

Before a week had passed student leaders, pushed by Student Body President Truman Hobbs and student organizer, Louis Harris, had rallied to the side of the academic committees, presented their program, astounded faculty men with its scope and thoroughness. Now, blasted by the strong combine of experienced advisers, capable directors and a willing student body, the entire machinery surprised its founders by surpassing even Washington's pipe dreams.

Today students are working with Ralph MacDonald on forums throughout the state. Dormitories and fraternities are holding regular bull sessions on current problems. An information center is booming at the YMCA. A student survey office is doing a yeomanlike job of investigation. Pre-service guidance has become a vital part of the set-up, and defense guidance

(See MORALE, page 31)

Mr. Jason Discovers a Murder

Mr. Jason tracks down the solution of the disappearing woman

By John Roeder '43

IT WAS late one afternoon in mid-winter when Mrs. Jason, in a flurry, picked up the telephone and dialed her husband's number. The soft voice of Miss Dartelli, Mr. Jason's secretary, answered as though she were the 'hors d'oeuvre' to a very heavy entree. "Yes, Mrs. Jason, your husband is in." Since it was Mrs. Jason, Miss Dartelli thought she could tell the truth, "Mr. Jason is very busy making out an inventory."

But the small and invincible Mrs. Jason was not to be put off so easily when she was in the midst of a delightful temperament. "Miss Dartelli, will you please tell Mr. Jason that it is rather important that I speak to him."

Mrs. Jason's snail-like feet crawled in and out of each other and the hand which was not holding the telephone was crawling in and out of her feet.

It was all very awful, but Mr. Jason would have to do something about it. Mrs. Jason thought that things like this just didn't happen. She had read about similar incidents in the newspapers, they used to headline them before the war came. Now such as this was usually relegated to a small box on the front page. It was all due to the war, Mrs. Jason knew. But she really did not mind the war very much, she would merely say, rather mildly, "Poor things," and then something else would occupy her mind.

But Mrs. Jason was not usually as lucky as this. Here was something very important. Something horrible. Mrs. Jason was in a quandary, she didn't know whether to cry or fold up and tickle her feet.

But before she had a chance to decide, she heard a heavy masculine voice through the telephone. "Emily, what do you want?" The voice was very angry and Mrs. Jason was worried for a moment.

"Henry, I have some of the most awful news to tell you." She was going to build up her story. "Henry, I don't know what to do."

"Well, my friend Martha," she was holding her breath as she spoke, "She's the one it happened to."

"Oh." Henry was beginning to lose his temper, "for God's sake what's happening?"

Mrs. Jason was very pleased with herself. She was getting the reaction she had wished for. Now she would spring the final line, "Well, she's not home."

"What did you say?" Mr. Jason yelled so loudly that Mrs. Jason almost dropped her phone.

"Henry, don't speak to me like that."

"How do you expect me to speak to you after that great story? Who do you think I am? Mr. District Attorney? What am I supposed to do, gather up the clues and tell you why she isn't home?"

"Yes, dear. And if you had any love for your defenseless wife you'd come right home."

"I'd do what!" If she were any nearer Mr. Jason would have thrown the phone at her.

"Poor Martha is dead, I know she is." Mrs. Jason was crying. Heavy thick tears fell from her eyelashes. They slipped off her cheeks on to the telephone. Mrs. Jason turned it upside-down and let the drops fall to the floor.

Mr. Jason was exasperated, but he knew that if he hung up she would just call again. "What makes you think that?"

"Well," Mrs. Jason was all smiles again, "you know she's always home at this time."

"No, I don't know anything of the kind."

"That's because you don't know Martha and I do. Well, she had a fight with her boarder the other day and he threatened to have her hung by the longest rope in the county."

"Where does she live that she has fights with her boarders?"

"In Jackson Heights."

"Oh, so you think that its sabotage?"

"No, Henry, but I do think its murder."

"I can't help you if you are not going to tell me what's wrong." Mr. Jason's Box Company's inventory was calling him.

"Its happened just as I knew it always would."

"What's happened?"

"Its over with. I guess that's what God wanted. After she was so bad to him."

"Cut the drama and tell me what's wrong." Mr. Jason had to stop Mrs. Jason's speech for he knew she could have kept going all day.

"Well, I'm not a G-man."

"Henry, stop joking. So you realize what it is. Its murder. And a good friend of mine, too."

Mr. Jason thought that this was all very ridiculous. "Just because a friend of yours isn't home when she usually is, does that mean that she has been murdered?"

"Henry, you don't understand. She had a fight with this fellow yesterday. Its all circumstantial evidence." Mrs. Jason was very upset. She had no control over her emotions at this moment. "Henry, will you come for me and drive me out there. If you don't I'll call the police. That's the least I can do for poor Martha."

Mr. Jason could do only one thing.

About an hour later the two of them were driving over the Brooklyn Bridge. Henry, who put no stock in the story his wife had told him, remained silent, but Mrs. Jason could not. "Henry, this is so exciting."

"You're a damn fool."

His wife was devastated. "How can you say that after I told you what happened?"

Keeping his eyes glued to the ribbon of the bridge before him, he spoke with the reticence of a man who was trying to tell a jury the truth, but he knew he was going to be called a liar. "This is ridiculous. The only reason I'm driving you out here is that I don't want you whining on my shoulder all night. And even if I did listen to everything you told me, I couldn't have understood it."

"Henry Jason," his wife forced the words through a fit of tears, "You didn't even listen to me when it meant somebody's life. I don't think you have any humaneness in you. You're just a bully, a boor."

At this Mr. Jason stopped the car.

"You're holding up the whole line behind you." Mrs. Jason changed her tone from that of martyrdom to that of vindictiveness.

"I don't care. When you apologize for that I'll start going again. You know I didn't have to drag myself out here to be told off. I'm sick of your mouth."

Mrs. Jason sat in her seat, coldly scrutinizing the road before her. She spoke not a word.

Horns blew. Men yelled. But still Mr. Jason didn't budge. A man from behind him howled, "If you like the scenery, look at it from the other end of the bridge."

Mrs. Jason gave up. "Henry, if you don't hurry we might not be able to help."

Mr. Jason took that as an apology. The car moved again. There seemed to be a sigh of relief from the wheels of the other cars as well as from Mrs. Jason. Everything was well.

Mr. Jason asked another question, "Will you please tell me why you think that this person," there was a nasty emphasis on the last word, "was murdered?"

All the words which had been encased in Mrs. Jason were spat forth in one short breath. "Well, Martha had this man boarding with her for the last fifteen years and since her husband died six months ago she has been trying to get rid of him. You know the way people talk if they find there is a man in the same house with a widow."

"Isn't your friend Martha getting on in years?"

"She's no older than I am."

"That's getting on."

"That doesn't make any difference.

(See MURDER, page 28)

With our poets....

On Celestial Phenomena

By Harrison Symmes '42

It seems peculiar that Cassiopeia
In the summer skies is so very near
The Pleiades.

And it seems peculiar that Ursa Major
Should be turned around; and yet I'll wager
That he who sees
The constellations from winter to fall
Will often ask why they're there at all.

The Amusement

By James Lovett '44

blue soft silence and Death-like whiteness
a dumb tyrant unpityingly blown down cold
around me like a wintry spring, a dead tide.

you long ago Stephane, the wing frozen in a windless
night; we break, Their little pastime to unfold
pale lamplight, absent of colour, deeds, life.

so I would ask Enceladus to arise, morning thus
incarnate rose, from under Etna's tonnage
and put Titanic shoulders against Their Seven
Pillar'd Palace, and for huge wars unfurled

again: giants springing from the earth and mountains
heaped in fury to end this constant crushing
out of little people; our lame comfort, the brutal
game of idle gods at dalliance with the World.

One Cricket Chord

By Harrison Symmes '42

Let harsh noises be hushed,
Those which antagonize,
And the unending cries
Of the Searchers and Guards,
Who see mirages,
And fear those shadows.

Let not the world be rushed
Into silence: one by one let things cease
Their noise. And as each part makes peace
With the silence
And my final wish,
Let the cricket continue
One long, solemn chord,

Till finally there is one sound
From one cricket,
Which is cripple.

And he will be mashed,
When my corpse
Falls upon him.

Psalm

By James Lovett '44

Never cease, never cease
in the waterfall hours,
let us have our toys
let us play with broken glass,
summon the singer to the silent forest.

never let us see night,
or if we must, cram it
with the clangour of crocuses.
we must never see the hours
dance across our lawn.

never let them seize us,
never let us be lured
from our radios
to gaze into their mirror-eyes,
to make us sit with them.

or force us to quit the dance
to take us to watch the Norns
as they hum
and weave neath the frozen fir,
as they sing in the falling snow.

Golaud

By James Lovett '44

Sowers in their stony pastures, planting the earth food in spring, peons in the rocky gardens, husbanding the burning colocinth, unaware of Phaeton and the blinded horses of the sun.

Thus it is when Golaud arises from afternoon sleep and goes out in the grey daylight and stands by the stagnant pool, not knowing whether to live is to be born, to be free, or be loved.

Surget Spiritus in Lacrimis

By Harrison Symmes '42

Mortality is a weighty cloak to wear.
I wish I might dance naked,
Soul-bare,
In the clear air.

Mortality is a burden, yoke, to bear:
I wish I might walk lightly—
Not share,
Not know despair.

Then tear off your cloak, o my soul,
And Chrysalis-like arise.
To the skies! Through the skies
Disappear!

Then cast off your yoke, o my soul;
And, newly freed slave, rejoice,—
Joyful noise! Yet no voice
Can I hear.

Sonnet

By James Lovett '44

then as the night came to Troy swiftly
standing at the Crossways I would feel
how we ant-like people scurry about unheard
in the vast architecture of the World, and peel
away the days like onion skins, carelessly
wanting the meaning and the core; and of a word

one word in this system of burning fragments
the stars—and of how we suffocate our rising
and of abortive dreams and banging dents
upon the stone doors of Time, constantly closing

us out and leaving us alone again and beaten.
I thought of restless laughter, and of the rites
of dried out friendships—was it for this that I came,
for a fevered happiness and a few short nights?

Sonnet

By James Lovett '44

the days they fled my fingers
and rushed Autumnwards to the last leaf:
and the early evenings came at length.
but my melancholy is that things brief
are also torn; and that desires, the bringers
of strength are also the tombs of strength.

the mocking days, as they crowded in upon me
I became aware that our strange half affair
was born to be an episode—for the Spirit of Irony
had seized us by the hair, and grinningly prepared

to crush us out of each other's lives by turning
the days to minutes—and our armies into sheep,
by drawing Autumn over us—and burning
out the hours, and smiling when we weep.

Funus Autumnus

By Harrison Symmes '42

I

Light hang the leaves.
(And blow, wind, softly)
All their tremors disappear,
While the color comes slowly
And death comes slowly.

And the crispen carpet sounds
When a large leaf falls,
As a robin probes the grounds,
As a squirrel searches mounds
Of the dead-leafed dryness.

Where is time, that this season
Should reduce to a moment?
There is only blending color
And time cannot be measured
In the season's color change.

So the metamorphic cleanness
And the so quiet nearness
Change one's being
For the color is perceived,
In itself is contemplated;
And its beauty, then read in by the mind,
Seems the messenger of death.
For death fulfills the progress;
And this color reified is but death.

And the color comes slowly
And death comes slowly.

Thus in the change of a season
A being is changed.
Thus his life is forgotten,
And his unwanted place
In a graduated scale is reversed.

For color there is, and also death
Without the need of percipient things.
But beauty read in by the mind
Is not present: so I needs must remain.

One supreme evaluation
I must give to the fall,
And see beauty conquer death.

And time I have forgotten
And myself does not remain.
There is only autumn's beauty,
That read in by the mind.
In the change of a season
A being is changed
And a new life is born.

II

So have I passed into the bourne of being,
In defying death, have at last seen beauty.
Say, should I sorrow that withered leaves
Of yellow and red and brown have caused me to die?
Say, should I, not weary of life, be my own undoing?
Should I, too, die to destroy the sadness of death?
And what of lethargic summer and quickening spring?
Shall they not for me return once again?

(*And the color comes slowly*
And death comes slowly)

Nay, but strike boldly outward,
And, soul, when beauty you see, soul, say it.
Soul, love thou not beauty?
And what is a greater love?
So, into the autumn's being.

For color there is, and also death.
And death fulfills the progress.

In the change of a season
A being is changed.

Oh, Lord, that I might have someone
To whom I could return.

But light hang the leaves.
(And blow, wind, softly)

STAMPING its treads into the road, the black car rushed past Bill on his tractor. He was big and muscle-bound, roasted by the sun 'til he looked the color of the orange-brown dust he worked in. Travelers of Highway 321 raised their eyes to their car mirrors for a second glimpse of this figure of power hurtling down the banks of the road. The occupant of the black car was no exception.

This night Milly stood leaning against the gas pump, her hand to her eyes, evading the oblique slanting rays of a late afternoon's sun. As usual she had the lump in her throat. She was waiting.

Through the afternoon's haze she saw him kicking a stone along the road.

"What kept you so long?"

"Lady slipped off the road in a big, black Packard and they had to get my tractor to pull her back."

"Oh."

"Yeah, swell looker that dame was. Black hair like the oil in my engine and eyes as blue as the sky when the temperature says 90."

"Oh." Milly knew better than to question him.

"Bill, let's go to the Tavern tonight."

"I ain't got no money."

"You never have any money."

"Aw, shut up."

They moved over to the door and went in. Bill lit a cigarette.

"I could have had some money."

"How?"

"From the lady I pulled out of the ditch."

"How much?"

"Two bucks."

"Why didn'tcha take it?"

"Not me."

"Oh Bill, you never have any money. If you'd taken it, we could have gone out tonight."

He rolled the cigarette between his fingers and looked at the movie poster advertising a show in a near-by town. A full-bodied woman lounged around a man's neck.

"Please take me to the Tavern tonight, we haven't been anywhere in so long."

"Okay, okay, okay."

Bill was waiting when she came down the steps. They started down the road to the Tavern.

"Like my dress?"

"What dress?"

"The dress I have on, Silly. It's new."

"Yeah," he said looking her up and down. Then Milly looked at him and saw he wasn't looking at her dress, but right through it. She could see the sharp appraisal he gave her full breast line. She watched the curve of his glance follow the sway of her hips. She saw him wet his lips and soak in the line of her throat. Then in a voice that was low without being tender,

"Y'know I'm wild aboutcha, dontcha?"

She felt pain where there should have been thrill.

"Why don'tcha answer me?"

"I was thinking."

"What about?" he lit a cigarette.

"I was just thinking."

"About what?" He persisted.

"I was thinking about the girl you told me about this afternoon. The one you pulled out of a ditch," she lied.

"Funny, I was too. Her hair was black as the oil in my engine and eyes as blue as the sky when the temperature says 90."

"I wish I had blue eyes."

"I do too."

They walked on in silence.

"There's a new moon coming out, Bill."

"Yeah," walking on scuffling the dust.

She didn't try again. She wanted to cry, she didn't. She reached for his hand.

"Too hot." She dropped it and tried to keep up with him.

When they reached the Tavern, people were already there and the juke box was screaming its rhythm. They went in and took their usual booth. They ordered a beer and were drinking it, when she walked in. Milly knew it was her. Bill saw her too. Milly watched him as he tried to catch her glance.

The woman saw him and waved. Then beckoned. He got up and went over to her. They stood talking in low voices that Milly couldn't hear. And there she sat wishing she'd never met Bill, and loving him so hard that the beer wouldn't slide over the lump in her throat. Finally he came back. He offered no explanation.

"That was her, wasn't it, Bill?"

"That was who?"

"That was the woman you were telling me about this afternoon."

"Yeah, that's her, how'd ya know?"

"I just thought she was the one. I've never seen her before, but I just thought she was the one."

The woman was there with a party. Across the nickel tunes, a light laugh would sometimes drift to Milly's ear and she would feel her heart wrench itself from its moorings. They kept ordering beer and finally one of the men in the party went outside and came back again with something in a brown paper bag. Then she called Bill over again. She offered him a drink and he sat down. Sat down with the crowd around her. Milly thought, it ain't no place for him to be. They ain't like us. She saw him take another drink, and another. She watched his eyes run over the woman's body like a tractor. She saw him laugh with her, and she saw her reach over and grasp his hand. It hurt.

On the verge of tears, Milly turned her head, and when she looked again he was getting up and nodding. The woman was handing him a piece of paper. Bill came back and sat down.

He turned his eyes to Milly and looked at her with the same steel appraisal and said, "Let's dance."

While they danced, Milly could feel Bill's muscles contracting. He held her too close, and when the music played slowly, he hardly moved his feet at all.

"Let's get out of here." His eyes held hers significantly.

Milly was glad. The Tavern was stale, the music was sour and she hurt all over.

They walked out into the shielding hand of night and the cool air touched Milly's cheek and made her love Bill in spite of the hurt. He pulled her over to the shortcut through the woods.

"We won't be able to see in here, the new moon's gone down."

"It's cooler through here."

They traveled softly, only the sound of twigs under foot. He pulled her down to the moss bed where they had often sat. Bill lit a cigarette and blew the smoke quickly through his teeth. Milly waited . . . lived a lifetime.

He pulled her to him and kissed her, a light, lingering kiss. Milly held him tightly. He drew on the cigarette again and flicked it deep into the night.

"Bill, you only took two drags on that."

He lay back and reached for her. Another kiss. This time hard, unyielding. He released her and slid his arm around her waist. Maybe accidentally his hand rested on her breast. Another kiss. This time she pulled away sharply.

"Bill!"

He sat up.

"I'm sorry, Bill."

He still sat there.

"Kiss me, Bill."

He came back to her and kissed her. This time it tore her strength apart. She didn't resist.

"Not now, Bill. Not now."

(See HIGHWAY, page 32)

Politicology

The Mag inaugurates its own "Consumer's Union" report so you'll know what products to buy when offered this spring

By "Politico Pete"

IN LESS than three months the light will shine once again on the political arena. The campus political parties will convene to nominate their respective slates. Weeks of intensive political maneuvering will follow. Grandiose, self-confident, supercilious, and sleek politicians will battle for supremacy. The months of sporadic politicking, coup d'état, plot and counter plot, log-rolling, pork, carte-blance, in fact everything except the racks and axe will culminate in a whirlwind election.

Out of the synonomous bedlam of this year's campaigning new leaders will arise and once again the students will be faced with the political enigma at Carolina. They will wonder what goes on behind the closed doors of the steering committee meetings, who the "big-wigs" are in the political parties, what is the intricate machinery of campus politics, and who are the possible candidates on the political horizon this year.

Concerning the two party system on the campus suffice it to say that the University Party is in theory a fraternity party and the student party is in theory a dorm party. The S. P. has won over D.K.E., S.A.E., Z.B.T., Chi Phi, Sigma Chi, and Chi Omega. It keeps these groups in line by nominating candidates for office from these fraternities. The U. P. tries to keep the dorms in line by electing one member from each dorm to representation on the steering committee. The political parties would have the campus believe that the issue is not one of fraternities versus dormitories. The political gravy is tastier when the political parties are able to be the controlling factors of such campus opinion.

The Student Party was successful in last spring's major elections but it only elected two class offices. Faced with a new, untrained and untested chairman, and with only fair leadership, the S. P. can only hope to meet more success in its class offices by changing its system of class chairman who literally dictate to the convention the slates for their several classes.

The big-shots considered to be the most influential in the Student Party are: Chairman Footsie McCombs, Richard Railey, Tom Sparrow, Buck Osborne, Lem Gibbons, and Moyer Hendrix. Aspiring office-holders are beginning to A. K. them left and right.

The University Party made a fine showing in the class offices but personal animosities and their tardiness in nominating candidates for the major offices proved to be their downfall last spring.

With the advent of self-confident and sleek politician Ervin Bowie to the party's chairmanship and with the aid of such political "big-wigs" as Sam Gambill, Bert Bennett, Dudley Cocke, Charley Harris, Ernie Frankel, and Bucky Harward, the University Party faces what may prove to be a very successful season. The future "power-boys" try to do well for themselves with sudden familiarity and the soft-soap routine.

The move for a "short-ballot" which would combine offices and limit class committees will not be welcomed by politicians who advocate the "spoils system."

Now a word about the freshman elections. It is evident that each fall the President of the freshman class is a fraternity pledge. It is a known fact to politicians that the frosh pledges vote in solid blocks for their candidate. The S. P. does not enter the election because of the fact that it is not organized in the fall. Let it be marked here therefore, that one political party at least takes an active part in freshman elections.

In the past weeks there has been speculation concerning this spring's possible candidates. After careful observation and analysis this writer puts forth the following predictions.

For President of the Student Body, Hobart McKeever against Bert Bennett. For Vice-President of the Student Body, Sam Gambill may run against Dave Barksdale. Steve Peck and Dick Railey will seek the office of Secretary-Treasurer of the student body. There has been speculation that Peck would run for President of the rising seniors. The Bennett- Gambill-Peck slate would prove a potent one. Bob Spence, W. J. Smith, or Buck Osborne are the likely candidates for the office of Speaker of the Legislature.

Bucky Harward is certain to be one of the candidates for editor of the Tar Heel. He is not very well known outside of the literary circles and therefore he will be seeking a double nomination. If Sylvan Meyer runs against Harward it ought to be a good race. If Meyer runs for editor of the Carolina Magazine he will be opposed by Dick Adler. If he doesn't run, Adler contends with Harley Moore, while Hunt Hobbs will oppose Stud Gleisher for editor of Tar an' Feathers.

Jack Markham, Richard Railey, Tank Marshall, Moyer Hendrix, and Dan Wolfe will shuffle around the offices of the rising senior class. A good move by one of the political parties would be to secure the candidacy of Curry Jones for President of the senior class.

Mike Carr, Dotson Palmer, Ray Goodman, Frank Alspaugh, and Jack Emack will seek offices in the class of '44. If Jones decides to forsake the position of cheerleader, the campus might see the advent of co-cheerleaders in the election of Pat Johnson and Frank Alspaugh.

The facts concerning campus politics have been here presented, and in the forthcoming issues of the *Carolina Magazine*, this writer will set forth the sizzling inside facts and side-lgihts of political maneuvering on the campus with the purpose of arousing interest in politics among the students and developing a more conscientious student voting body at the University of North Carolina. See you next month . . . .

Only the editors know who "Politico Pete" is. He sees much behind the campus political front, and gives you an unbiased, factual account here. Politicology will give you complete coverage on the political races each month as they make their way down the stretch to election day.

Address all inside dope to:

"Politico Pete"
Mag Mailbox
Graham Memorial

MURDER

(Continued from page 23)

People still talk. Even if a woman is as old as I am, she's still a woman."

Henry was sorry he had said anything. "Go on."

"Well, this man didn't want to go and they had a fight and he told her that he would have her strung up."

"I'm sure he meant it."

Henry's irony jarred Mrs. Jason's mood. "You're just a big . . ." But suddenly she stopped and continued with her story. "And now she wasn't home when she should have been."

"And that's why you're dragging me out here."

"Don't you see?"

"No, I don't, but you needn't bother telling me anything more about it."

The car swerved around corners and through tunnels. It picked up speed and every once in a while when Mr. Jason noticed a policeman they would slow down. There were red lights but Mrs. Jason kept asking her husband to keep going. Sometimes he did and sometimes he didn't. Mrs. Jason was having a wonderful time. This reminded her of the detective stories she had seen in the movies. They were chasing after a murdered woman.

It was probably some kind of sex murder, she hoped ever so slightly. As much as she loved her dear friend Martha, she couldn't help imagining a little column in the paper saying, "The body of Mrs. Martha Winder was found by the courageous little woman who had been her dear friend, Mrs. Henry Jason." It was just the thing that Mrs. Jason wanted. Think of what a heroine she would be to her friends.

But Mr. Jason thought his wife was a damn fool and that the damn inventory had to be finished or else his whole business would go to rack and ruin and what would become of the poker game.

Finally, the car and Mr. and Mrs. Jason, stopped in front of a red brick house which was repeated as though mirrors were placed on either side of it, for almost two blocks. As the couple stepped out of the car Mr. Jason inquired how Mrs. Jason could possibly tell which of the houses her friend lived in. Mrs. Jason being somewhat taken back by this aspersion on her intellect, told her husband, rather bluntly, that if he had any brains he would be able to figure that one out by himself.

She kept quiet until they came to the front door. It was there that all her moving picture training afforded her the pleasure of assuming elatedly the role of detective. "Henry, I want you to be very careful about what you touch. You don't want to be accused of murder so don't let them get your fingerprints."

"Yes, Sherlock."

Mrs. Jason grasped the door knob and tried to open the door. The attempt was unsuccessful. Henry was somewhat mollified by this. "Well, how do you intend to get into the house now? And do you know your left your fingerprints on it."

Mrs. Jason let this remark pass unnoticed and spoke authoritatively. "We'll go in through a window."

"We'll do nothing of the kind." This was too much for Henry, he was not going to do any housebreaking.

"Don't make so much noise. We don't want him to know we're here."

"Who doesn't want who to know we're here?"

"Henry, we'll never save Martha if you make so much noise."

"If she's dead, how are we going to save her?"

Mrs. Jason was stumped by this. "But she can't be."

"You've been telling me that she is, all day." Mr. Jason was enjoying himself.

After thinking it over and not being able to find an adequate answer, Mrs. Jason assumed her original martyred pose. "Henry, it's because of men like you that there are such men as Hitler. You just haven't any humaneness."

But this time Mr. Jason did not mind. He saw his wife had a problem and he was having quite the time of his life watching her.

"Henry, you've got to help me get into that window." She pointed to one near the door.

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Watch the FORDS Go By

"Okay." He wasn't going to let this end there. He was going to teach his unrelenting wife a lesson.

He cupped his hands outside the window, and his wife raised one of her feet to put it in the hand made step. But he opened his hands immediately. "First you're going to take those heels off. You're not going to push off my index fingers with that spike." She took off her shoe.

"Up you go." With a long sigh Mr. Jason pushed his wife through the window. "Now, go to the front door and open it for me."

Mrs. Jason walked through a dark room in which she could only see two little Dresden figures on a mantelpiece. She went over to them and picked one up. The faint glow of the evening, which passed through the rectangular window behind her, threw a glimmering light on the relief of the statuette. It fascinated Mrs. Jason and she carried it with her to the window. The light caught the painted lace and the long folds of the minute dress. It was all too beautiful, Mrs. Jason thought. But then she saw the chipped porcelain which marred the bottom of the little blue skirt. Mrs. Jason was convinced that her friend was gone. Martha, who was never parsimonious about such things, would never have allowed this to happen.

Through all this Mrs. Jason saw herself in the middle of a newsreel montage. She could see a murdered woman, her friend, a male murderer and the mayor presenting her with a medal for breaking the worst murder case in the history of New York.

There was a loud yell from outside, "Emily, why the hell don't you open the door?"

She went over and opened it. "Henry, how do you ever expect me to find the murderer if you're going to yell like that and scare him away."

"Listen, dear," Mr. Jason was getting tired, "you're not chasing rabbits."

"I know," Mrs. Jason was very matter of fact, "but we have to find who did that terrible thing to Martha."

They climbed the flight of stairs leading to the upper rooms. It was quiet. Even Mr. Jason, who tried his best to remember that his wife was on a stupid wild goose chase, could not help but feel a certain amount of eeriness. Slowly he too, was being drawn into the spider webb of his wife's emotions. The quiet of the house formed a cowl over his mind and the mystery of the missing woman grasped him as it had his wife. But when he realized what was happening, he mentally grabbed hold of himself and decided that there was nothing to this whole thing. "Emily, we're going to be arrested for housebreaking."

"What do you mean? We have a legitimate reason."

"Legitimate or not, we'll have a hard time proving it."

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Suddenly Mrs. Jason realized that they were near the lodger's room. She was fascinated by the idea of finding a murderer. "I'm going in there and tell him what I think of him."

"Tell who?" Mr. Jason was disturbed.

"That murderer."

Mr. Jason was pulled back to his original state of harshness, "My God, you're going to do what? With the whole world at war you have to start your own war."

Mrs. Jason drew herself to her whole diminutive size, "I intend to find out who murdered my dear, dear friend if I have to murder you and the rest of the people who will prove to be obstacles in the way of great friendship."

"Okay, that's enough." There was nothing he could do against this woman when she reached such an ineradicable decision.

She came to the lodger's room. She did not bother to knock, for she knew that one never knocked when they came to the culprit. That would give him time enough to make a get away through the window. She tried the door. It was locked. Her search was over. There was no chance for her to become the heroine that she would have liked to be. She could not get into the room.

She knocked. There was no response. The murderer would not give in. She tried to force the door, but it would not give. Why did her friends have to have the comfort of solid doors at a time like this. She yelled, "Henry, I can't get this door open. Help me."

But her husband heard nothing. He found a comfortable chair and sat down to smoke a cigar. Nothing could disturb him.

Mrs. Jason's yell aroused the occupant of the room. He rose slowly from his bed and with the numb hands of sleep, he opened the door.

Mrs. Jason was confronted by a gentleman no larger than herself, though he had a stomach which was quite sizeable.

Mrs. Jason decided that her method of attack should be quiet, unsuspecting and jovial. "How do you do. My name is," she thought that it should be changed, for one never gave their real name to the murderer, "Alice Brampton."

"Well, well, what can I do for such a charming lady at this hour?" Mrs. Jason wasn't sure whether he winked or squinted.

"I've come on business."

"How did you get in, my dear? The door was locked. The lady of the house is out, which of course you know."

"I know she is, that's why I came. I got in through the—never mind how I came in."

"But nice women don't come in through windows. Won't you have a seat?"

Mrs. Jason was nonplussed. "I certainly will not."

The lodger apologized profusely. "I'm sorry. I must have mistaken your errand."

"You certainly have." She realized that her method was wrong and decided that there was only one thing to do. She would have to come out in the open with her business, and she would have to be tough about it. Mrs. Jason was finally assuming the role of the real martyr. "Where is it? Where is the body?"

The lodger retreated a step. "I don't know what you mean."

That was the answer she expected. "You know what I mean. I want to know where you hid Martha's body."

"I still don't know what you are talking about."

"You killed my friend Martha Winder and I want to know where she is."

"Well, I'm afraid if she is dead, which I hope she isn't, but just in case, God rest her soul, she is probably buried. I hope so at any rate. I saw her today."

"Yes, you saw her today. You were the last one to see her."

The lodger, awakened completely by then, spoke with an unhappy voice. "Did you say Mrs. Winder was dead?"

"That's what I've been saying."

"Heaven help my soul." And he slammed the door.

Mrs. Jason ran down stairs and saw her husband looking out of the window. "Henry, that man is going to murder me, too. I could see it in his face."

"I wouldn't worry about it." Mr. Jason was very calm.

"You don't care if your wife is murdered or not. What kind of a man are you? You're just a beast."

But Henry did not move. "Look out of the window and see who's coming."

"Who is it?"

Mrs. Jason looked. Martha Winder was approaching the door. "Oh, Henry, let's go." She was crying again.

"Don't you think that you should say *hello* to the corpse?" He laughed loudly.

On the way through the door Mrs. Jason bumped into Mrs. Winder and murmured, "Hello."

* * *

The next morning Mrs. Jason was aroused from a dream about murder and Joan of Arc by the sharp ring of the telephone beside her bed. "Hello?"

It was Mrs. Winder. "Hello, my dear. I think you were marvelous last night. I'm sorry you had to run off like you did."

Mrs. Jason, half asleep, was taken by surprise. "Well, you know the way one is when they only drop in for a moment."

"Let that go. I just want to thank you for the charm you worked on Mr. Castone, after I've been trying to get rid of him for months. What did you do?"

"Nothing, nothing at all." Then, "Oh, my God!"

"Dear, will you meet me for lunch today?"

"I'll be glad to. One o'clock at Schraffts 59th."

"That's fine. And you can tell me all about it."

Mrs. Jason hung the telephone up and decided that she would have to think of a good story.

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—Mack Snipes, *Manager*

Graham Memorial Barber Shop

• IN THE BASEMENT •

CHEERLEADER

(Continued from page 9)

The next Saturday we invaded Deacon territory. The role of the Parson was played too well. Smiling but sad we were glad to see the bell tower once again.

Homecoming was celebrated on the day of our battle with State College. Our friends from Greensboro were with us, some pulling for Carolina, others pulling for State. Tech won that day, but was not satisfied with the game and insisted on taking our goal posts. That was a little too much. As a result the end of the game was a tug-of-war between the Carolina twelfth man and the rooters from Raleigh.

To that old state of Virginia was our next journey. There under the bright lights of Richmond's stadium we defeated the University of Richmond. We were again proud to return home and make plans for the following weekend.

At last! The week had come that once again the Tar Heels were to meet the mighty Dukes. This time it was in their stadium. Vigilance started early in the week. At every entrance to Chapel Hill there were Carolina men standing guard waiting for strangers.

One of the same three Duke students whom I met in the middle of Wednesday night over here was responsible for the reprieve of a Carolina student stranded over at Duke. The Carolina boy was well on his way to the barber chair when one of the Duke boys recognized him and bonded his release.

Our bonfire was well guarded, too well guarded. There were so many watching that one stranger in the gathering was not recognized until flames shot into the air. The alert guards saved most of the fire that night and let only the underbrush burn.

I understand that there was a great deal of traffic between here and Durham Friday night. I was again awakened by some pleading students to please come to Durham with them, that the Dukes had us outnumbered; however, I was too sleepy and slept on through my morning classes.

Friday afternoon our Tar Babies took the Imps by a good score. A fine start that was for the weekend events.

The bonfire had been rebuilt. Five hundred torches were made, and a big rally was ready for Friday night. Again the brazen Dooksters set fire to our bonfire. This time there was nothing left.

However, bonfire or no bonfire, we had a fine rally Friday night with a torchlight parade and a sounding roar of cheers and applause in Memorial hall.

That night we disappointed the Duke men. When the cheerleaders went over on the Duke side at half time, all I heard was, "Where were you last night?" It was quite obvious and it was later affirmed that these fish had stayed up all night waiting in the cold, but only in vain.

There were few classes attended on Saturday morning. The spirits were high. If we could only beat Duke, all the season would be accounted for. Carolina cars streamed the highways from here to Durham. The Carolina twelfth man was well represented in Duke Stadium.

Our boys looked their best that day. At no time had we seen our team fight so hard. The student body was in there playing the game with the team. We battered at the Duke goal but were unable to tally. Duke won; but the feeling when we left that game was not that of defeat. We were proud that we were Tar Heels born and bred. Our boys did what we wanted them to do. They fought hard. We didn't win, but wait 'till next year.

Thanksgiving was on us before we knew it. Virginia-Dudley was the team we played. Many of the students had gone, but those of us who were there saw a fine ball game. It was just too much Mr. Dudley.

We congratulate all the teams who have defeated us this season. We also ask that they be thankful, for Christmas only comes once a year and the Tar Heels won't be Santa Clauses for sometime to come.

This year the support of the student body has been unequaled. We stuck it out together with our team. A spirit like that can be typical only of a University with the tradition and respect that we hold dear to us.

My thanks to a cooperative squad. My appreciation to a superior band under the direction of Earl Slocum. A toast to the Carolina twelfth man.

"To success, which can strike its roots deep, only through soil enriched by many failures."

●

WE WORK

(Continued from page 13)

ness, courtesy, dependability and responsibility. Some of them have experienced the thrill of real business, others have become efficient in office and clerical work, while others have learned skilled work which requires alertness and adaptability. For them there is no rough awakening and little fear of their capability of earning a living. Their adjustment was made long ago, and they now face the future with a confidence that comes only from doing; with a courage that arises from fearlessness and understanding.

The self-help students are different from the other students in some ways. The fact that they are working their way suggest that here are people who want an education and want it badly. This statement is not to be construed to mean that the ones who do not work do not want an education. It does mean, however, that the working boy or girl is more likely to appreciate what he is getting out of college because he himself is paying for it with the sweat of his own efforts. What a different picture the self-help student presents from the chap who is an "only chile," has a car to himself, $25.00 a week spending money, and can barely squeeze out an existence until the next check from Dad. One who is working his way through college is not going to spend $10.00 on a dance weekend when he knows there is no one to write him a check to cover the little deficiency which has arisen. Nor is he likely to incur debts which he cannot meet. The self-help student knows the responsibilities connected with attending college and as a rule he faces them squarely and willingly.

Self-help students are a benefit to the campus. No one should get the impression that self-help students are on a charity list and are given payment for a very feeble pretense of working. Indeed, quite the contrary is true. Due to the very nature of the amount and type of work on a college campus, college student workers are especially fitted for different types of work. For is not the heaviest work during the time of the heaviest enrollment? When summer arrives less students enroll, and consequently, less student workers are needed. During vacation periods there is little need for student help and consequently they can go home, and incidentally, be off the payroll. How much more complicated it would be to employ full time workers and then lay them off during slack periods. The outcome of such a method would be inefficiency due to the fact that new workers would have to be broken into jobs at a rapid rate and because wage payments would have to be made to regular workers during vacation periods. Under our present set-up, a good business man works in those departments of a business nature, whereas students capable of typing, or clerical work, or library work, or soda dispensing, etc., secure jobs in their particular line. College students as a whole are grown men and women and are capable of doing a job efficiently.

"Say it with ours"

Merry Xmas

CAROLINA MEN'S SHOP

MORALE

(Continued from page 22)

grows larger with each day and demand.

Meanwhile, a first aid program is going at capacity rate; training courses in rescue work, air-raid protection and auxiliary fire-fighting are taking shape; a curriculum committee is preparing its first report; the much-heralded nutrition program is on its own.

Unsung heroes of the program are the forum leaders. Keeping to the background, these men—cramming every hour away from books into the new work—keep up the speedy tempo by pushing from the bottom. This handful of picked men has organized the panels which leave Chapel Hill to appear on forums from Manteo to Murphy. This same group, with faculty aid, has envisioned and produced morale programs for half-floors in every dormitory, sorority and fraternity. As a unit, delivering the push element, forum heads have joined CPU and IRC committees in sponsoring campus discussions. The top-heavy load, centralized in the custody of the foundation leaders who stay out of the spotlight, has been carried well. This phase of the project can be correctly tabbed, "success."

Alongside the forum workers, also staying off the glory road, are the information center heads. Pamphlet distribution, suffering from the obvious handicap of distrust, was a ticklish situation. But, after popularized reading lists became a reality, and dozens of students went to work compiling endless lists of statistics, the booklets caught on, and are no longer "taboo."

Perhaps the greatest single reason for success here has been the constant avowal that "all sides will be discussed." Answering charges made against "obvious propaganda," the morale committee has consistently called for volunteers to discuss all angles of every problem at the panels. Here is democracy in shape, form, strength. The minority opinion, often subjected in the heat of fierce national patriotism, has not been smothered, but revived. Every city, town, village or hamlet that has played guest to a Carolina forum has heard the entire question, no rehash of radio commentary, no one-sided presentation. The minority has raised a husky, though outnumbered voice, and the state is hearing the opposition.

The dormitory-fraternity-sorority bull sessions, which slumbered all year to be pulled out for inspection only during rushing, have been given a shot-in-the-arm. Professors, well acquainted with the issue at hand, invaded quadrangle dormitories for the first time recently testing student reaction. Formerly profanity-ridden, Aycock and Lewis, Graham and Everett, Manly and Mangum, Ruffin and Grimes hold weekly sessions, in half-floor sections, which are drawing interested audiences.

Busy is the somber office of capable S. W. J. Welch. Haunted earlier this year by job-seekers and a few interested seniors, Welch carried the burden of many an administration project. Today, with the added weight of pre-service and pre-defense guidance, Welch has had no time for "pet plans," has tossed over former obligations to concentrate on new needs. To those expecting to enter any of the armed services, goes information on requirements, preparation. There's no sugar-coated picture of military life. Just facts, clear, raw on what can be done, what to prepare for, what to expect. Advice and information on available jobs in defense industries is abundant in the same office, and South building's second floor is fast becoming a clearing house, as prospective employers call for workers, and those seeking jobs make application.

Coed workers, backed by Red Cross representatives, prepare women to act as nurses' aides, demonstrate first aid treatment. There's no show, no fanfare. A business-like job is being done. Also taking the lead in nutrition program, coeds are being taught how "to become skilled dietitians, and, more important, the minimum requirements for a healthy diet." Slowly boys are filtering into the project, and already plans are underway to enlarge the present course to train students to lead civilian defense nutrition centers throughout the state.

With the protection for defense program, training men for work as air raid wardens, rescue workers and auxiliary firemen, a lumbering, but effective curriculum committee is studying the needs for courses in defense. Suggestions of war geography, war economics, military science, evaluation, daily pass through the group's hands—brought up for consideration for the day when the entire program may be enlarged. Belittled, scoffed-at, were the air raid and rescue squads. Yet the groups, taking the job seriously, has put a crimp into criticism by a steady, earnest effort.

So, with the growth of war tension in the nation, as the threat of arms looms not too-far-away and dissension rages in Congress, while foreign policy is debated and American industry girds itself to manufacture death-dealers, a smalltown college in North Carolina girds itself, digs in for the future, manufactures citizens.

●

WINTER

(Continued from page 12)

we do. I'm tired of starvin' and freezin' and bein' bitter. Abraham, I'd even kill to git it." She paused; and when the significance of her statement dawned on him, he looked at her, horrified. "Rachel, does it mean that much?"

"I ain't got no feelin' left—no heart a-tall. But since our son's gone, I don't want nothin' but a little comfort and a way to forgit. Mebbe it's greed, mebbe it's not. But he ain't got no more right to live than us . . . and we ain't really livin'!" There were tears in her voice.

Abraham looked at her, speechless for a moment and then turned away. "You're right. We've starved long enough on account o' his kind. Why should we care what's good and what's evil?" He sat down in his chair, staring fixedly ahead of him.

Her eyes shone and there was strength in her body as she stood over him. "We'll wait till he's asleep."

For an hour they waited, and he was nervous, restless, but she sat up straight in her chair the whole time, calm and cool, sure of her purpose.

"It's time," she broke the silence.

Abraham shuddered and slowly rose from his rocking chair. It seemed as if he were controlled by some outer force, some commanding influence that he could not ignore. Rachel opened the door and waited for him to go first. All of her energies were concentrated on one thing—the money. There was no other thought in her mind at present. She closed the door and followed him to the barn. The rain had stopped, and a strong wind was pounding its way through the forest to the weather-beaten house. A gauze-covered moon shone through the clouds to light the path.

"You wait; I'll git the axe in the shed," Rachel whispered. She came back a minute later with the weapon in her hand. "It'll do the work easy." She felt the sharp edges. Cautiously, she pushed the door; it swung open softly on its one hinge. Beckoning her husband to follow, she tiptoed in.

The stranger was sleeping in the corner on a pile of hay, with his coat thrown over him.

"The moon's bright enough. Hurry and git it over with. On his neck," she muttered hoarsely. The sleeper stirred, but did not wake; so Abraham crept up to him and raised the axe. It fell.

Silence.

Abraham sank to the floor on his knees, burying his face in his hands. Neither spoke. A gust of wind blew bits of straw about the floor, and damp air began to creep in.

"It's gittin' cold. Let's take the money and bury him in the mornin', Abraham, I saw hundred dollar bills in that wallet of his'n!" She searched eagerly in the dead man's coat until she found the pocketbook. "Now we can *live*. Look!"

He did not change his expression while watching his wife fondle the money. "Who was this man?"

"Don't matter. We was right in robbin' the rich to help us poor. I ain't sorry we

done it and I ain't afraid," she said with conviction.

"Mebbe it's fair, Rachel, I don't know. It's all been so sudden. Seems kinda queer: him comin' and our gittin' all this money. It musta been that He had a hand in this. Lemme see the wallet." It was a handsome one. "This must be his name in the corner." He struck a match and drew the sputtering flame close to the cover while Rachel looked over his shoulder. Printed in gold letters was the name "Jonathan Gandry."

●

HIGHWAY

(Continued from page 26)

He kissed her again.

"Why not?"

She could see the sharp outline of a pine cone as she looked up at it.

The cool pained ecstasy ran down her spine.

"Bill, . . . Bill, you're mine now. You're mine now, aren't you?"

"Sure."

"Well, why don't you say it?"

They rose and started through the woods. The slim outline of a birch passed Milly.

"I'm cold, Bill."

"Here, take this." He placed his coat around her shoulders.

In silence they went on.

"I want a cigarette, Bill."

"They're in the coat pocket."

She fumbled through each pocket . . . hunting. Her fingers contacted them and she pulled them out.

"Give me one too."

They lit them and saw the light from the gas station come up in front of them.

"Aren't you coming in?"

"Naw, I'm going back to the Tavern. I left my comb there."

Milly dug her hand in his coat pocket. She knew it was there. She took hold of it, twisting and turning it in her palm. Bill watched her. He saw the hand clenched in the pocket.

"You're sure you left your comb?" She looked straight into his eyes. He looked away, then brought his eyes back so hard she didn't care anymore. She dropped her face.

"Yeah." He said. "I left it on the table."

"Ok, Bill."

"Can I have my coat?"

"Oh . . . sure."

"Goodnight." He said.

"Goodnight."

●

STYLE NOTES

(Continued from page 4)

other action figures woven into the sweater across the chest and shoulders. They come in a variety of shades and are dominating the sweater scene in the winter resorts. Another popular pattern is the ancient Norwegian snow-flake design, which is both decorative and stylish. If you're planning to buy a new sweater to replace that old, worn-out job you've been wearing around the campus for so long, we suggest you buy one of this type.

Sport coats were definitely the thing last season and would still be if only it were possible to get a variety of materials to select from. Hand-woven shetland, which is really the only material that sport coats are made of these days, is a thing of the past. Because of the war, this cloth is practically impossible to import. Styles are shaping up in an entirely different manner than most people expected.

The two-button coat is on the way back. It is cut quite differently from the old model in that the lapels roll down to the bottom button and the coat is not cut on the form-fitting lines as before.

For something different and yet conforming with the "complete suit" idea, there has been a tendency toward the double-breasted roll front which is about the smartest coat style to become popular in the last few years. Short and heavy-set people should avoid this style, however.

The button-down collar shirt is still predominant even though the spread collar has increased in popularity over the summer. The best of these is in white or in a small stripe with a white background, not that the old oxford stripes haven't done well this season.

Saddle shoes are still very much in vogue and just plain old white sweat socks are being worn to a great extent. If a little more dress is desired in footwear, try an Algonquin shoe in the Benton class with a solid color such as maroon, green, white, or blue, wool base.

That's it—except for ties and hats. Everyone seems to know that the khaki gabardine trimmed hat is tops and the small-figured foulard tie is best even though knits in solid colors and figures are still very good.

See you at the "Y" at 10:30 with the dark grey flannel slacks and the natural cashmere sweater. . . . .

LET'S GO TO TOWN

By the Staff

NOW is the time of year when the weather is drab, school is drab, and your wardrobe is drab, so let's see what we can do about putting back a little color, variety, and enthusiasm into life.

Now is also the time of year when all the bargain minded coeds blossom out in all sorts of luscious sweaters, for the Little Shop has started its mid season sales. Go in and take another sigh over the blue cashmere job, or the fluffy pink shetland you've been coveting all fall, only this time don't be afraid as you look at the price tag. Also cock a wary eye toward the dress and suit hangers, and our guess is that any allowance you may have had left at this time will do a quick disappearing act.

Are you a McMullen fan? If not, you ought to be. McMullens, as every schoolgirl should know, are the perfectionists of the tailored world. Suits and dresses in the most beautiful wools and becoming lines. Take a look at the McMullen collection at Ellis Stone's in Durham and you'll be an ardent fan too. These gems are not too easy on your pocketbook, but they more than compensate for this because their beautiful materials and classic lines make any McMullen good for years of wear.

If you prefer new and startling clothes to the old faithful classics, by all means visit the Fashion Shop in Durham in the very near future. This name fits the shop, for it is famous for the style of its clothes. Especially recommended for evening clothes, or to relieve a "blue" mood. We warn you, though, that you'll want to buy out the whole store.

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MARJORIE WOODWORTH
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in the Hal Roach hit
"All-American Co-ed"
a United Artists Release

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Pass around the Chesterfields and it's pleasure time for everybody . . . smoking pleasure that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give you.

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CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Civilian Defence
NUMBER

CAMELS
PRINCE ALBERT
Season's Greetings
Make your gift Camels. America's favorite cigarette is sure to please. The gay gift package below contains four boxes of the popular flat fifties. No other wrapping needed.
FOUR BOXES OF FIFTIES
Another Camel way to say "Merry Christmas"—the famous Camel carton (10 packs of 20's). Hours of Camel's mild, flavorful smoking pleasure. All ready to give—with place for name.
CAMEL
Season's Greetings
TO
FROM
You're proud to present pipe-smokers with this big one-pound tin of mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco. Magnificent in its Christmas jacket . . . just right in a pipe!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
FOR BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

CAMELS

There's an added pleasure in giving Camels at Christmas. You *know* your gift will be so genuinely welcome. More smokers prefer Camels than any other cigarette. And that preference holds for men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard, too! So remember those lads in uniform . . . remember *all* the cigarette smokers on your list . . . with the cigarette of costlier tobaccos —*Camels*. Your choice of the package of four flat fifties or the popular Camel carton.

PRINCE ALBERT

If he smokes a pipe, a big, long-lasting pound of cool-burning Prince Albert spells smoking pleasure 'way into the New Year . . . at camp, on ship, at home. Prince Albert is choice tobacco, "no-bite" treated for mildness and "crimp cut." It's the National Joy Smoke. There's no other tobacco like it. Your local dealer has two handsome Prince Albert "specials" . . . the pound tin (*above*) or the special glass humidor jar. (The humidor itself makes a handsome gift!) Get yours today.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

GIFTS THAT ARE SURE TO PLEASE IN BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS WRAPPERS

II

DECEMBER, 1941

★

The Four Freedoms Issue

★

In the future days, which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression. . . .

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way. . . .

The third is freedom from want. . . .

The fourth is freedom from fear. . . .

Since the beginning of our American history we have been engaged in change—in a perpetual peaceful revolution—a revolution which goes on steadily, quietly adjusting itself to changing conditions—without the concentration camp or the quick-lime in the ditch. The world order which we seek is the co-operation of free countries, working together in a friendly civilized society.

To that high concept there can be no end save victory.

—*Franklin D. Roosevelt*

RSHIP
THE
Four
FREEDOM
In America you have the right to say what you think freely and openly. Elsewhere death can be the penalty for this constitutional right of all American citizens.
Freedom of worship is an inalie
right of American citizenship that i
tected by the Constitution and defe
by citizens of all faiths. It is one o
fundamental principles upon whic
democratic system stands.

. . . . MEN MUST LIVE THESE FOUR FREEDOMS TO KNO

FREEDOM FROM WANT
reedoms
FROM FEAR
American faces are fearless. On farm or in factory, in public and private gatherings, America's citizens are not threatened, intimidated, terrorized. Americans "watered the tree of liberty with the blood of tyrants."

HAT THEY SHOULD FIGHT AND DIE FOR . . . .

FOOD and FUN

What Chapel Hill needs (yes we admit we have another panacea for the world's ills) is, and we are firmly convinced of this, a Toddle House. We are seriously considering placing a scroll in the Book Ex pleading with Mr. Toddle to set up house here in Chapel Hill. We'd like to be able to taste his hamburgers and chocolate pie whenever the mood strikes us, rather than having to wait until we can get to Durham.

But so much for wishful thinking. If you, like us, are stuck in Chapel Hill for all eating purposes, and in addition, like us, are suffering acute gastricmonotony, why not try a sizzling steak at the University Café. They will pep up your digestive system and your spirits immeasureably. Also especially recommended at the University for late snacking is a real chicken sandwich. It will be expensive, as sandwiches go, but well worth the money.

Guaranteed to remedy gastricmonotony is an order of spaghetti or a hamburger at the Campus Cafe. This place has all the atmosphere required of the joints usually famous for their food.

If by some unhappy chance, you should be interested in a good, square meal, why not sample the reasonable meals at the Sandwich Shop. They are long on good food, and short on the tariff. Particularly recommended for end-of-the-monthers.

If you are one of those rare people who suffers from gastricmonotony and heavy allowance at the same time, you can always indulge in a bit of luxury by a meal in the dining room of the Carolina Inn. Guaranteed not easy on the pocketbook, but oh, what service. We are almost convinced they would even lift your fork for you if you seemed to need it.

We hope you are not one of those who has been overlooking the possibilities of the Book Ex. They do have the best hot dogs, especially appetizing at 10:30 A.M.

Entertainment this month will have to be confined to the nip-and-tuck kind which can be sandwiched in between trips to the library or studying bouts in the dorm.

If you have been intellectually stimulated by your cramming and you want to discuss the problems of the world with your girl, then we suggest the Carolina Coffee Shop for hot chocolate and atmosphere. No nickelodian to interrupt your thoughts, and no loud shouting. You'll have a nice quiet, restful, relaxing time.

On the other hand, if you want noise and action, better take a turn at the bowling alleys. It'll take the kinks out of your

(See FUN, page 63)

Betty Booker is giving good advice to Jim Warrick in selecting his new Argyle sweater in Van Straaten's sportswear shop. Jim is wearing one of Van Straaten's new "pencil" striped suits in oxford gray. These are also available in blue. See the grand selection of sweaters which includes the famous Braemar, imported from Scotland.

John Wood, the silent on-looker, is wearing a new plaid sport coat and oxford gray flannel slacks, also from Van Straaten's.

Van Straaten's

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DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

CAROLINA COMMENTARY

REVIEWS

DRAMA

BALLET—"Dancers En Route" evoked enthusiasm . . . calesthenics can be aesthetic, it was proven.

EMANCIPATOR—"Abe Lincoln" split some wicked rails but he was an honest man . . . in keeping, the Playmakers did another very creditable job . . . "Male Animal" was veddy funny and Brink was veddy drunk.

IMPERSONATOR—Alonzo Squires slayed them over NBC and Fred Allen was nasally wowed . . . our boy was good.

WHITE WAY—Student Entertainment again.

SPORTS

GRIDIRON—South to the Bayou country . . . east to the Deacon country . . . State came to homecoming . . . north to Richmond (you may underline that last, Alphonse) . . . to the flats but back to the hills pacified . . . then, closing the season, Dudley, the capital D is not typographical.

TRACK—Stamina pays off on the long run . . . a conference title for the cross-country boys and the cognizance that mebbe it's good thing to be able to outrun other people.

FROSH—Redeemers were the eleven first year gridsters . . . THEY beat a lot of people . . . a gentle heartfelt cheer for Jimmy Tatum's lads.

DANCE

LOWDOWN—DTH rightly raised murmur after Alfred Donahue pulled out. Germans were sticky . . . the rhythm was solid.

WITH GAS

JOE—Martin and the GOP cook only with gas but the burners went out under a Chapel Hill audience too tough to cook.

GASTON—Henri-Haye arrived with full plenipotentiary consort . . . with Berlin at his left shoulder and Vichy hanging on his lapels. He asked for food for France, spoke for a glutted Germany.

BILL—Batt might have said a great deal, but he didn't . . . Men with deep dark secrets don't break the pod in Memorial hall, DTH propaganda notwithstanding.

GERRY—Nye raised holy hell . . . the peanut gallery was in a stew . . . he cooks only with gas, but his flame was too high . . . he seared the edges before the juice could roast.

NEWS

DIPLOMACY—Attempt to put Duke-UNC relations on a 'hi, chum' basis were reflected in the brilliant blue paint decorating W. Duke's posterior, in the shaved Chi Phi noggins, and the prematurely roaring Carolina bonfire.

KICKAPOO—Life magazine notwithstanding, Sadie Hawkins day was clean fun . . . Capp and the Mrs. got big kick out of it.

FROSH POLITICS—Less colorful than usual, the freshmen went through the old routine . . . the first is not the last.

HELL-RAISING—The dorms are making noise again. Try to gag a shouting mob . . . but, please, boys, keep it clean.

VIEWS

MOST anxious voices of the past month were those raised in grave worry over "when is the Mag coming out?"

Big chance for those who are so inclined to raise a stink comes with Carolina's big, big Civilian Morale program. In the right hands, and so it is, the program is a well meant worthwhile attempt to cement public opinion, to give those not in khaki something slightly constructive to do, to give the appearance of a true all-out effort in the country.

But when war comes the morale handle will be a joke. It's propaganda, gentlemen. In peacetime its publicity, but later on, it's Goebbels, in Dixie Dialects.

Dear Legislature, we take it all back. The boys in the backroom revealed true innersight and congressional wisdom when they saved the DTH ME's salary. Wring a lean and hungry paw, gents.

Noticeable around the Hill for the past several weekends is the lack of soldiers. Uncle Sammy's first nephews evidently discovered that Chapel Hill offers little in recreational pursuits for men tired and woman-starved after long days on maneuvers. Besides, perhaps they read in the DTH about profiteering.

Petition-flooded was the Book Ex. One strung scroll like in the lobby emblazoned with an entreaty to the Hon. W. L. Willkie to puleeze come on down here and speak for the CPU cause we want to hear you sooo bad. The other was pointed at University of Georgia students who have, backs against the wall, defied the gallused moron in Atlanta and chased him down into the Okeefenokee for refuge. No organization but a lone hand pasted this in the Y. Everybody always signs petitions. But others really let you know about it. We just hope it made that mean old Talmadge think twice about what he is doing.

It also takes a few months to regrow a head of hair.

Heartfelt regret is that Carolina men turned tail and scurried from the flats when pajama clad Duke men swung flailing fists. But on the other hand, here was the true conscientious objector, good men with hearts of truce.

PREVIEWS

GOOD NEIGHBORS

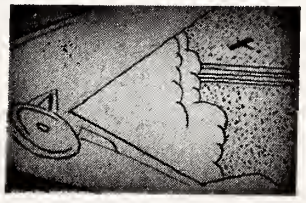
Our Latin-American brothers will return again this year in the second "Summer School" program. Judging by last spring's performance, a tremendous job of organization is in the offing. Student opinion is varied on the ultimate success of these ventures but it would seem the majority do not care to be so long placed on their p's and q's. Ultra-politeness is such a strain.

MORALE

Propaganda and defense units for Chittlinswitch will dominate winter quarter activities, it is a safe bet. With growth of civilian morale publicity, the spread of interlocking organizational units, we will be brinking the business in our morning coffee. Each person will have a job to do. Perhaps to prove to the boys in the khaki that the homefolks are doing their bit, perhaps to wake the nation to the realization that something dangerous is impending, all this morale hollering will add to America's near Chauvinism. No fiasco, this business will surge up to the biggest deal to hit the campus in a month of Leap Year Tuesdays and South Building will see that it works regardless of what student opinion may reflect—just as cut rules, phys ed regulations, etc. ad nauseam.

COURTS

Staggering from the loss of eagle-eyed George Glamack, swift Jimmy Howard, and Paul Severin, Coach Bill Lange nevertheless may look toward a successful basketball season with a team of consistent topnotch hangovers, sophomores coming up, and similar graduation wounds to other conference teams.



ELEANOR

Mrs. FDR will journey to the campus late in January as feature attraction in a gigantic southern conference which is supposed to solve the problems of a post-war world. Expect the 100 odd students from surrounding states to bull over military strategy in the Pacific conflict. Busy Lou Harris, student director of the civilian morale drive, assisted by socially-conscious and equally busy Lucy Darvin, do the dirty work for the conference jointly sponsored by CPU and International Student Service.

TOLD BY AN IDIOT

"Bagdad Daddy" will stalk from the Near East behind Harry Held's sets onto a Sound and Fury stage to dish out to the campus another hilarious student-produced show. Latshaw has written a script top-heavy with laughs, songs are in the tinkling one-finger stage. It will be a good show—even after faculty scholarship standards, coed hour rules, and morality regulations are enforced.

RATIO

What with recruiting agencies working overtime, especially over Christmas holidays, laying plots to snare unsuspecting students, registration should do something drastic, just what we're not brave enough to predict. Anyway we may confidently expect the 6-1 ratio to drop and coeds smack up against a shortage of men, probably less than four to a customer.

To Damn and to Build

". . . I disagree with what you say but will defend to the death your right to say it . . ."

By Morton Cantor '44

WHO wants to hear him? He's just a fascist!" "Why do they let men like that speak on the campus?" Violent objections to the CPU and IRC speakers focus our attention once more on the most essential quality of a democracy.

Ask anyone for a definition of "democracy," and no matter how concise or broadly verbose he is, you are sure to hear the phrase "freedom of speech." Everybody knows what that means. It's calling your President names, telling your senator that he's doing the wrong thing. It's telling your bull-session friends that state politics are dirty, that the industrialists are too powerful. It's telling your class that America has made many mistakes and is continuing to make them. It's being able to say that you don't have enough direct power in the running of your school, that even in the small community or college, political aid has much reward.

Freedom of speech is not merely the right to get up and say things that most people believed in before you started talking; it's being able to go *against* the grain.

If the amount of democracy, the "liberalism" at American universities could be put on a grade scale, you could undoubtedly find the University of North Carolina among those on top, as opposed to those on the bottom like Talmadge's University of Georgia. The credit for this goes to outstanding men like President Graham and Dean Bradshaw and to a student body that has, in the past, shown itself to be comparatively alert in keeping its precious powers and rights. Dean Bradshaw writes, "The spirit and practice of student government at the University of North Carolina has been developing gradually during more than a hundred years. Every advance has not come through a grant of legal 'power' from above, but as a result of moral power effectively expressed by the students themselves . . ."

President Graham offers a free and open platform to anyone desiring to present his opinions at Chapel Hill. And so we have heard men like Phillip LaFollette and Senator Nye as well as President Roosevelt and Senator Pepper; Earl Browder and Norman Thomas as well as Henri-Haye; pacifist Reverend Muste and interventionist Herbert Agar.

In the past years, organizations like the American Student Union (ASU) flourished on the campus with the same rights and privileges as the Young Democrats Club. This organization, whose branches had been banned from outstanding colleges because of their radical, "subverting" ideas, found a place at Chapel Hill they could call their office, and a room in Graham Memorial where they could hold weekly meetings without any sort of control or censorship. They could circulate mimeographed information and could get petitions signed in the University Dining Hall. The *permitted status* of the ASU was always one of the surest proofs that the University of North Carolina was actively showing its students (instead of hypocritical preaching to them), that there was in America something worth fighting for. We disagreed with them and yet saw how democratically necessary it was for them to express an unpopular viewpoint.

But now as the angry waters of European chaos are seeping into America, we find that there are many who are willing to sacrifice our right "only temporarily." Here at the University we are beginning to feel ourselves slipping. We find that pacifist Muste and non-interventionalist Nye were refused radio time. We saw that faculty members sought to prevent Henri-Haye and Nye from speaking here. We saw that the representative of Petain's France was presented to the campus innocently as a "spokesman of France," not as the man whose duty it is to keep America from breaking all relations with the France of Hitler's "New Order" or as one who spoke for those betraying free France.

However, the struggle that is going on to prevent this change is very gratifying. When a faculty member proposed that Nye should not be allowed to speak here, the student members of the Carolina Political Union voted unanimously against it.

Last spring the American Peace Mobilization (APM), a Communist-front organization, called a joint meeting of Negroes and white people in the small dining room of the University Dining Hall. The Board of Trustees passed a decree saying that no Negroes could eat on University property. President Graham, although his ideas were directly opposed to those of the peace group, fought the Trustees on the issue of the right of any minority to hold free public discussion.

The American Civil Liberties Union has sent a questionnaire to 111 American colleges and universities in an attempt to determine the degree of freedom that American students have. The Union considers that colleges in which students have the most freedom:

They may speak off the campus and campaign for a political candidate;

They may organize a student club for partisan political purposes;

They may sponsor a protest demonstration on college property;

They may engage without restraint in picketing either in trade union disputes or in college controversies;

And . . . .

Organized student groups require no faculty advisers;

These groups are not subject to the veto of any other body and their officers may not be removed from office by the administration;

These groups are permitted to use college buildings for their meetings;

And that . . . .

These groups are permitted to criticize the administration and stage a peace strike if the wish is expressed;

The college press requires no faculty adviser;

The administration may not remove the editor from office.

It is with pride that we note that whenever these situations *have* come up at Chapel Hill, the solutions have proved the large degree of freedom for our students.

What will happen to the freedom of the students, of youth in general under the name of Civilian Defense? Will our rights go as American labor's are sold down the gully of reactionary pathways? Increasing is fear that as the whole country is being put on a military basis, we of the civilian army will also be put under the direct control of a few leaders, all in the name of national defense.

During the last war we found ourselves losing the freedom of speech in the name of saving the world for democracy. Racial prejudice caused a German professor in CCNY to be discharged, and when several students rallied to his defense, they were suspended by the school authorities. It is not at all improbable that things like that will re-occur during our new fight for democracy. We may, even at Carolina, find pressure being put upon the newspaper to print only favorable reports concerning draftees and army life. Organizations like the Sons of the American Revolution and the American Legion may get enough power here in Chapel Hill to prevent further appearances of men like Senator Nye and M. Henri-Hayc. Bookshops may be prevented from having in stock all books considered undesirable and subverting to American defense, and lists of these books will be enlarged to the point where we will only be able to read those books which can be included under "Americanism," whatever our leaders will have decided that to mean.

We might get only one side of the news —the "American" side. Groups of us may forget that there is another side, and in our violent chauvinism, may form mobs of vigilantes for democracy and national defense. And so this process may continue until it has reached the point where it will not be safe for us to voice our opinions in class or amongst our friends. By then we will have reached the status of the kind of government we have been fighting against.

Civilian Defense should mean more to us than defending ourselves from the military advances of Germany and Italy, more than our aid in every possible way to those fighting them. It must be closer and more vital to us than that. It is defending ourselves from the ideological advances of fascism, preventing Americanism from developing into American fascism. We, as young people, will set an example by preserving the rights of civilians, letting them read, discuss, and hear all sides of all problems, reminding them through their own status just what we are fighting for. That is the most important duty of Civilian Defense on our campus and of American students, as a potentially powerful civilian group.

Campus Quiz

The Mag's Questionnaire of the Month. How well do you know what's going on around the campus?

(For answers see page 42)

1. Why wouldn't WDNC and WPTF broadcast Senator Nye's address?

2. Why does "Gymnasium" adorn the face of Bynum Hall.

3. Can you believe what you read in the newspapers?

4. Who rings South Building's class bell?

5. Should the CPU and IRC continue to present speakers whose views contradict those of the campus and administration?

6. What is the price of a milkshake with ice cream at Harry's?

7. Can students have a free Wassermann at the Infirmary?

8. What is the hock shop nearest Chapel Hill?

9. Why does the insurance company renting Franklin Street rooms permit students to connect wires in direct violation of the company's own insurance standards?

10. Where can you buy cafe con leche or cafe au lait in town?

11. What is the name of the publication sent by UNC to prospective students?

12. On which library level can you find back issues of PM?

13. At what time does the last bus leave Greensboro for Chapel Hill Saturday night?

14. Critics complain of the great number of Communists on Carolina's faculty staff. Actually how many are there?

15. What's the most played record at Hill Hall?

16. What are the most reasonable and most expensive eating places in town?

17. What two buildings on the campus contain radio studios?

18. How many policemen comprise Chapel Hill's police department?

19. Whose initials are P. G., O. C., E. C. S., H. D.?

20. What are known as Carolina's biggest football years?

THE MAG GOES

EFFICIENCY EXPERTS ADLER '43 AND FIEL

POOR MR. LUCE (Editor extraordinaire of *Life* magazine) mus have been sadly disillusioned as he stretched back in his soft leathe chair and puzzled over the peculiar attitude of the "typical" Carolin student.

Of course, we are referring to the picture spread that Mr. Luce dedi cated to his public in representing just another of our American ways This build-up, really a let-down, painted our worthy institution as som far-off, jerk-water college, filled with rubes that are backward to the exten of running away from any beautiful woman. And that is all that wa explained about the relatively unknown tradition of "Sadie Hawkins Day." Each one of the *Life* shots was a pose directed by an exploiting photographe who was not the least bit interested in snapping any of the colorful event of the day.

There was the mud-battle, dance, etc. But the *Life* employee wh covered the story decided that it would be better selling material to com pletely abandon the idea, and in its stead, write his own story that woul portray our students and University as something almost savage—carnal— who took delight in dabbling in orgy.

Director Richard Adler and Photog-Expert Field scored a huge succes in "The-Mag-Male Animal" spread of the last issue. This time, the set out from the office last Saturday night and headed straight for McIve Dormitory. They had it i mind to peep into the lives o the first couple that came along At precisely 8:00 a very pretty young miss (Peggy Lou Fou trelle) came out from the sid

ON A DATE

44 ACCOMPANY TYPICAL CAMPUS COUPLE

entrance and greeted her date (John McCormick). You can see Johnny a bit nervous and obviously excited as he greets his evening partner in the leading picture. They exchanged a few words and then hurried out of the building. The night was crisp and to keep things in character, a three-quarter moon was lazily rising over Gimghoul way.

Without hesitation, the couple led Adler and Field down Main Street and into the Bowling Alley where Johnny, after showing Peggy Lou his own athletic prowess, took time out to help develop her game.

After having bowled a couple of strings, Peggy took Johnny on a window shopping tour. The camera shows Peggy trying to induce Johnny to buy a striped shirt, but our experts deducted McCormick's conservative taste preferred plain all-white, as is indicated by his apparent look of distaste at Peggy's choice.

Already a quarter to nine, the two decided that a chat, drink and smoke would be in order so they stepped to local Bohemian Coffee Shop, Danziger's.

Twenty minutes later found our efficiency team blindly stumbling through the aisle of the Carolina Theatre after "Date and Co." had given them the slip. Ah, there they are.

At midnight, Adler was fifty cents poorer. At this stage he and Field were betting as to where would be the next jumping spot. Naturally, Dick picked Ye Olde Arboretum, but you see he was wrong—Kenan stadium, empty, ghostly, where they were moon-gazing.

On the safe side, Johnny returned to her happy homing ground at 12:45, and that's all there is to the story.

POOR MR. LUCE.

Angels at the Bar

You don't know what they are till you've drunk a drink or two

By James Duffy '45

I THOUGHT I saw an angel once. Gee, I musta been drunk. It was all white and its wings had curly little feathers—the kind that come out of a tiny hole in your pillow. It stood there on the wall for a long time; then it kinda faded away.

God damn it, Joe, why'm I tellin' you all this? Take me home, darling. I don't wanta be no angel. I wanta be alive—alive, Joe, do you hear me? Alive and kickin'. Alive to get drunk. Alive to love and be loved. Do you hear? I want to love. Angels. Harps. White sheets hidin' your figure. Floatin' around on a cloud. That's not livin', Joe. You're not free. To Hell with Heaven. To Hell with Heaven, I say.

Joe, I think I'm drunk. Drunk, Joe, stewed, pickled, pied, soused, tight, and all points north. Are you listenin' Joe? I said all points north. It's a joke. You're supposed to laugh. Come on. There you are. All points north. That's Maine, Canada, Alaska, the North Pole. Say, maybe God lives at the North Pole. Gee, he must get cold sittin' there on an iceberg all day. Maybe he gets cold feet. A joke, Joe, come on and laugh. Hey, Joe, wake up. I said maybe God gets cold feet at the North Pole.

Today's my birthday, Joe. Maybe that's why I'm so drunk. I'm eighteen. Sweet sixteen is gone forever. I'll never be sixteen again.

Look, Joe, on the bar, an angel. Look, he's wavin' to me with his wing. Wave, Joe. Go on and wave. If you don't wave he'll go away. Don't let him go away, Joe. Look at the buttons on his shirt. Red buttons. Look, Joe, he's takin' a drink of water.

Get outa here, you Goddam angel. Fly back home. Get off this table. We paid for it and we don't want you sittin' on it. Get the Hell off. I'll pour this drink down your back. Look, Joe, I'm pourin' my drink down his back. Oh, Joe, my drink's all over the table. It's all over my dress. My nice new dress that Mr. Smith gave me. Where's the angel, Joe? He's not there. He's gone. The damn thing's gone. My nice new white angel's gone.

I don't like angels. Damned dirty Christians gone to Heaven. That's what they are, Joe, that's what they are. I don't wanta be no angel. I'm goin' to Hell. It'll be warm there and you can sit around the fire and talk to the devil. The nice red devil. Damned dirty angels.

Buy me a drink, Joe. A big drink. I'm gettin' sober and I don't wanta get sober on my birthday. If I'm sober I might do something I shouldn't. Hear that, Joe, I might do something I shouldn't. That's a laugh. Me, the chaste young maiden from Water Street. Phyliss, the charming daughter of Mrs. Peter Herby, came out last evening at The Pink Casino. Miss Herby was graduated from Kansas City High School No. 6. She is now training to be a street-walker. Funny, isn't it, Joe. Debs. God, I hate them. Do you hear. I hate them.

Look at that woman over there. She's got a bird in her hat. A big white bird. Shoot me an angel, Joe, and I'll wear it on my hat. That's funny. Imagine a big angel on your head. A big white feathered angel. I want my angel to have blue wings that spread out. Big blue wings, Joe. I want an angel for my hat.

Let's dance, Joe. I'm not drunk. Look, I can dance. Watch. Ooh, pick me up, Joe. My dress is all dirty. Look, here comes a man. He wants us to get out, Joe. Bastard. That's what he is, a bastard. Dirty drunk bastard.

Put your arms around me, Joe. Sure, I can walk but I want you to hold me. I always want you to hold me. That's all right, I can open the door. Gee, it's cold out. Look at the stars, Joe. I bet there're angels up there. I bet they're cold, too. They don't have a heater in their Ford, do they, Joe? Gee, that's funny. A heater in Heaven. They only have those in Hell.

These car seats are cold. Cold leather seats. I'll bet the horse is cold without it, too. Hear, Joe? I said I bet the horse is cold without the leather and we're cold with it. Your shoulder's hard, Joe. You shouldn't work so hard. Then you'd have softer shoulders. That's it, Joe. Gee, your arm's nice. Nice and strong. That's my man. No sissies for me.

Go faster, Joe. Step on it. That's it. We're flyin'. Just like an angel. Up above the world so high. I'll be an angel if I die. Are you listenin', Joe? I'm makin' up poetry. How I wonder what you are. Beat me, Daddy, eight to the bar. Did you see the angel on the bar, Joe? It waved its wing at me. Its great big white wing. Then it flew away. I'll never see my angel any more. That's okay with me. I don't ever want to see another angel. Not even in Heaven. I'm gonna be a devil. A red devil, with a long purple tail. No angels for me.

Let's sing, Joe. Aw, come on. Let's sing a song. Let's sing all the way home. Do you know "Marie Elena," Joe? All right, let's sing now. When I say three we'll both start singin'. Make it loud. That's it. Gee, Joe, you have a good voice. You oughta sing on the radio. I'd listen every night. Every night that you sang.

Let's sing another song. Oh, I know a good song. "And The Angels Sing." That's funny. Imagine angels singin'. We'll sing that. That's fine, Joe. "The angels sing the sweetest song I ever heard." Angels, I hate them. Come on, Joe, louder, louder, louder.

Campus Quiz

(Answers to page 39)

1. No ulterior motive; they just didn't have the non-commercial time.

2. Bynum, journalism building, was once the gym, without the present room partitions.

3. Very little of it. Advertisers and political pressure groups suppress and distort facts of labor and general opinion.

4. Quasimodo.

5. Definitely yes. Communists and Fascists, included. It is dangerous for democracy to surrender speech freedom even in the extremes.

6. Harry's is allergic to ice cream—they don't serve any.

7. Yes, sir.

8. Five corners in Durham. We thought you knew.

9. Ask Service Realty.

10. That's Viennese coffee at Danziger's.

11. "Tar Heel Topics."

12. Library and Graham Memorial subscribe to PM, yet discard copies without binding and filing. Personally we like PM.

13. 3 AM Sundays, we understand.

14. None. But part of Carolina's liberal tradition is discussion of all the "isms."

15. "Rhapsody in Blue," by Gershwin.

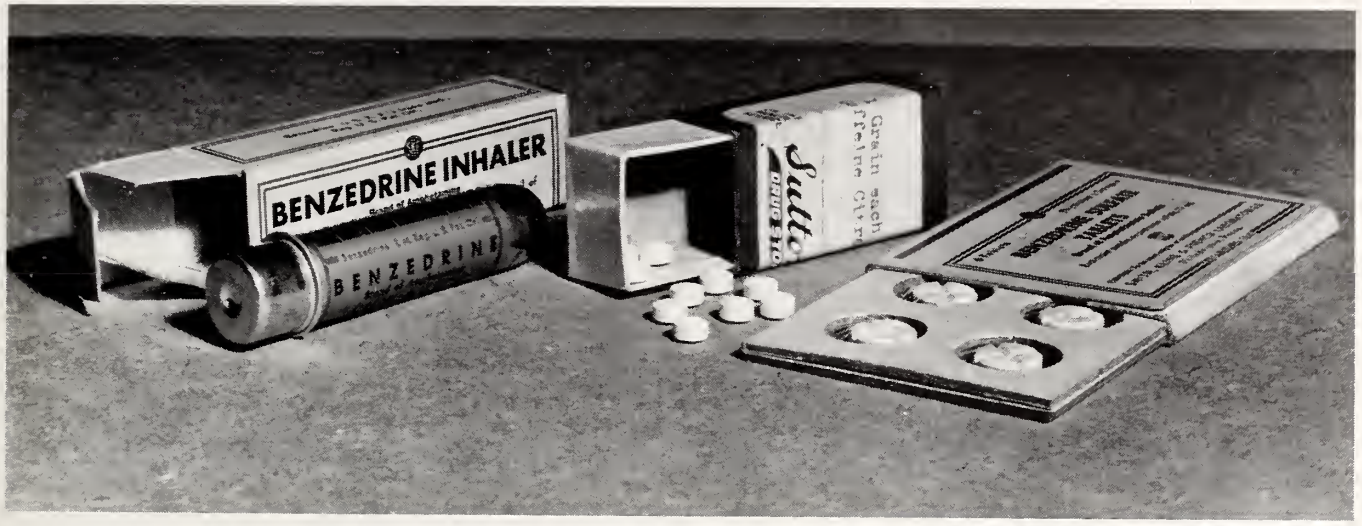
16. Gooch's-by-the-Bus-Station and, of course, Carolina Inn.

17. Caldwell. You forgot Phillips.

18. Four. (Actually three, but that chubby boy makes up for two.)

19. Paul Green, Orville Campbell, E. Carrington Smith, Harry Dunkle.

20. 1935 and 1942.



—*Hugh Morton.*

You can be a genius for a day

. . . But You May Die

By Walter Klein '45

The purpose of this article is to reveal the facts about benzedrine. It is designed to clarify, to disclose, to disclaim. You are asked to read it completely, broad-mindedly and with common sense . . . .

TODAY a Carolina student will walk into a Franklin Street drug store, buy a head cold medicine called "Benzedrine," and will walk out. Tonight he will give himself an overdose, open his books and cram straight through the night for tomorrow's exam. Tomorrow morning he will end his study stretch, go to class and take the test. He will probably receive a grade ten per cent higher than he could have reached without the aid of his "medicine."

But tomorrow, too, he may die. He may collapse in the middle of his exam and be rushed to Duke Hospital. He may faint. He may go to sleep for twenty-four hours. Or he may suffer in no way at all.

That's benzedrine. A drug with sledgehammer power that can be found in an old lady's purse.

Benzedrine is technically amphetamine. Two popular forms are manufactured. One is the chemical's sulphate salt. It is this preparation which has incited physicians universally to warn students against unprescribed use. A container of the white benzedrine sulphate tablets cost fifty cents and a doctor's prescription. Each tablet contains ten milligrams of the drug.

The other type is benzedrine with an alkaloidal base. It's the familiar Benzedrine Inhaler, advertised as an agent for relieving head colds and stuffy noses. It costs sixty cents. Each tube is packed with a cotton wad saturated with 32 milligrams of menthol, 97 milligrams of oil of lavender and 325 milligrams of benzedrine. It is potent for more than two months.

Here's the rub. The effects of both forms of benzedrine are identical, except that the inhaler brings results faster and for a shorter period. Yet you must go through hell today to buy the sulphate tablets at any drug store. At the same drug stores you may enter, put down sixty cents and leave with a drug essentially the same as the tablets. It's merely because druggists have been scared stiff by new enforcement of a state law against sale of benzedrine sulphate without medical prescription. But the pharmacists don't see any harm in selling "just another cold medicine."

What can benzedrine do? Listen . . . .

Benzedrine banishes exhaustion completely. Fatigue disappears. In thirty minutes a person can be revived from a state of jaded incapability to a very alive condition. Sleep is impossible under full effects of the drug. Temporarily.

And under benzedrine the mental reactions are remarkably quickened, sharpened. It increases noticeably the capacity for physical and mental work. Initiative is stepped up. And actual mental performance is bettered. Temporarily.

After the first reaction of mood elevation and feeling of elation, students claim they can cram many times the knowledge with benzedrine than they can under normal circumstances. They "can't help learning." They "learn" everything they read. And they know it all the next morning at the exam. Students testify they can pass an exam in this way without having studied seriously during the entire course. Doctors commonly agree that benzedrine heightens the sensibilities. Temporarily.

Temporarily.

For, after several hours, benzedrine's startling effects disappear suddenly. Some energy collapse is inevitable. To prevent such collapse, when prevention is possible, a person must either sleep it off or take more benzedrine. If more is taken, the inevitable collapse of energy will make a more severe entrance.

Varying and even contrasting after-effects of benzedrine are on record. Cases of sleeplessness, fatigue, headaches, dizziness, irritability, fainting, collapse and indirect death are discussed in medical journals.

The big fuss started in 1936 at the University of Minnesota. The psychology department was conducting experiments on the new benzedrine sulphate. Students obtained tablets, did their own experimenting, and ended up dosing themselves promiscuously before final cramming for exams.

It worked fine. The students found themselves awake, alive and alert throughout the late study sessions. But a few days later many of the students were still hospitalized from assorted attacks of fainting, collapse, and fatigue.

In 1938 a student was near dying for one week after swallowing a daily tablet for nineteen days. He recovered.

After the Minnesota cases overdosage episodes broke out in many large universities. Wisconsin, Columbia and Chicago reported most cases. At Purdue University in 1939 a student taking his exam dropped dead. The coroner said excessive use of benzedrine was an important factor in his death.

New York City hospital emergency wards now employ a special term for benzedrine cases arriving in ambulances—"benzedrine sulphate intoxication."

Sixty million benzedrine sulphate tablets have been sold since 1932, most of them to students. All benzedrine chemicals are manufactured by the reputable

(See BENZEDRINE, page 63)

The Puppets (the Board of Regents) play as the marionette-master (Talmadge, with glasses) pulls the strings and Georgia goes off the educational standard.

Freedom for Georgia Students:

Price: One snap of red suspenders

By David Malone '40 and Louis Harris '42

THE booze of South Georgia ran free one day. The Peach state had gone off the education standard, as Gene Talmadge drowned his University in the stream of hate, the current that freedom from fear fights to dam.

Talmadge's stream of hate, though, is the same as the flow of ruthless terror that runs through Europe. It's the kind that rots the forces of progress. The sort that is in its shiniest form when it is employed at the expense of the people.

Crackers like Gene Talmadge. And we men the booze-drinking, hog-eating Crackers. They like the way he snaps his fat red galluses (suspenders), the way he squints over his spectacles, the way he pitches in with all the "folks." They like Governor Talmadge because he soothes them and he calms them. And when he enfuriates them, it's sure to be a scape-goat minority he has in mind, not them.

But when Gene has his mind made up that he wants to crack down on some "furriners," then there is no stopping him. When he can pin the blame for the rottenness of drinking corn liquor and living in a lynch-complex country on somebody out-side, then it's heave-ho and another political victory.

Georgia folks are poor. They haven't much to eat, and, as another article in this issue points out, in some counties the farmers make an average of $212 a year. Like any other people who are chained to an economic stake, ground into many years of prejudice and flavored with education that only city folks and those farmers who don't need the youngsters out picking cotton, can afford, natives of the Peach state get a tough ride through life.

It's almost human nature to make a crazy, mocking laugh at the fellow with plenty when you haven't much yourself. And sometimes you'd like to tear his guts out. That's when you are crazed, like animals, who are caged and don't see a way out.

That's what red galluses do to lots of Georgia people.

But it takes a fellow who knows how to get the starving wolf behind him to do the trick. And, in order that our home-land Hitler can keep his power over the underprivileged folks, he must crack down on all the forces that will potentially upset his rule over the people.

That's why Gene Talmadge bounced Dean Walter Cocking out of the Georgia school system. That's why the Georgia demagogue threw academic freedom out the window of the Peach state and put a dread fear into the hearts of free men to speak their piece. That's why the seeds of fascism grow quickest where there is economic malcontent, where there is oppression of progressive minorities, where there is rotten meat tossed out for the ignorant farmers to feed on.

Dean Cocking might have helped Georgia. He at least would have saved its schools from going off the lists of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. He represented the challenge of a new South that would strive toward bettering the living conditions of the Crackers, that would give them a full, healthy belly and some book-learning that would let them use their native common sense.

Cocking represented the direct opposite of what Talmadge did. He represented progress. Gene is reaction, emotional hatred, and oppression.

The story of how Talmadge went witch-hunting is a sordid one.

It could well have been a page taken out of Hitler's own book.

Seeking to strengthen his own position within the state, he conducted a campaign against "furriners." He wanted to rid the state of those unpatriotic men who advocated racial equality, who read and recommended to Georgia children books that meant a better life for Negroes.

Finally, in June, 1941, he took issue with the "furriners." He requested that the 16-man (10 of whom he had appointed) Board of Regents of the University refuse to renew the appointment of Dr. Walter Cocking, Dean of the School of Education, on the grounds that Cocking had come out for Negro-white schools, that he had worked with the Julius Rosenwald Foundation, a yankee organization working to see Negroes get ahead, that he recommended such seditious literature as *We Sing America* by Marion Cuthbert, *Brown America* by Edwin R. Embree, president of the Rosenwald Foundation, and *Calling America*, edited by Raymond Gram Swing. The Governor wasn't "gonna 'low no nigger-lovers to teach the children of good Georgia folks."

But the Board of Regents set Gene back. They downed him 8 to 7. Immediately came the demand for the resignations of five. He got three. He filled the new vacancies with men of understanding and far-sightedness — to the guiles of demagoguery. With the reshuffled Board, he again tied a noose for Cocking.

The marionette-master began pulling the strings and the puppets began to dance, a weird sort of Macabre that waltzed the Iowa-born educator and freedom from fear out of the state. There was never any question of Cocking's fate.

When the "purge" had been concluded, "Chip" Robert, important holder of many billions in defense contracts and important in financing the Talmadge machine in Georgia, pulled out a typewriter resolution congratulating the Governor for his neat job.

Shortly thereafter, the freedom of other men in the educational system was lynched. These included Mississippi-born Dr. Marvin S. Pittman, President of the State Teachers College at Statesboro, and Curtis Dixon, Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Then the hot seat began for Gene. The General Education Board withdrew a $25,000 grant to the state educational system. The Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools began proceedings to drop Georgia from its ranks.

But the raid on freedom continued. In August he announced that he would request the 1942 Legislature to order the burning of library books that advocated inter-racial cooperation.

Cocking denied that he had ever taught or advocated joint-schools for Negroes and whites. The facts proving this were known in July, but a snap of the red galluses hid them quickly. What the Dean taught didn't really matter. That Gene Talmadge could make stooges of the controlling board of the University made all the difference in the world. It meant the temporary halt of freedom to think in Georgia. More than that it meant that rough riders were crushing Freedom from Fear by striking stark fear into the hearts of all other men in the academic world with the state.

As state newspapers, particularly the Atlanta Journal, led the parade of assaults against the tyranny of the Governor, the Southern Association began removing Georgia schools from its lists. The opposition was beginning to mount. The tide for freedom was making its bid.

Georgia is proud of Tech, and when the engineering school was dropped from the Association, the citizens were belligerent. They sent petitions to all of the members of the General Assembly, requesting a "special session, designed to enact legislation taking away from the Executive Department of our government the power to appoint members of the Board of Regents."

The students of the school system, led by students from the University in Athens, organized their fight. They carry the burning of Talmadge in effigy beyond just a mockery, and are reassuring in their fight to break the iron rule. But, the fight is just beginning to take shape. They seek not only to correct the wrongs committed, but are carrying it further to set up barriers to prevent a raid on freedom from occurring again.

Their whole campaign is being conducted apart from the political or racial preferences or prejudices of the people. They are fighting to free themselves, their professors and their posterity from the scourge of other little dictators.

It can happen to us in Tarheelia. Gene is the product of a Georgia people who didn't have a chance to have an education.

Frightened by the concerted opposition within his own bailiwick and by the shame of national attention and universal condemnation, Talmadge finally renegged and made this statement to his board of regents: ". . . I say to you gentlemen of the Board of Regents and without qualifications and reservations, that you as the proper guardian of higher education in this state make whatever changes to my suggestions and actions in the past six months affecting the University system of Georgia that might properly dispel for all time any idea that I . . . would have this system thrown into a purely political quagmire."

The drive of young men and women, students who were starved from freedom for a space, finally made the home-land Hitler yield ground. But he still refused to reinstate the discharged faculty members.

But, the impending investigation of the Southern Association, which would have resulted in Georgia schools being dropped from the accredited lists, the growing opposition of the newspapers, citizens, and students changed the minds of a few regents. In dramatic sequence, the Board finally authorized the President of the University to re-employ the ousted men —a resolution which the witch-hunter still opposes on legalistic grounds.

Talmadge today is giving ground and trying to save face. He's bucking students who know what it is to see books burned, to see demagogues and dictators in action, to see fear put into the minds and souls of free University people. He can't get far down the stream of hate when he's carrying an aroused people on his back.

Across the seas, where Luftwaffe nightly roar out to the eastern front, and where the arsenal for tyranny races to outstrip the arsenal of the peoples, there lives a man who once burned books. There lives a man who crushed every force that would halt his progress. He bled white the men who had fought for a better world for the majority of the people. He created a rule of fear. This was Hitler.

Not so far from North Carolina, from Chapel Hill, and from the beds in dorms and fraternities, a night-raider stands ready to strike a blow. He is raiding freedom to think; he is abolishing the right of free men to live; he is establishing a reign of terror in politics.

Gene Talmadge isn't much different from Hitler and he isn't much different from other southern politicians: your Balbos, Hefflens, Longs, and Crumps. The President has told us that men and women must live without fear of oppression before they can be free.

Cracker-Gene and his red galluses are buds of fascism rapidly ripening into full bloom as we make haste to turn into a total state to fight a total war.

The Talmadges have got to be ridden off in the style they came in. The folks of Georgia have to have their problems solved. The leadership lies boiling in a pot of potential progress called Athens. The leadership lies waiting the call on every campus in America.

With the weapon of freedom from fear held high and wielded freely among men and women who want to be free but don't know it, the way is clear for progress, the road of tyrannical hate-bearers closed in the times to come.

—Hugh Morton.

The Pulpit Aids the Pauper

. . . And Religion turns to a social program

By Frank Williams '42

THERE you were, lounging on the wall in front of Mangum, dissatisfied with life as a whole, contemptuous of man's institutions, sneering at the social system.

". . . and now they say we oughta fight for freedom of religion. That's the biggest laugh of all. Religion doesn't mean a thing to me, or to anybody with brains for that matter."

"Oh I don't know. There are . . ."

"Just look," you shoved your voice into our reply. "Religion isn't needed anymore. What few beneficial ideas the church ever put into effect, the government has taken over. And the government is doing a far more efficient job at it."

"Well then," we asked. "Would you be willing to fight for the government?"

You hesitated on this. You hated to admit that you could find something in the social system of which you approved. Finally though, you agreed,

"Sure, I'm ready to go to town for democracy. The Constitution and the Bill of Rights are something fundamental, something really worth working or fighting for."

"That's fine," we said. "But all you've done is made nationalism your god, and made democracy your religion. And although democracy comes closer to being fundamental than any other government we know of, there do exist some more all-including ideals—ideals which hold good for all men, not just Americans, or Britons, or Chinese. After all . . ."

"Sure," you bullied in again, "those universal ideals are fine. But if your organized religions are supposed to be supporting these universal truths, then they are talking too big and doing too little. Give me a good strong nation to believe in any day."

And so we asked you what the churches and religious groups would have to do to inspire your cooperation and merit your belief.

It was obvious that you had given this subject a good deal of thought for you bounded right out with these points,

"First of all," you enthused, "the church should be consistent, find out just what it stands for and then stick to it. In the last war, for instance, the preachers changed their tune overnight. One Sunday it was the Ellysium and contentment of Peace, ah wonderful; the next it was the heroic sacrifices and glories of war, ah bravery. This soured the wonderful milk of happiness that the church promised.

"Next," you continued, "the church should be doing new things always, riding forth to find the solution to new social problems."

"Remember," we offered, "that the church used to be the only group to institute social service work, care for the insane and the infirm, in fact all social improvements were once attempted by the church. Now the government has accepted these improvements as its responsibility. Even now, though, the church is laying plans . . ."

"But that's no excuse for stopping now," you interrupted again. "The church today should be taking action in new modern 'problem fields' like race troubles and capital-labor fights.

"Next," you continued, "this is the ideal time for religion to go places. Times are such that real leadership is at a premium, and the church is muffing its opportunity.

"The church in the past has always been more or less of a conscience," you went on. "It has set up high moral ideals, and reminded people that they are not doing quite all that they should to better humanity. The modern church should not lose sight of this conscience business, but should instead widen it to greater scope."

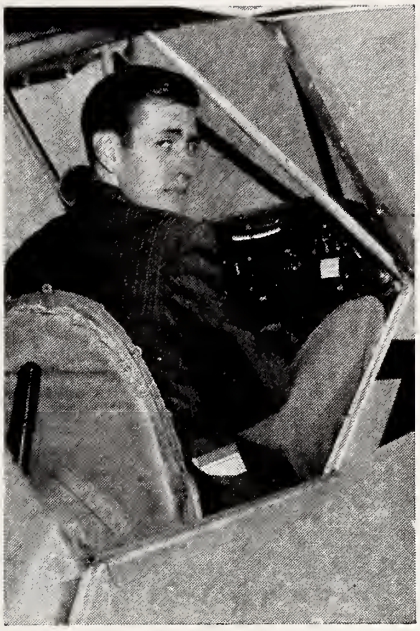
That seemed to be all that you had to say about the flaws of religion. But since you wouldn't listen to what we had to say in refutation, since you insisted on interrupting before we could cite our examples and prove our points, we're taking this opportunity to show you in many places where you're wrong, and to agree with you in many others.

We have to agree that the church is not accomplishing all that it should, but they are not totally void of accomplishments, plans, and intentions as you seem to indicate.

First of all, however, it is obvious that it is too late for the church to do much in many countries. The only large countries where the churches can work unhindered are England and America. So we'll talk about them.

About getting together on what they believe: In England, where the Church of England is practically the only denomination, and where it is pretty much in agreement within itself, there is not much of a problem of unity. And in this country there is a good trend: churches are working together in missionary work, so as not to overlap each other; almost all denominations are members of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, a long name which means that the churches work together in different educational programs, home-mission programs, etc.; there are cooperative undertakings by members of all denominations through organizations like the World Student Chris-

(See RELIGION, page 62)



Fish Worley, the squire of Chapel Hill village, is leaving for the war. Upon his departure we acknowledge his invaluable service to the Carolina Intercampus Council. Fish has given us much here in this little college town. He has taught us how to square dance and laugh. It will be hard to laugh and enjoy living in the days to come. As he wings over Japan in a bomber, we would do well to relive the days when Fish was director of Graham Memorial and Chapel Hill was a haven of light-hearted folks.

THE CAROLINA INTERCAMPUS COUNCIL

The purpose of the Carolina Intercampus Council, as it was formed last May, was to select those three students a month who had rendered unselfish service to the campus for the past month. These students have given much to the campus. They are not the students whose pictures adorn the front pages of our newspapers; they have not the glamor of a string of keys trailing after them; they have done their work quietly and carefully, without vain hope for immediate return. By recognizing their abilities and their honest efforts, the Carolina Intercampus Council seeks to encourage them to future acts as meritorious and even more worthy than those of the past. They stand as the unselfish men and women on our campus—those students who will develop into the real leaders of the future, because what they do, they do merely to see a job well done.

THE COUNCIL

Truman Hobbs	President of Student Body
Mary Caldwell	Pres. Woman's Gov. Assn.
Terry Sanford	Speaker of the Legislature
Orville Campbell	Editor Daily Tar Heel
Charles Tillett	Editor of Yackety Yack
Bill Seeman	Editor of Tar an' Feathers
Henry Moll	Chairman of Council
George Hayes	Pres. Interdormitory Council
John Thorp	Pres. Interfraternity Council
Fish Worley	Graham Memorial Director
Steve Peck	University Club President
Bobby Gersten	Monogram Club President
Louis Harris	Member at Large
Pinky Elliot	Member at Large
Mary Lib Nash	Secretary of Council
Hugh Morton	Council Photographer

. . . . SEE NEXT PAGE FOR AWARD WINNERS . . . .

CI

AWAR

JIM PACE. "Posters by Pace" and "Keeping Pace With Pace" are two phrases by which this unusual individual is known to the campus. His artistic and musical talents, combined with a droll sense of humor, make Jim one of the most entertaining students on this campus. Jim works on an average of seven hours a day, or night, turning out some 14,000 posters in little more than a year. He puts in four or five hours alone on those super three-dimensional displays advertising the Grill in the main hall of Graham Memorial. Besides his posters and required drawings for the art department, Jim turns out fine watercolor landscapes which have been enthusiastically received by critics. He also delights late workers in Graham Memorial with his interpretations of both swing and classical music on his marimba.

THE UNIVERSITY QUARTET. Singing is what these boys do, and lots of it. Members of the quartet are Bill Mehaffy, Tom Baden, Hurst Hatch, and Glenn Bogasse, and they are ready and willing to sing at any time for any occasion. Besides their appearances at campus affairs, they've sung in numerous towns throughout the state. Their selections vary from the beautiful to the ridiculous and they do both equally well. The boys don't limit their extracurricular activities to their quartet work. All of them are in the Men's Glee Club, Bill being president, Hurst, vice-president, and Glenn, publicity. Tom plays in the University Band and was a member of the University Club. Separately and collectively the quartet renders an important contribution to the campus.

CHARLES NICE. Sincerity and generosity characterize Charlie, as well as extreme modesty. As chairman of the Student Advisory Committee this year, Charlie is working along quietly but efficiently. It is too early in the year to list his achievements, but you can be sure that Charlie will find many things to improve and correct about the campus before he finishes his job. As publicity chairman for the Carolina Political Union, he is doing the best job that has ever been done. As has been evidenced by the large audiences, he has effectively seen to it that the campus was well informed about the CPU speakers. Charlie, a senior from Birmingham, Alabama, is a member of the senior class dance committee and a member of SAE fraternity.

JANE DICKINSON. Jane is personification of versatility for her activities range from Sound and Fury to the student legislature. Jane became a Sound and Fury star last winter when she sang two of the songs she herself had written. Later in the year she was elected to the student legislature as the first coed representative for the senior class, and she now serves on that most important of committees, finance. She is also a member of the executive committee of the senior class. Hailing from Washington, D. C., Jane was also active in coed government, having served on the coed reorganization committee last spring.

FRANCES BONKEMEYER. Here is an able and conscientious worker who does all the routine, but important, jobs which keeps the wheels of an organization turning. Publicity chairman for the YWCA is Frances' biggest job this year. She must supervise all the posters, notices, and all the exchange material needed by the "Y". Last year as a junior, she became interested in student government, served on the coed government reorganization committee, and is now an independent representative to the coed Senate. A senior from Chadbourn, Frances finds time to serve on the Point System committee in the Senate as well as to participate in the University Club.

HIGHT MOORE. Here is the artist. Hight was put into advanced art classes as soon as he arrived at the University from Statesville, and has since given unselfishly of his time and talents. Hight's cartoons are enjoyed by the entire campus in various publications, while he also acts as art editor for the Mag. His artistic abilities range from magazine illustrations, through portraits, landscapes, watercolors, to life drawing. Although always overworked, Hight has a tremendous capacity for creative production, as is shown by the fact that he did the mural for Danziger's in Asheville last summer. Right now, Hight is worrying about the modern architectural show coming up in February for he is in charge of all the diagrams and pictures which explain the show to the public.

Homecoming

When Eddie comes home it's just like old times

By Nancy Smith '44

'TOINE, Eddie's coming home! I got a letter from him today. Easter he said. See, it say so right here in the letter: 'Dear Mother, I am coming home . . .' Just think! Everything will be like it used to be when Eddie comes. He was so good to me.

"'Toine, 'Toine, don't interrupt me like that. It ain't nice when I'm talking. You always do that; you ain't got no manners. Now eat your tea. It's getting cold.

"Now, when Eddie comes, everything is gonna be just like it used to. I make you up a big list of things to bring home, and don't you let them mens down at the store fool you. I'll use all my dishes that your mother gave me before we left Canada. I'm gonna use all my best sheets, and 'Toine, when I finish scrubbing my floor, I don't want you walking on it. I scrub and I sweep and things don't get no cleaner 'cause you're always walking in with dirt on your feet and throwing your things around. And I'm gonna make lots of pies too. Yah, whether you like it or not. You never like nothin' except soda pop and that makes me sick. Anyhow, I'm sick and tired of cooking for you, old man, you never eat nothing. I don't know how you got strength to work in the shop with. You can have your egg and mustard sanwiches. I'm gonna make stews and boiled ham and little cakes for Eddie.

"Yah, 'Toine, remember how he use to come in the kitchen when he was little and ask me for *petits gateaux*. Gee, I was so sorry when he went to Masssachusett. Seems like jobs was just as good in Connecticut here, but I guess . . . Oh, 'Toine, I'm so lonely now Eddie's gone. You work all day and leave me all alone. This hill is so big nobody ever climbs up to visit me and I'm so fat I can't get down into town and back. Nobody ever comes by but my baker and my tea man with his old premiums. All they ever want is money. That premium guy. Gee, you pay sixty cent for a pound of coffee and you don't drink coffee anyhow, and he only gives me twenty cent credit on my premium. I still owe lots. I tell him I can't buy no more after I pay up for my pots, but he keep bringing things around. Pretty things, 'Toine.

"'Toine, don't yell at me. I can't help it. I thought it was so pretty and you never bring me nothin' nice. It makes a long time I been wanting aluminum pots like them. Me, I like pretty things. Eddie always brought me nice dress when he was home. You never even took me nowhere. Not to movie or church or nothin'. I'd go down myself, but I'm too fat. I can't climb the hill back again. God, it's awful to be fat, 'Toine. You can't go nowheres.

"*Ne mange-tu?* Don't you like your tea? Seems like you might say something about being glad 'cause Eddie's coming home.

"And, 'Toine, Eddie's married! Gee, just think how much time go by. I remember when Eddie was little like Marie was. I wished she hadn't died. Sometimes I think it would be nice to have daughter. I like to make girl's dresses. . . . Have some more bread and jelly.

"Here, 'Toine, I'll read you about Eddie's wife: 'You'll like Louise, Mother. She is small and dark-haired and very delicate like a French girl. She says she has been looking forward to seeing you.'

Oh, 'Toine, we're going to sleep upstairs while Eddie's here. I know it's cold, but that's what Eddie said. Louise can't climb

"Oh, 'Toine, we're going to sleep upstairs while Eddie's here. I know it's cold, but that's what Eddie said. Louise can't climb the ladder and she's afraid to be high up. It makes her dizzy. We'll fix up the big four-poster, the one Eddie made for me. You remember how he seasoned the wood for a whole year behind my stove. He made it after work, and I can still find the nicks where his hand slipped. I'll put my best quilts on it for them. Ooh 'Toine, I don't know how I'll get up that ladder, me so fat and all. You don't know how hard it is to get around.

"'Toine, I think I'll use my new aluminum pans when Eddie comes. We ought to have a big ham and potatoes. I don't

(See HOMECOMING, page 63)

The Herr and the Tortoise

A fable for moderns

By John Thibaut '39

THERE was once a race between the tortoise and the Herr. The Herr, who was a powerful rabbit, had won several previous races (among others, one with the pole and one with the frog). Hence, he was confident of victory. The tortoise also was strangely confident. His trainers, who were philosophers, ignored the matter of training and fell to speculating about certain mathematical problems. If the tortoise were allowed a head start of, say, a hundred feet, one of them argued, he would clearly never be caught —for reasons adduced by Zeno. This the trainers agreed was self-evident.

As it so happened, the Herr as usual jumped the gun and, as there were no referees present, he was well on his way when the tortoise began to move.

Eventually the rabbit, who was by this time in the center of a large forest, came upon a rather subversive-looking bear. The rabbit, who suffered from claustrophobia, disliked being encircled; so he charged at the bear in order, as he put it, to gain some living-space. Some of the tortoise's trainers, who professed to dislike both rabbits and bears, recommended that the tortoise take a nap or a swim while the two opponents ate one another up. Others among the trainers held that the bear (recently constipated and still recovering from the purgation) could not possibly last more than two or three weeks: even with this advantage the tortoise could not win, so why not give up and go to the seashore where it is cool? Still another trainer pointed out that the bear should not be permitted to help out unless he believed in God, with whom he obviously had nothing in common.

But the tortoise continued to move on —slowly. Suddenly a large animal named Alcoa appeared on the field and demanded the right to ride on the tortoise's back for the duration of the race. All of the tortoise's handlers who were not engaged in counting the number of protons within a certain neighboring galaxy, agreed that this was a reasonable request. The tortoise thought this rather odd, but seemed to have little to say about the matter. So he acquiesced and moved on.

Then, just as the tortoise was leaving the forest, a former eagle, who now claimed to be a tortoise, observed that the tortoise was running with all four legs. "Why do you run with all four legs," he said, "when three would be good enough? Since, in order to win, you would need eight legs, why not save your strength and run on three? Besides, one of your legs has a semitic aspect." This was verified by an elephant named Herbert and a donkey named Our Bob.

Just what the outcome of this historic race actually was, it is unfortunately impossible to say. At this point the ancient manuscripts are illegible. We cannot say whether or not the tortoise threw off either his lethargy or his philosophical advisers. If not, miracles happened then no more often than now.

Victory for Whom?

The more abundant life of sufficient food and clothing will win this war and write the peace

By Harvey Segal '44

THE term *Freedom From Want* is one which usually falls on a great number of deaf ears, here at Chapel Hill. Typical student feels hungry—down he goes to the cafeteria. Typical student feels cold — on goes that new reversible, purchased before school started.

True, there are plenty of self-help students, but do they really suffer from want? Do they lack the fundamental necessities of life? To set up a standard of comparison, the case of a well known student who was tapped by the highest campus honorary organization last year may be taken. His tenant farmer-farmer family lives on the munificent annual sum of $180. Needless to say, only in very unusual cases does a student come to the University from such a family.

Figure out how far $180 a year would go on the basis of four five dollar meal tickets a month? Answer: the student's family, which was referred to, has to live, the whole family, for a whole year on what typical student spends for food at the cafeteria in nine school months. Multiply this situation by several millions and a true picture of what lack of *Freedom From Want* means may be seen. Even a cursory examination will show that almost every human activity is in some way, directly or indirectly, linked up with the ageless struggle to achieve *Freedom From Want*.

To some, the importance of this struggle for *Freedom From Want* may seem over-stressed. Some may feel that this approach tends to be too materialistic and over simplified. Still others may believe that other freedoms, such as freedom of speech and religion are more important. Those who tend to minimize the freedom from want must face the following questions: How can the other freedoms become a reality when freedom from want has not been achieved? What does freedom of speech mean to a hungry man? Will the ill-housed and undernourished defend the right to worship when their bellies are shrunk? When *Freedom From Want* is lacking, freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and many of the other freedoms tend to become mere formalities. Those who remember the production, *One Third Of a Nation*, will recall the unemployed youth who during the course of the play remarked, "Yeah, the Constitution gives you the right to pursue happiness—but it doesn't say that you've got the right to catch it."

Although freedom of speech, movement, and religion exist to a substantial degree in America, freedom from want has not, in any sense of the term, been achieved. Statistics tend to become boring and dry to many. Nevertheless they do, when used properly, give us an accurate picture of just how far America has fallen short in the struggle for *Freedom From Want*. According to the report on consumer incomes in the United States—1935-1936 by the National Resources Committee—America's annual income is divided as follows: One third of the total number of families and single individuals had incomes of under $750, nearly one-half received less than $1,000, and more than two-thirds received less than $1,500 a year. Four-fifths received less than $2,000 annually. Breaking down the lowest level it is found that there are twelve and a half million families whose incomes are under $450 per year.

While it is alone shocking to learn that 69% of the population earns less than $1,500 a year, it is even more startling when the consequences of this low income level are learned. The Bureau of Labor Statistics of the U. S. Department of Labor has compiled a table known as the Minimum Health and Decency Budget. The Bureau has estimated that $1575 a year is the minimum budget for health and decency in 1940 for a family of five. This budget takes into consideration food, clothing, housing, and all the essential services without which a family could not very well get along. Using this official standard, which many agencies claim is far too low, it appears that over two-thirds of America's population is way below the decent standard.

To make the situation more concrete, the problem here in North Carolina is well worth looking into. 11,919 High Point Workers receive a total annual income of $9,283,966 — or approximately $770 per worker a year. Taking Textile workers' earnings as a whole, Barken, research director for the Textile Workers Union of America, estimated that the average annual wage for Textile workers in North Carolina is only $630.72.

In plain, unequivocal language this means that the Tar Heel textile worker doesn't even go half way toward securing the necessities of life. Can there be any wonder that spokesmen for the department of Agriculture say that 45 million Americans are below the safety line of nutrition?

Serious as all this may seem, it is by no means the blackest part of the picture, for all the previously quoted statistics failed to take into consideration the incomes of farmers and agricultural workers, who comprise nearly one-fourth of the population of the United States. Despite the A.A.A., outright government subsidies, and other aid, the average income of the independent farmer (one who tends a debt-free farm) was only $912 for 1940, according to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. This figure, of course, ignores the ever-increasing number of share croppers, tenants, and farm laborers. Although comprehensive figures for individual North Carolina counties are scarce, Arthur Raper in his *Preface to Peasantry* cites the following annual expenditure figures for Greene County, Georgia: Renters—$292.55; Croppers — $196.50; Wage Hands—$147.40. It is needless to go much further to agree that agricultural, especially, as well as the majority of American families are, in the richest nation in the world, still very far from the goal of *Freedom From Want*.

Does the fact that America is suffering from want mean that she is incapable of giving everyone of her 130 million citizens a decent standard of living? America's capacity to produce and further the welfare of the people has increased in the past, and it can increase now. For example, a government appointed committee for *The Survey of Potential Productive Capacity*, issued a report under the title *The Chart for Plenty* (Viking Press, 1934), in which they stated that *every family of four persons could provide itself with an income of $4,400 a year, if America's productive resources were used to capacity and their product equally divided among all families.*

From this report and similar surveys by the reliable Brookings Institute, one can readily see that the problem is not one of a dearth of economic goods, but one of a

shortage of purchasing power. Why? Perhaps turning back to the case of the High Point workers will supply the answers. Remember that 11,919 High Point workers earn annually a total wage of $9,283,966. On the other hand, Doris Duke, on whose Duke Power Company buses many High Point workers ride, has a fortune of $444,852,876, according to the latest income tax returns. This means that every High Point worker would have to save his entire annual salary for approximately 47.5 years in order to reacher the Doris Duke level. Thus, viewing the situation from another angle, Doris Duke's fortune equals the total annual wage of 566,152 American workers whose wage is $770. This situation is not limited to the Duke fortune by any means. The Ruling Families Report of the Temporary National Economic Committee (TNEC) stated in so many words that thirteen families pretty well own and control the United States. Giant corporations, which also wield tremendous political power (see Monograph 26 of the TNEC reports for an eye-opener) so completely control American industry through interlocking directorates that three companies got over 60% of the national defense orders. It is these corporations which have fought tooth and nail every attempt on the part of the people to distribute the vast wealth of America more justly. The Tennessee Valley Project court battle is a case in point.

Some may answer, "So what? So we do have corporations, but don't they pay dividends to the people?" These unsuspecting souls should read, and reread, the following: "The year of 1929 was a banner year for the distribution of stock ownership. But in that year three-tenths of one per cent of our population received 78 per cent of the dividends reported by individuals. This has roughly the same effect as if, out of every 300 persons in our population, one received 78 cents out of every dollar of corporate dividends while the other 299 persons divided the other 22 cents between them." A Communist speaking? Hardly. The quote comes from the message of President Roosevelt to the 75th Congress.

All of which means what? It means that if corporations increase their power, if personal centralized wealth continues to accumulate unrestrained, we can expect for a long time to come the condition which some economic professors politely call "the paradox of want despite plenty." It means that milk is going to be poured into the rivers again, even though there are starving babies. Cotton will continue to be plowed under while millions need clothes. It means once more that Brazilian coffee will be burned in steamship furnaces, not because no one wants coffee, but simply because not enough people have the purchasing power to buy coffee.

Finally, if this "want despite plenty paradox," the incredibly contradictory situation where there is so much and yet so little, is not superseded there will result the social disease which today threatens world democracy. That disease is fascism. Hitler & Co. can sing swan songs about their orders, but astute economists have long ago found that in back of the whole bloody business lie the tenacles of monopolies and corporations. Tools of Hitler and Goering, they are running the show for their own benefit. Through the Nazis, the Krupps, the Siemenes, and the Flicks of Germany, have smoothly put into practice what the TNEC reports show that our corporate interests would put into practice in America—if they could. A glance at Poor's Investments, the standard source for international investment returns shows that the fifteen leading corporations in Germany are making from three to five per cent higher profits than the fifteen leading American corporations. To accomplish this the Nazis have smashed unions, consumer's cooperatives, and all parties which sought to achieve *Freedom From Want*. By installing their system they have enslaved the population of Germany as well as the conquered countries. In the *New Republic*, May 27, 1940 Fritz Sternberg estimated that 21 million German workers then employed could buy no more with their total wages than twelve and a half million workers employed in 1932. Such is the handiwork of unleashed corporate power.

The picture of economic America in her struggle for *Freedom From Want* appears very black. Nevertheless it presents a challenge and a chance to win. America is at present engaged in the task of helping defeat the greatest threat to the achievement of *Freedom From Want*—fascism. In doing so the productive capacity of the nation is being, or shortly will be, utilized to the fullest extent. The problem before America is how to, after the victory over the black forces of reaction has been won, keep production at its height and to more equitably distribute its products.

The manners in which men have proposed to do this is varied; one thing, however, is certain. A great part of the struggle will be waged on the college campus, rather than before legislative bodies. From the work done in Alumni and Bingham with their counterparts on thousands of university campuses all over the country, will come new plans, new ideas, conceived and probably even executed by the college students of today and tomorrow. With the enlightenment that comes with social knowledge the young people of today will lead the way to a planned society in which *Freedom From Want* will have been achieved.

—Tom Biebigheiser.

"Freedom from want, nothing! The trouble is people are getting too soft!"

Who's Hooey

Our local big-wigs get the Hollywood treatment and emerge victims of a hoax

By Hayden Carruth '43

WHAT do you think of Mrs. Roosevelt?" . . . "Who is your favorite actor?" . . . "How soon after graduating do you expect to marry?" . . . "Have you met the ideal one yet?" . . . "How much time do you spend daily in self-improvement?" . . . Such is the information that the public wants from today's university students, or so Mr. H. Pettus Randall asserts. Nations crumble, races die, and the prospective marital relations of the "honored" few demand first hearing.

Nine years ago the University of Alabama fostered one of the most ingenious students in America and one of the most outrageous schemes in academic history. Mr. Pettus, then an undergraduate, conceived his plan for fleecing the college students, and Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges sprang into notoriety.

Briefly, his plan is this: to have chosen from any universities that will permit representation, a group of about twenty-five students who are outstanding in "leadership, character, scholarship, and potentialities." A biographical sketch and other human interest material is included in the pending edition of "Who's Who" about each of the students thus blazoned with the lustre of publication.

Accompanying the questionnaire sent to each student is a mass of literature for the unwary selectee. A key that "you'll be proud to own; proud to wear" is available for only $3.95, although, of course, only the extreme generosity and good-will of Mr. Randall can bring it down from the original price of $6.00. This bargain is un-ostentatiously attended by a condition; Who's Who must be purchased also, for the ridiculously low price of $6.00, bringing the total purchase to $9.95. The quality of these articles is not to be overlooked. "No mere illustration can do justice to the design of the key for men," boasts the catalogue; and "the 1941-42 edition will include many new features which will not only be entertaining now but will have a particular interest as the years unfold," says the brochure, hinting at mysterious auguries of the future.

Last year's edition included the biographies of 5,000 American university students, unless the publication's propagandist was swept away with these figures too. Assuming that Barnum's famous axiom is no less applicable to students than to the general public, good Mr. Randall is clearing no mere pittance at $9.95 a head.

Mr. Randall's lack of subtlety, apparent to even the most casual reader of his propaganda, provokes wonderment, in view of his otherwise ingenious organization. In a form letter sent to each of the students chosen by the committee, the following is written: "Your full record while in school and before entering college has been considered. You should be proud, and we congratulate you. Mr. _____, you were selected by an impartial committee of seven."

The recipient of this letter, feeling naturally elated in spite of his better judgment and the phony ring of the congratulations, opens the rest of the literature and is immediately blitzkrieged with a propaganda bombardment that promises everything from employment to academic success. Wonder not then, that even university men and women fall victim to this scheme.

Writing of the keys, Randall says, "These small, beautiful gold charms mark the wearer as having received honor from his or her college equivalent to the academic distinction bestowed by the faculty in the presentation of the Phi Beta Kappa key.

The wearer of this symbol denotes not only excellence in scholarship, but leadership in extracurricular activities." A libel case for the Phi Bete men?

"This key is guaranteed for life by L. G. Balfour Co. and can be ordered from their salesmen for $5.00," or so goes the literature, but, of course, a special saving is obtained especially for the buyers of Who's Who. How does Balfour make a living?

The University of North Carolina, along with most of the other reliable educational centers, has disavowed all official connection with Who's Who and Mr. Randall. "The Administration has had nothing to do with the selection of any North Carolina students who may appear in this publication. I believe that it is nothing but a racket," said Dean Thomas J. Wilson.

The secret committee of seven students appointed by Student Body president, Truman Hobbs, and chairmaned by one of the outstanding leaders in campus affairs, chose twenty University students, "worthy of the honor attending this selection," to represent Carolina in Who's Who. Three declined immediately upon receiving news of their selection; others may follow suit.

Terry Sanford, one of the original dissenting group, said: "I want nothing to do with a scheme that was invented and is perpetrated merely to profit by the gullibility of a few students. It is even more distasteful for its guise of integrity."

The twenty selected students are: Bert Bennett, Mary Caldwell, Orville Campbell, George Coxhead, Robert Gersten, Jean Hahn, George Hayes, Louis Harris, Bucky Harward, Truman Hobbs, Hortense Kelley, Elsie Lyon, Mac McLendon, Hobart McKeever, W. T. Martin, Steve Peck, Terry Sanford, Ferebee Taylor, Charles Tillett, Ridley Whitaker.

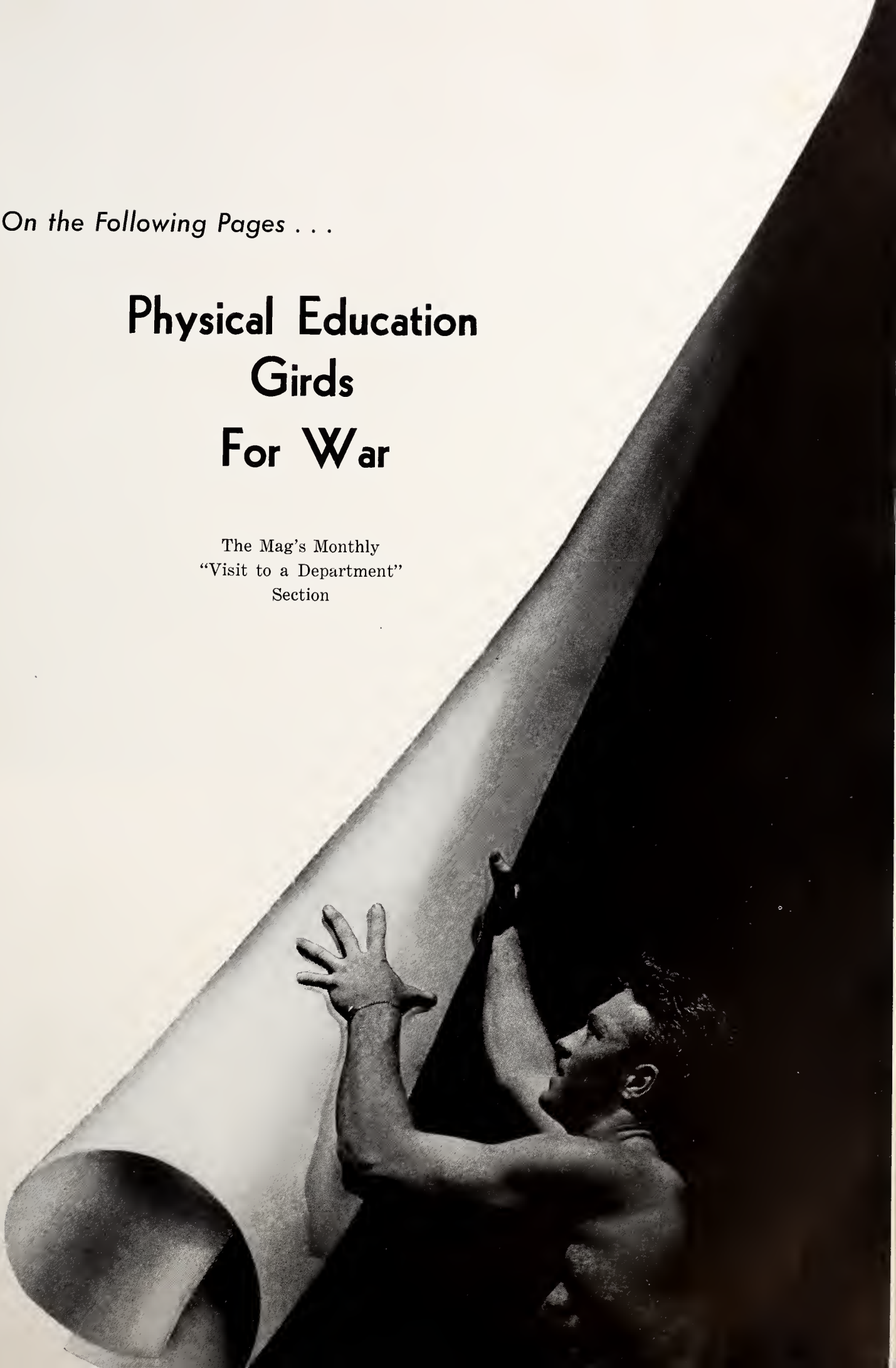
Those who have refused or have since dropped out, are: Elsie Lyon, Terry Sanford, and Louis Harris. Ferebee Taylor and Bobby Gersten smiled sagely when they heard the facts, have deemed the hoax too unimportant to even give a second thought. There may be others like them, who went picked, but not fooled.

Although the seven-man committee has placed itself on the spot by whole-heartedly endorsing such a nefarious organization, the rest of the students whose names were chosen may find it more sincere to withdraw from the group when they see its import. In keeping with the Administration's long standing policies, there will be no official attempt made to sever the connection of this University with Who's Who, and all efforts expended to erase the bad taste that such a connection produces must necessarily come from the students. Voluntary withdrawal would put a practical end to the farcical proceedings before the volume has gone to press with a minimum of trouble achieved.

On the Following Pages . . .

Physical Education Girds For War

The Mag's Monthly
"Visit to a Department"
Section



Physical Education and War

The part the Gym can play in preparedness

By Paul Komisaruk '44

WOOLLEN Gym had to prepare for the emergency. O. K. Cornwell sums the problem up. "Our programs must contribute to this democratic way of life as surely as any other aspect of the college curriculum must contribute."

A very practical problem faced the physical education heads in Woollen Gym. It isn't only for war that this nation is preparing. "Indeed, if it were," Cornwell said, "our efforts might well be directed only at the process of preparing men for military service."

American colleges were faced with this problem: They had to contribute to national preparedness, and at the same time avoid a military set-up that army officials and thousands of draft boards were caring for—more than adequately.

A military organization of physical education departments in the colleges, in Woollen Gym specifically, was dangerous, probably because it was so easy to establish, so easy to set-up, so difficult to do away with.

Following a military course would have been ridiculously simple. College programs would immediately have become clear cut, more precise in their nature. That hasn't happened. Evidence in recent months points to a "greater scope of preparedness, a broader deeper purpose," Cornwell remarked.

It is imperative now, he pointed out, that whatever impact our programs of health and physical education are making upon the development of men who cherish our freedom, this program of ours "must be intensified."

An attitude must be adopted, a decision must be made. An intensification of the program at Woollen Gym, for example could not be haphazard, hit-or-miss. It requires a complete "mobilization of our energy, our strength and wisdom to the end that each college student will reflect in his every act sound health and an appropriate physical education as important assets in the defense of this democracy, no matter what may be his part in it."

That means something today because in spite of the way that the word democracy has been tossed about, the American college and university plays an undeniably significant role in the "drama of the preservation and development of this democracy." That, in spite of NYA cuts, budget slashes, and national defense spendings.

Keyposts in government are chosen from college presidents.

Leaders in community life are chosen from college professors.

Development in science and industry finds expression through experimentation on college campuses.

Tomorrow's leaders are today's college men.

Ultimately, this is true. Then, "if this nation is faced with an emergency bordering on or involving war, it is the quality of men and their ideas which will turn the tide. It has always been so," Cornwell pointed out, "and there is no reason now to believe that free men cannot preserve their freedom by their own strength.

"Therefore," Cornwell concluded, "in physical education we are called upon to show clearly our relationship to a college education which produces an educated, informed, strong and urbane citizen of a democracy."

Today, Woollen Gym is dealing with programs of health education and physical education. It is easily seen that these two, and particularly the latter "have always been used by national movements and by governments as tools in the achievement of social or political ends." It is generally agreed, that it is fitting that they should be so used now.

"Whatever kind of a program we have in our respective institutions deserves today an examination to see whether it is good in terms of democratic purposes, whether it has outworn features of former disciplines, whether it is educational in the fullest and best sense of the word."

With this point of view, Woollen Gym has dedicated its program to national preparedness. It is not military in any sense of the word. It is dedicated simply and wholeheartedly to "contributing to this democratic way of life, as surely as any other aspect of the college curriculum must contribute."

In the summer of 1940, the University decided to require all male undergraduate students to carry Physical Education as a part of the regular schedule. Back of the decision was the pressing national emergency. Faculty opinion was sought, while the University explained that the program in physical education was a total University undertaking, and depended on the cooperation of the whole faculty for its success. North Carolina reportedly became the third University in the nation to institute such a program.

Organizing both the educational and health departments to work on the program was a monumental task. Leading aim of the newly adopted program was to familiarize each student with his exact physical status.

The Physical Education department reveals that a "staff of 20 doctors, 14 nurses, 32 medical students, 20 majors in health and physical education and 10 members of the staff in health and physical education" gave a thorough examination to 4,036 students. Of the 4,036 students examined approximately 3,000 were classified for participation in the physical education. The remainder of the 4,036 were graduate students and women students, it was explained.

The students, upon examination were placed into four general classifications. Class "A" had no activity restrictions, Class "B" was restricted in terms of strenuous activity. Class "C" was placed in Individual Physical Education or Corrective Classes. Class "D" was excused.

A jump in physical education enrollment from the usual 800-1,000 students to 3,000, necessitated eight classes a day, a full time schedule.

In addition, the University scheduled

by four University Physicians, and three 25 sections in required hygiene, supervised staff members in the Health and Physical Education Departments.

Nineteen activities were offered to the 3,000 students over the course of the year. The huge program, overburdened, at times cumbersome, started slowly but efficiently. At times, shortage of personnel threatened to seriously impair the work of the program, but these problems were gradually ironed out.

Success of the program today is partially due to the nature by which it is conducted, and the freedom that individual students are allowed when choosing courses.

The program aimed to place increasing emphasis on physical condition but at the same time was to be a student-centered tionships which exist between good physprogram built around the definite interests of undergraduate students.

In and of itself the program is not military in nature other than the "rela-

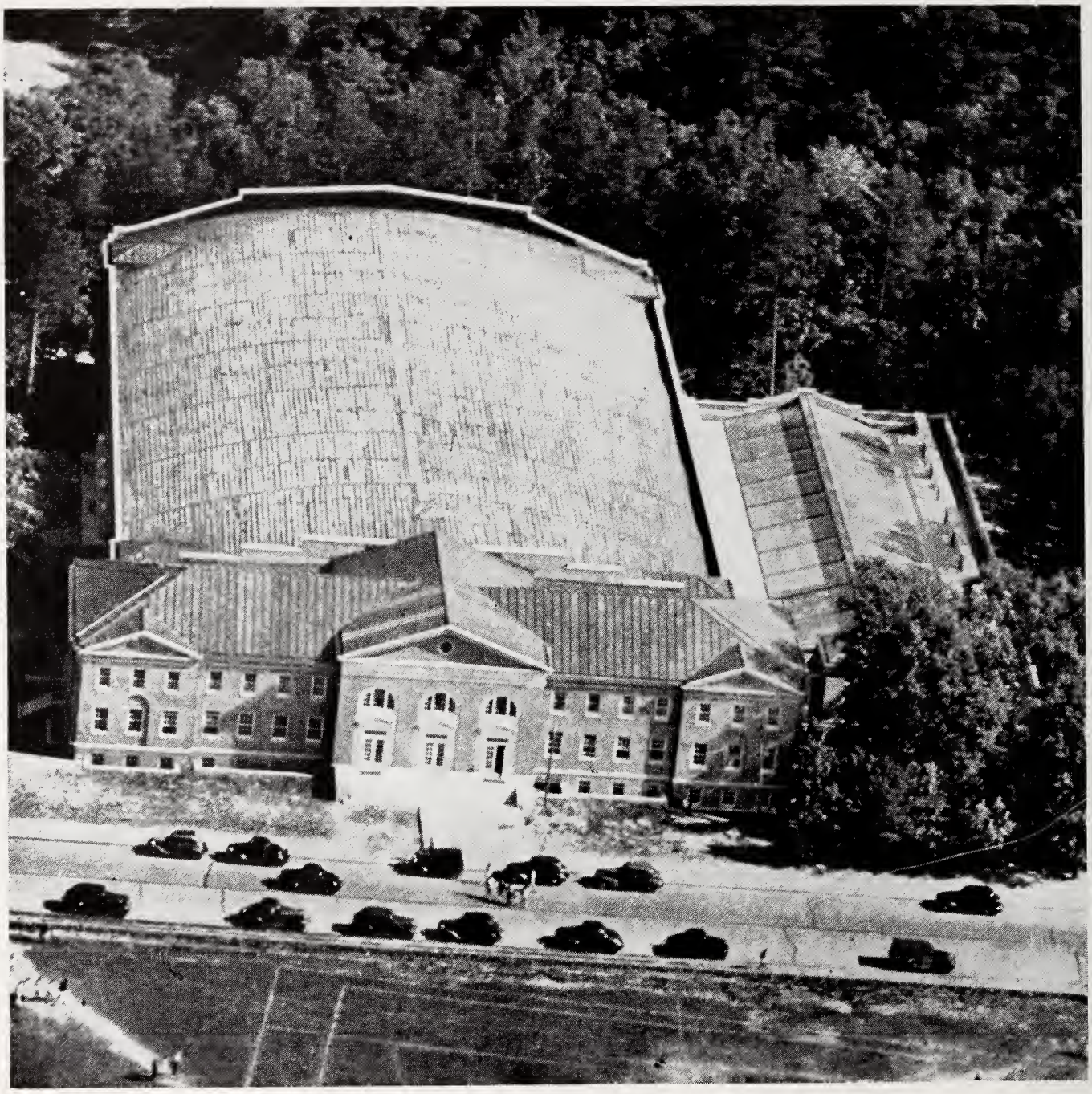
ical condition and military practices."

During physical education classes, department members state, we made some point of referring to national preparedness and the selective service act but claim they have placed no particular stress on it.

"In general, the program has worked better than we had any right to expect. This has been due mainly to the cooperation we have received from our student body," said Cornwell.

He said that to try and explain what has been accomplished actually is virtually impossible. "Frankly we don't know. We hope before long to accumulate considerable evidence. We already know a lot of things that we have done poorly, and other things that need to be done we have missed entirely. We do think we are on the right track. If we did not it would be much easier to organize and conduct the whole program on a purely regimented basis. As we see it, physical preparedness is a fine thing and absolutely necessary but we see no reason why it should not be a happy, pleasurable useful experience that will have lasting value to the individual and still give him the most in terms of physical fitness."

Today, despite the modesty of its directors, Woollen Gym has taken the lead in American universities, in providing a program essentially necessary, that has been drawn up on a "compulsory basis," and yet one that finds cooperation labeled as its moving spirit.



You pay a low $6.50 fee and then you . . .

Take It for Granted

By Bucky Harward '43

CAROLINA students have the annoying faculty of taking things for granted—the quarter system, Fish Worley's superb directorship, the cashier's leniency with overdue bills. Unanimous vote for the Most Taken for Granted department on the campus goes to the Physical Education Department.

When freshmen enter Carolina, they are just dazzled and elated by huge, spotless Woollen gym and all the available athletic equipment. Soon, though, they join upperclassmen in the semi-weekly gripe of "oh, hell, phys ed again today." They forget that less than a year before, they were having to walk blocks to the local YMCA to wait hours for a handball court, or fight with their classmates for the chance to shoot a few goals on a dinky high school basketball court. Each ensuing quarter, they pay their $6.50 physical education fee and then "take for granted" physical facilities and a program not excelled by any other university in the country.

Take Woollen gymnasium. As far back as 1922, it became apparent that all winter sports for the student body would have to be cut out unless there was adequate housing. Old Bynum gym, now remodelled into the journalism building, simply did not have the necessary equipment nor room for a growing student body. Beautiful blueprints for a new, permanent structure were drawn up; but the state legislature, pursuing a hands off policy toward any sort of athletics, flatly refused the necessary funds. Outcome was the squat, drafty Tin Can, constructed for $55,000 as a temporary solution.

The temporary solution had to last 14 years. During that time, at least two more sets of plans for a new gymnasium were drawn and then scrapped because the legislature was just about as liberal with extra

appropriations as the Book Ex is on second-hand book purchases. Finally in 1937, the administration and department secured $180,000 of Federal public works money; the legislature came through with a $200,000 self-liquidating bond issue; and alumni contributed $170,000 of which $150,000 came from the Bowman Gray family for the natatorium and swimming pool.

After over a year of work, the new gym was completed at a total cost of $550,000 and then named after the late Charles Woollen, University controller , whose hard-headed business sense and devotion to the University had been indispensable in securing funds and putting Carolina athletics on a sound financial basis over a long period of years.

Take a brief summary look at the facilities provided in Woollen, the Tin Can and surrounding territory for the general use of the campus: seven basketball courts, 42 tennis courts, seven intramural fields, six badminton and volley ball courts, five squash and four-wall handball courts, two exercise rooms—and two horseshoe pitching pits.

With its physical plant and staff, the department serves the student body in three main respects. The first, which needs little description, Dr. Cornwall formally labels "service course program." It includes the toe to scalp physical examination required now each year for every male undergraduate; physical education classes in 18 different sports; ten-hour a day open gym for these and several other activities; and a freshman hygiene course where first-year students are encouraged to read more than just the chapters on sex.

The second is a corrective program for some 100 students whose examination reveals some physical defect which is remedied by exercise under the supervision of departmental instructors specially trained in orthopedics.

Third and most popular are the intramurals of director Herman Schnell, who likes to say that the program belongs to the students but who has pushed it with a pretty forceful hand to its present campus-wide standing. Principal reason for the erection of the Tin Can back in 1924 was student body interest in intramurals. Disorganized and uncontrolled by the Dean of Students office under which it was supposed to function, the program finally began to assume definite form in 1929 under the physical education department. Since Schnell took over in 1932, the 1929 point system has been revised, intramural activity separated into dormitory and fraternity leagues, and the program enlarged until now it includes 13 sports in which participants will probably total around 6000 this year.

Most of the credit, Schnell gives to the individual intramural managers of the dorms and fraternities who have to sweat and cuss and cajole to get their teams down to the contests on time and in shape. A faculty administrative board appointed in 1939 determines all matters of policy. It was this board which two years ago substituted tag football for touch football when the casualty list of broken limbs and ribs grew unreasonably large.

The problem of referees, once the sorest spot in the whole intramural program, was cured in 1936 when there were so many demands "to kill the referee" that Schnell instigated the present plan. Officiating intramural games is open to any student on the campus. Qualified students are selected by a written exam and playing experience. When any of the players begin to beef, they are quietly told that they may apply for a referee's job if they think they can do any better. Results have been miraculous.

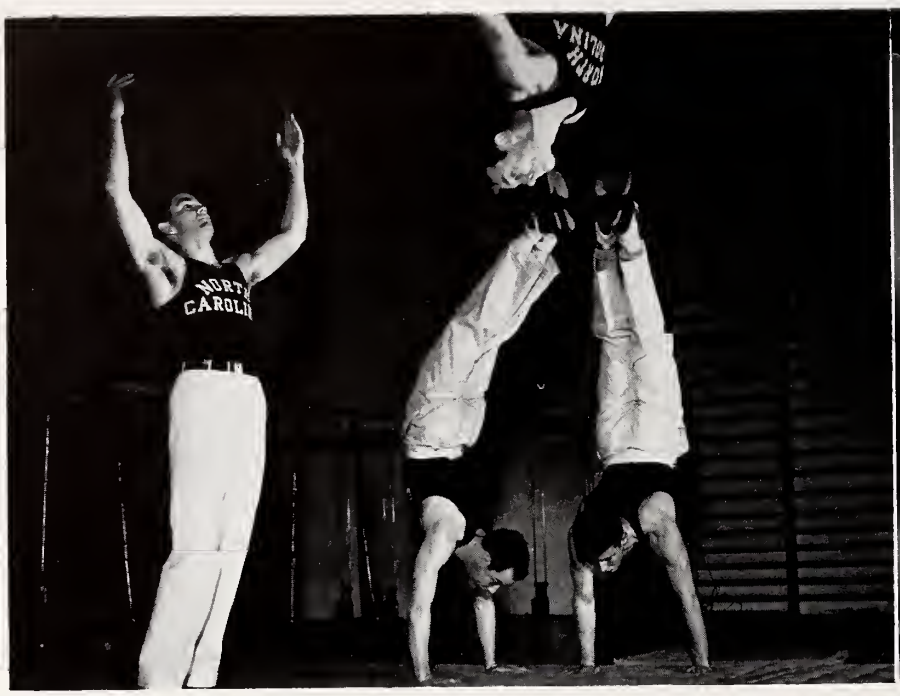
Coed physical education has developed significantly within the past year. Judging from hockey game attendance this fall—a large part of it male—it is doing well. After it was decided last summer that all women students must have had three years of physical education, enrollment jumped from 50 to 500.

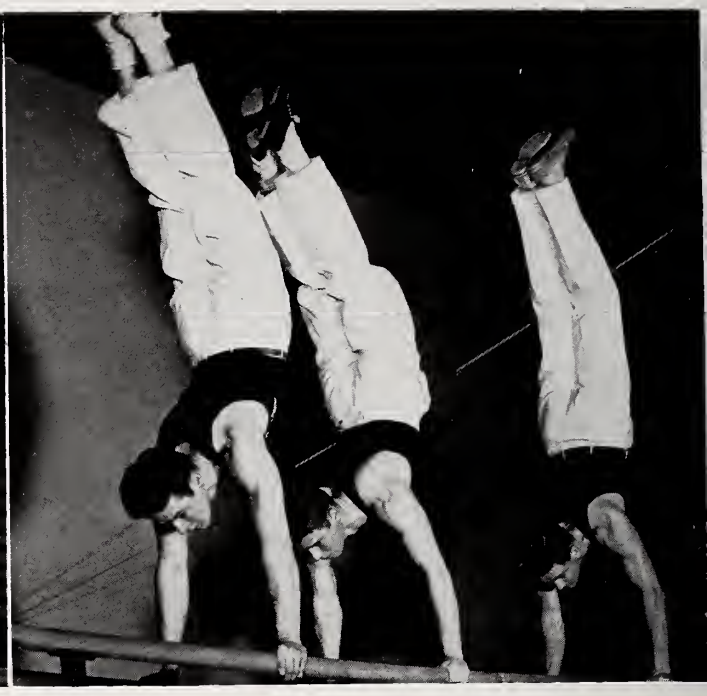
Other innovations have been the play nights held with the Monogram club to better coed-men relations and the sponsorship this spring of May Day of which the Valkyries were formerly in charge.

This article is not an unqualified plug for the Physical Education Department. The compulsory four-year program for all undergraduate men may yet prove unsatisfactory unless the department makes up its mind either to enforce or to drop entirely the weekly extra 100 minutes of voluntary recreation. Basket room charges for stolen or lost gym clothing are unreasonably high. Department officials explain that the prices were set to discourage students' adopting the equipment for everyday wear. Still, fifty cents for a pair of thin cotton socks—sometimes with holes—just doesn't make sense.

These are faults of the department, but it would be stupid not to recognize how much they are outweighed by all that the campus generally "takes for granted." It would be inexcusable to overlook in this article the men in the department who have made it what it is. Coach Bob Fetzer, director of the whole works, has been working and probably speaking ever since he came to Carolina 20 years ago on the same theme of "some sort of athletics for every student." Tall, booming O. K. Cornwell, who directs the division of physical education, can discuss current physical education theory or play handball with the best of them. And there are others—R. B. Lawson, Doc Siewert, Bo Shepard—faces and men whose service the campus has accepted in its stride.

It's not Woollen gym's 110 by 300 foot floor or the acre of lockers or the 7000 seating capacity that merits the campus' respect. Other universities in the country and the South—a year after Woollen was completed Duke was building its mammoth indoor stadium whose main floor was a little bit longer—have larger gyms and more successful varsity teams. What does deserve respect of the campus are the men who over a period of 20 years have relegated as much of the University's physical educational plant to the student body as to its intercollegiate sports. Try to find another school that does.





Food for Defense

The importance of correct nutrition in these times

By Cherry White '43

IN these critical times, the stresses of each day's living are taking their toll in the physical energy of our people. To meet tomorrow's demand for vigorous bodies and alert minds, this energy must be replaced, and in the face of scarcities and higher costs of food, the problem of providing most economically and most effectively our basic nutritional requirements has become tremendous.

Food is the most basic element in strengthening a nation's defense, whether it be defense against a foreign army or a dreaded disease. And it is the most potent force in youth's preparations for a war-torn future.

Recognizing the need for nutritional fortification of the physical resources of college youth in particular, the Physical Education department of the University is undertaking a study of the dietary habits of all freshmen men in the Hygiene classes, under the direction of Dr. Hedgpeth, University Physician. These students are keeping daily records of the amounts and kinds of food they eat, including even the illogically jumbled assortments of between-meal snacks. If these records are unblunshingly kept according to actual lunch-counter fact, they will probably reveal astounding malnutrition among our freshmen, or at least *mis*nutrition, if the word may be coined.

It is suspected that students squander astonishingly large sums of hard-earned paternal cash on those filling, fattening, and "fizzed-up" kinds of food and drink which afford little or no real food value in terms of vitamin content. Such delicacies as cokes, pastries, white roll, and soda-pop are "refined" food in the sense that in their processing they have lost most of the natural food elements required by the human body. Obviously, spending money for them and making them serve as important constituents of the daily food intake is throwing money away and also throwing out of balance the needs and functions of the physical system.

Any moderately active person uses half of all his food energy in just staying alive and maintaining normal organic functions. This minimum use of energy sustains the basal metabolism. Any physical movement whatever calls for energy above that involved in basal metabolism, so that the necessity for varied and well-balanced diets to meet the requirements of complex tissue-repair is all too apparent. If vital elements are lacking in the food we eat even if we eat it in fancy forms and large quantities, we can be malnourished and susceptible to impaired efficiency, poor growth, disease, and, in severe cases, death. Moreover, it is possible to suffer from malnutrition without showing any clear-cut symptoms of the well-known dietary diseases.

What are the food requirements of normal individuals? And what diseases develop if any of these requirements are slighted? Most authorities agree that the adult should take 60% of his calories in the form of starches and sugars, about 25 to 30% in the form of fat, and about 10 to 12% in the form of protein, in addition to a wide range of minerals and vitamins. Sugars and starches provide energy, especially for muscular work. Protein builds and repairs tissues, while fats are a reserve source of heat and energy and a protection against cold and injury. Calcium and phosphorus, among the minerals, are necessary for normal blood clotting, teeth- and bone-building, and the steady working of the heart, while iron forms hemoglobin in the blood.

A serious and prolonged lack of protein may cause edema or dropsy, a lack of calcium causes rickets among children and stunts their growth, and iron deficiency causes nutritional anemia. The vitamins required include vitamin A, found in cod liver oil and green leafy vegetables, vitamin B, found in whole grain flour, vitamin C or ascorbic acid, found in oranges, vitamin D, found in cod liver oil, and vitamin G, or riboflavin, found in yeast, milk, eggs, and leafy green vegetables. Lack of vitamin A impairs vision, teeth, and growth. Beriberi, a nervous disorder, is caused by lack of vitamin B_1. Rickets is found in children whose diets lack vitamin D. And lack of vitamin G results in cessation of growth, loss of hair, skin disorders, and pellagra. The disease so well-known in tales of the sea, called scurvy, is a direct result of lack of vitamin C.

A glance at the horrendous list of faulty-diet consequences need not terrify those whose meals are fairly well chosen. But they stand as grim reminders of how dependent we are upon certain food essentials. It is the duty of every person—a duty to himself and to his community if he would serve at peak efficiency—to see that his diet includes fresh fruits and vegetables, whole cereals, milk, meat, and eggs at all times. And we as students owe it to ourselves to develop and maintain the most health-giving food habits, in order that we may stand as a strong generation equipped for self-reliant usefulness, wherever we may be.

. . . . END OF THE «VISIT TO THE ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT»

RELIGION

(Continued from page 46)

tian Federation; and several single denominations like the Methodists have become united. All these things are steps in the right direction. But in most denominations the individual preachers can speak for or speak against just about what they will, and can be too easily influenced in their stands by any pressure group like the government, big business, labor unions, etc. Some sort of unity is badly needed here.

About work in new fields: The churches in England and America are really doing something about these things as they never have before—and of course still not doing as much as they should.

In the field of general social work, the Graduate School of Applied Religion, in Cincinnati, has been training young pastors for up-to-date "field-work" for eighteen years. The school is "inter-denominational, inter-racial, and inter-faith," gives practical case-training plus classroom training in public health, abnormal psychology, etc. Cincinnati's charitable agencies supply plenty of cases in the slum districts, where the young pastors learn everything from comforting a family whose father has just been electrocuted for murder to assisting at the birth of a baby.

About labor-capital disputes: In America almost all denominations have special labor-problems organizations. The Church League for Industrial Democracy is probably the most progressive and out-spoken. The CLID has no definite program, but rather takes a stand on issues as they come up. It has done special work on the unemployment problem; right now among other things it is backing an American movement to parallel the Malvern Movement in England, of which more will be said. The CLID always keeps a supply of speakers on tap for any particular labor problem in which it is interested. It has its own periodical, the *Witness*.

Organizations like the CLID are sometimes too radical, or might we say too progressive, in their stand for certain causes, but such organizations should receive support and encouragement from their respective denominations, rather than the disapproval which a large part of the clergy showers upon their work. It seems only too obvious that organized religion will have to change its own financial backing before it can really work vigorously for capital-labor justice. Simply because the support of too many churches comes from the very abuses against which the CLID is working. (Witness the fact that two or three churches at one time owned over half of the worst slums in New York City.) And too many churches receive most of their income from well-satisfied capitalists.

About racial troubles: In the Episcopal Church Organization, there is no discrimination between races. Negro clergymen and laymen attend church conventions together with the whites, etc. In the same denomination, the American Church Institute for Negroes supports nine Negro colleges, including St. Augustine's in Raleigh, and many hospitals and social centers, including a Negro hospital in New Bern. (The Episcopal Church supports but one college for only white people.) One of the main goals of the North Carolina Student Christian Federation is better race relationships. All of its conferences are strictly interracial.

About furnishing leadership: In England today, the Church offers real leadership in this time of crisis. Last winter, at Malvern, England, the foremost leaders of the Church met to pass the most astounding set of resolutions ever to come from any modern religious body. These progressive resolutions, passed with no dissenting votes, speak clearly for themselves:

Regarding labor: "The rights of labor must be recognized as in principle equal to those of capital in the control of industry."

Regarding the profit-motive: "To a large extent production is carried on not to supply the consumer with goods but to bring profits to the producer; and the producer is often subordinated to the purely financial ends of those who own the capital plant or supply the credit to erect or work it." ". . . The satisfaction of human needs . . . [should be] the only true end of production."

Regarding the rights of private property: "Where the rights of property conflict with the establishment of social justice or the general welfare, those rights should be over-ridden, modified, or, if need be, abolished."

And, since the Church of England is probably the largest property-owner in England, whom the above provision would affect directly: "Christians, clergy and laity alike, cannot take part in this work unless they are ready to advocate and bring about a complete change in the internal financial position of the Church of England."

Besides these broad statements, the conference made specific recommendations for their carrying-out, including special work within the Church through "cells," a restoration of agriculture, conservation of resources, taking advantage of the presence of so many foreigners on the Isles "to learn to understand the outlook of those nations," adult education, and special social-work training for pastors. This program of positive religion may very well bring on a whole new era for organized religion. As stated above, the CLID is

(See RELIGION, page 64)

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BENZEDRINE

(Continued from page 43)

Smith, Kline and French Laboratories, Philadelphia. The manufacturer doesn't advertise benzedrine's powers, but it does give away free samples.

It is more difficult to take an overdose from the inhaler than from tablets. Twenty-one inhalations from the tube are necessary to administer one milligram of benzedrine. Thus a person would be required to inhale the tube's vapors 210 times to secure the same amount of drug as found in a single sulphate tablet. Several tablets over a daily period seems to be the practice of cram students. Actual power of the drug depends upon the degree of the individual's resistability. It is possible that a student with very low resistibility will find himself in an uncomfortable position after swallowing one tablet. Usual medical dose is two and one half to ten milligrams. In test cases doctors give from ten to thirty milligrams. Overdose is required to create conditions similar to those described by students.

Benzedrine finds many invaluable clinical uses. It has "unquestionable value" in treatment of narcolepsy (falling asleep at the wheel, etc.), schizophrenia, mental sickness, self absorption, encephalitis, melancholia, drunkenness, suicidal tendencies, head colds, nervousness, chronic fatigue, migraine, continual hiccoughs, epilepsy and syncope. But it almost always is inefficient as a permanent treatment.

Carolina students in the past have taken benzedrine and some are using it today. The Infirmary reveals no records of benzedrine cases. But several students have confessed using the drug to this writer.

The American Medical Association and doctors throughout the United States periodically warn students not to use benzedrine in cramming or to wipe away fatigue and paint in inspiration. Admitting that the drug effectively eliminates fatigue and stimulates the mind temporarily, physicians point out that students can find only trouble and more trouble in benzedrine. However, it has been medically proved that benzedrine, in any form or for any period of continued use, "creates no harmful structural changes in the internal organs." Proper doses do not increase heart action and blood pressure. No proof has been offered to show that addiction or even habit formation is possible with benzedrine. Most authorities say habit and addiction are impossible. No constant or significant increase of basic metabolic rate is evident. There are usually no identical reactions to overdoses of benzedrine, and reactions vary with the means of administration—nasal, oral, or intravenous.

Many approving comments on benzedrine are found in medical journals, all of which comments popular magazine articles on so-called "Pep-Teasers," "Pick-Me-Ups" and "Pep Sniffs" have entirely avoided.

One authority states, "Findings provide evidence that benzedrine is useful to certain people who require temporary relief from anxiety, mild depression or retardation for the performance of an important task." Another says, "In some cases results are spectacular." Another: "Some of the unpleasant symptoms which frequently follow use of the drug and outweigh beneficial effects may be the result of overdose."

Sargent and Blackburn in 1936 tested sixty-seven hospital patients with benzedrine. Persons who had taken benzedrine received 8.7 percent higher grades on the tests than those who had swallowed impotent pills.

Experimenting with the inhaler, Waud in 1938 reported a patient had breathed the alkaloid benzedrine continuously four to six hours at eight weekly intervals. Result was a profound mental stimulation, followed by fatigue and definite loss of weight.

Several observers report increased mental performance by actual objective measurement. In an expansive and comparatively complete test, an average of 63.9 per cent of patients taking benzedrine benefited from it.

Benzedrine, although most notorious, is not the only drug students have employed for study sessions. Caffeine is widely used, and preparations branded "No-Doz" and "Bromo-Caffeine" find ready markets. Tests of gelatin as a pep inducer were not convincing at the Harvard and Indiana fatigue laboratories. All cola beverages contain caffeine, a drug which will do benzedrine's job of keeping students awake, but which doesn't have benzedrine's mental stimulation properties.

Those are the facts about benzedrine.

●

HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 51)

think he eats right when he's away. Probably Louise can't cook. But I got it all fixed. Eddie will have all his friends, Nicky and Tony and Kay and Evelyn. Maybe we'll have ravioli for them. They use to like that. And we'll go to Pleasure Beach like we used to. Yah, everything will be the same. 'Toine, I forgot. Louise is not like us, furrin. She's American.

"Now, 'Toine, don't argue. Louise ain't gonna be that tired. What if Eddie did say in his letter she don't want to see nobody. She'll like to see all Eddie's old friends. And 'Toine, everybody likes ravioli, except you, even Americans.

"You argue too much. Me, I'm going to bed now. I'm gonna leave a list on the table for you to bring back when you go down to work. Everything's gonna be just like it used to be when Eddie comes."

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FUN

(Continued from page 36)

system, and send you back to the books with renewed vigor.

Danziger's is still the choice of those who want European goodies and atmosphere (the best Chapel Hill can offer). We especially like their rum cakes and Viennese coffee. This place is good for heavy romance and equally weighty political discussions.

If you happen to be the boiled-egg-with-your-beer advocate then by all means visit Harry's. Also good for the just-straight-beer advocates. This is a very social place, so be prepared to meet all your friends—which might come in handy during exam season because you could exchange notes with the boy who sat three seats away in history.

So much for you poor fish—take us, we're smart. We major in journalism which is notorious for its lack of final exams, so during exam week we have time for heavy dating and dancing. We go to the Pines for passable drinking and very good eating, as well as dancing to the nickelodian. Or we do the thing up brown and take in the Crystal room of the Washington Duke in Durham. Which reminds us that this room has proved the need for such a place by the fact that they won't advertise because they already have more business than they can handle.

"Say it with ours"

Merry Xmas

CAROLINA MEN'S SHOP

RELIGION

(Continued from page 62)

actively backing a similar movement in this country, including the publication of literature on the movement and the formation of local "study-action cells."

So you see that the churches are actually doing many of the things you recommended. True, most of the church leaders themselves are willing to admit that they are only doing a small part of what they should. The main reason is that they need more help, more cooperation, more interested people, particularly more interested young people—college students—in order to accomplish greater gains.

And it's a great deal harder to work for something when all your efforts are laughed at.

In January

The Carolina Magazine will enlarge the staff to put out still better issues and make it the best student publication in the country.

Watch for

An announcement in the Tar Heel, first week we get back. We welcome writers, artists, secretaries, layout men, and any service you feel suited for.

Come Out and Join Us!

The Mag Staff

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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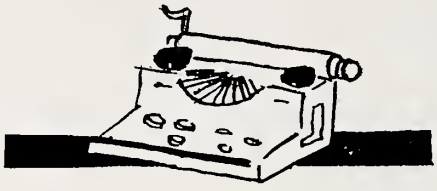

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To photographer Hugh Morton goes most of the credit for the covers on these two issues. The Office of Emergency Management furnished the double-page spreads of "The Arsenal of Democracy (2-3) and "The Four Freedoms" (34-35). The Atlanta Journal gets credit for the epic shot of Talmadge (44).

Our Thanks . . .

to the day shift of the Orange Printshop for the co-operation they have shown us in their willingness to work overtime to have these issues out before Christmas holidays.

The Mag's Art photos proved too much of a temptation for someone with sticky fingers, and consequently we lost a great deal of valuable time in getting the cuts remade.

Our thanks again to E. G. Harrington, J. N. Callahan, R. M. Pittman, Robert Bynum, Andrew McCauley, Russell Parrish, Robert Moore, Duncan St. Clair, Mrs. E. G. Harrington, Mrs. J. B. Hocutt, Mrs. Sybil Foister, Mrs. Max Weaver, and W. M. Pugh.

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CAROLINA MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1942

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA MAGAZINE OF CAMPUS LIFE

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40 Feet through the Air From an Inclined Platform Jump

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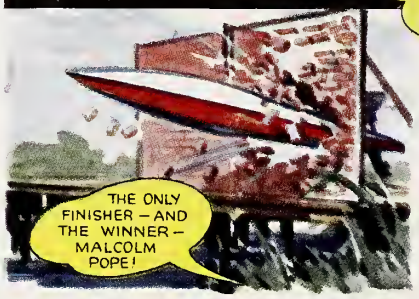

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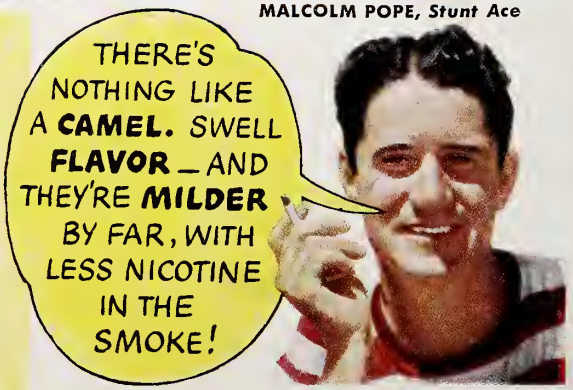

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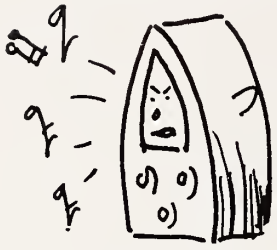
Major Campus Organizations

(WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE)

ORGANIZATION	CRITICISM—GOOD AND BAD	SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENTS
CPU	Most active organization in the presentation of guest speakers. Usually maintains a wise selection. . . . Many uninterested members. Main work done by few, while interested students who would benefit the organization wait on application lists.	Should purge disinterested element without delay. Successful program should be managed by co-operative personnel of entirely active crew—not by an overworked few who form the nucleus of a group of honored do-nothings.
IRC	Maintaining upward swing in campus influence started several years ago. Despite several unfortunate and inescapable setbacks, it is rapidly filling an important spot. . . . Fosters too many jurisdictional disputes with the CPU.	Should do something about its "one-man dictatorship." Also, the CPU and the IRC should work together on a parallel policy.
VALKYRIES	Fills coed need for Fleece counter-part. . . . Not entirely representative of coed leadership and can be too easily prejudiced because it is self-perpetuating. Has served no real purpose. Has failed to meet suggestions.	Worry less about prestige, and achieve something to merit existence and student recognition. Average student has no idea of group's activity, if any.
GRAIL	Its organization of dances stimulates UNC worthy activity. Indeed, a worthwhile charitable organization. . . . Wields extraordinary campus power over dance plans of other organizations. A self perpetuating group that may too easily exclude worthy students from membership.	Should try very strongly to pick worthy, if unknown, students. Not those primarily known for names, for activities in politics, social world.
MONOGRAM CLUB	Has good officers with fine program outlined by active executive committee. Has at least made some attempts to improve quality of membership. . . . Has too many disinterested and unqualified members. Former policy of accepting anybody and everybody produced a large, inactive membership. Also set back by unfortunate experiences (lottery case, for instance).	Extensive purge advisable immediately. Strictly enforced membership and training rules would eliminate the lethargic element. Smaller club of interested members could adopt active, aggressive program.
DEBATE SQUAD AND COUNCIL	Stimulate active interest in contemporary affairs, and sponsor intercollegiate debating trips. Best experience offered on campus for aspiring debaters. . . . Entire organization influenced too much by faculty suggestion. More debaters do not come out because they dislike lethargic attitude.	Should be recognized as a skill activity. Adopt a positive program. Needs a faculty debate coach, competitive debating.
DI AND PHI	Offer a genuine outlet for students interested in debating, and worthwhile bases for current events discussion. . . . Exists by tradition, not by merit. Both groups live in the past and on the power once held. Not aggressive enough in any constructive, systematic program.	Must either adopt modern methods or become extinct. Fast dying because of inability to keep up with the campus and hold student interest. Must be streamlined. Tradition or progress?
CAROLINA WORKSHOP	One of few campus groups to carry culture to all who show interest. Real work in art spread to students through expedient mediums. . . . Outstanding criticism—as yet ineffectual. Organization in too early a stage to justly analyze. Lacks spark, however; seems to have little genuine enthusiasm among the workers. Needs systematic program and weeding out.	Must employ utmost care to prevent insincere "aesthetic" note from creeping in. Long hairs may ruin entire set-up. Greater publicity and more action would benefit group by introducing active blood and achieving campus recognition.
SOUND AND FURY	Spontaneous student organization established to give creative outlet. Trains students in co-operative effort. . . . Plagued by adverse publicity about internal warfare. Petty politics and individual greed stifle much of the potential worth. Productions in the past unnecessarily baudy.	Should get campus status and precise financial setup. Definitely should reduce size of roster. Might also improve method for choosing talent.

Prognostication



FEBRUARY has 28 days. This appears to be an obvious fact. It is not an obvious fact. If all the people who forget that the day after the 28th of February is the 1st of March were placed end to end they would reach to the Med building.

Therefore, we find it incumbent upon ourselves at this time to serve notice, to accommodate our patrons as it were and point out that on midnight of February 28th it will be February 28th. One fraction, a blink of time, after that moment it will be March 1st.

This very weekend we are beholden unto the Dorm boys, the sophisticated, blasé, worldly-wise, wenched-out, quad men. Will Bradley plays for these gay lads with his eight-to-the-bar, solid-four, boogie beat stuff that has caused more charley-horses than the Marquis of Queensbury. He's good. Dorm dances are always one of the year's standouts.

Charles Spivak and his horn arrive the next weekend. Spivak is the daddy of wacky titles. "Sit down, Bud." "Move Over, Sister." Spivak's stuff sounds as though it were written on the spot—that spot being a marijuana counter combined with an absinthe bar on a wharf extending Beale street. Sophisticated dark music, wildly polished for the city boys, highly, oh so highly commercialized for the German boys.

Due in this midget month is the prolongation of the Mag-Tar an' Strife with the bets up that Carolina's far-infamed but unproductive humor booklet will go the way of the old Life, which was far superior, but likely played to a far less receptive house.

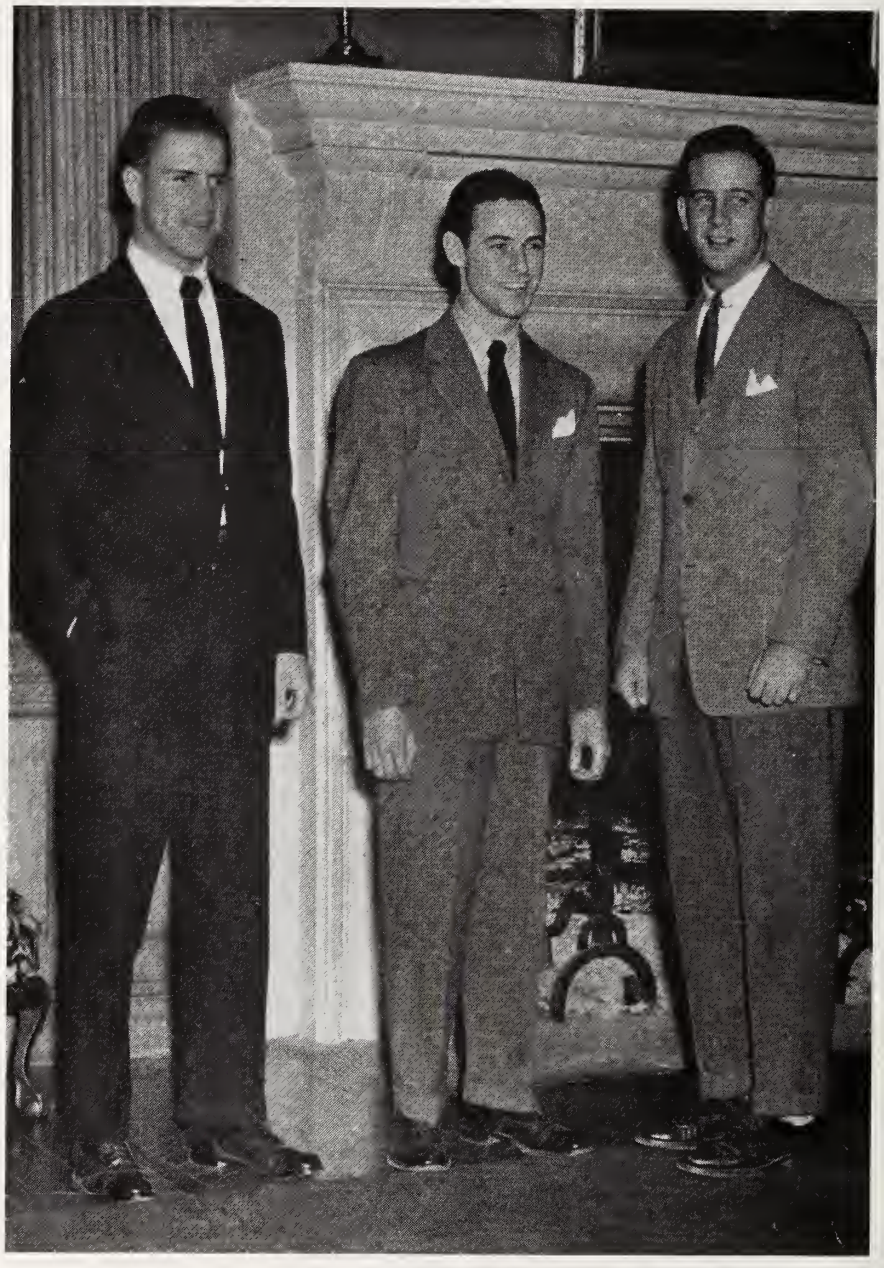
Airborne legions soon to be circling and screaming over the Hill's anachronistic serenity point out that we are at war and the rush to procrastinate the inevitable by way of the Navy's benevolent V-7 has worn out enough tires to send Henderson home, disillusioned, a broken man.

Speaking of broken men, elections are in the spring quarter. Everybody anybody can think of is going to run for something. There is third party talk in the air already.

Who can prognosticate what shall befall us in February, the short month, the clipped one-twelfth? Many things may happen. Nothing may happen at all.

—SYLVAN MEYER '42

STYLE LEADERS



For Clothes
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Comfort, Style and Distinction
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Photograph those happy moments next weekend

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The Complete Supply Store for Photographers

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The Campus Shop
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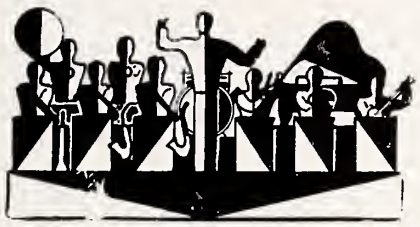
Carolina **MEN'S SHOP**

Light Brown and Blue



NEWS from the jazz sanctums of the nation's big towns dribbles through slowly these days, and the chances of picking up good, new records at the local platter counters diminish by the hour, but here's a few things you lonely lovers of the dusky note may find interesting.

Ellingtonia Renewed

A re-issue of the Duke's justly famous *Reminiscing in Tempo* is hitting the provincial stands about now. This, the greatest of Ellington's greats, should find no slackers among fans of the outstanding composer-arranger-leader. Add this to the native Chappaquan's (John Hammond) achievements since his Columbia job began.

Look Homeward, Jazzmen

Chicago, home of white jazz, can once more boast of its citizenry. Jackson T., Bud Freeman, Eddie Condon, Max Kaminsky, Floyd Bean, Tubby Hall, John Lindsay, Jimmy McPartland — all old men of the Village—are circulating in Windy City society now, with more or less permanent residence established in many cases. McPartland, by the way, who is one of the oldest and best disciples of true jazz, is hoofing the Chi sidewalks with only the meager earning of pick-up stands in his pockets. Watch for some fine pick-up jazz records from this district soon.

NBC Southland Spot

Strictly from Dixie, NBC jazz program, presents worthwhile listening for two reasons: (1) Linda Keene, sparkling vocalist, shows good voice and excellent feeling. Let's hope she doesn't go the way of Shore, who was also pretty good in her NBC days—remember? Reason (2) Henry Lavine, and most of the other Basin Street Chamber Music Society crew, are on hand with their usual excellent musicianship and really relaxed solos.

Best Solos

Get these for the solos only. Barney Brigard in Ellington's *Rocks in My Bed*; Buster Bailey in Kirby's *Night Wispers*; Buck Clayton in Basie's *King Joe* and *Tom Thumb*; Benny Carter in his own *Back Bay Boogie*; Jimmie Harrison and everybody else in the re-issue of Chocolate Dandies' *Dee Blues*.

—Hayden Carruth '43

•

Combination . . .
Merger . . .
Abolition . . . ?

•

Just a lot of terms that only serve to confuse us. To know what's really going on behind the scenes, read **"COMBINATION SALAD,"** a sizzling low-down on page 11.

•

We suggest—for the coed, girl friend or Mother—

Max Factor, Coty, Cara Nome and Adrienne Cosmetics and Sets. A registered cosmetologist to aid you.

Carolina Pharmacy

• *THE REXALL STORE* •

SPOTLIGHT

on

EVENINGS!

The Little Shop

• CHAPEL HILL •

Informality Preferred

THE best-dressed Carolina man isn't a sophisticated Beau Brummel with a bulging closet full of clothes for suiting the tastes of each of his dates. Instead, Frank Alspaugh, chosen best-dressed by the campus in the Esquire-Daily Tar Heel contest, manages to be sartorially immaculate with a wardrobe of only three suits, a sport coat, several pairs of slacks, and twelve shirts. According to Frank, it isn't the number of clothes you have but the way you wear them. He believes that a confident manner of walking and dancing makes a lot of difference in personal appearance.

Frank hails from Winston-Salem, the home of Camels, Kools, and Raleighs, but he doesn't smoke. Well-known and liked because of his winning smile and sincerity, he spends most of his spare time throwing milk shakes and cokes together with rapid agility at the Y or keeping his muscles in trim for the acrobatics he performs as a member of the gymnastic team and as a cheerleader. In addition he finds time to be an active member of the Student Government committee and to efficiently execute his duties as secretary of the sophomore class.

A firm exponent of the casual style evinced by Esquire's pipe-smoking models, Frank prefers corduroy or flannel jackets, such as the Van Stratten prize of a fingertip-length jacket, for class wear with the always proper gray flannel slacks. Dirty saddle shoes are acceptable, but dirty white suede shoes, rubber-soled, are better. For dates Frank dresses in accordance with his plans for the evening—whether bowling, movie, dance, or arboretum—but he usually wears his favorite blue, white pin-striped suit.

Frank is eccentric in his tastes for ties and wears exclusively knits and foulards, types as different as day and night. In selecting the neckwear given him by Miller-Bishop in addition to their gift of a topcoat, he searched out the most varicolored foulards whose shades were not too bright. Cashmere sweaters are his favorite because of their softness. Pritchard-Bright contributed a sweater to his wardrobe as their gift to the winner of the contest.

The runners-up in the contest, "Chuck" Beyer and Bill Loock, agree with most of Alspaugh's tailoring tips, but Chuck preaches ultra-informality for class-wear. Shirts open at the neck and slipover sweaters facilitate getting to 8:30's on time. Comfort is his theme in an effort to counteract the hardness of 19th century Carolina desks.

Lucky enough to have a mother who knits, Bill Loock wears cashmere ribbed socks which are knitted for him instead of for Britain. He complains because the laundry usually ruins them and he is forced to wear Woollen Gym's cotton monogrammed creations. Loock owns some twenty shirts, most of which are white, and is modest about his wardrobe of eight suits and twelve pairs of shoes. His eye for stylish fashion can see nothing except flannel suits, preferably dark. He has only one sport coat, but he makes wide use of his suits by wearing combinations.

—BILLY WEBB '44

Be Ready for the Dance

Your appearance from the neck up is as important as your clothing.

EXPERT BARBERS TO SERVE YOU

Graham Memorial Barber Shop

• In the Basement •

FRANK ALSPAUGH, the Fashion Champion, knows that to be well dressed, it's not the number of suits but the cut and fit that make the man. As Frank strolls down the University path he wears a well draped Varsity Town suit in pencil stripe. For perfect styling and good fitting clothes select from our Varsity Town and Hickey-Freeman attire.

Pritchard-Bright Co.

Fine Furnishings for College Men

DURHAM

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina
Magazine of Campus Life

CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS ISSUE

Due to discussion concerning possibility of only one publication next September, the staff has added the cartoons which were a regular feature of last year's Mag. However, this is not to be taken as a "combination" but merely as a streamlining step in preparation to putting out a new type of campus magazine (neither literary, humor, nor combined) for March.

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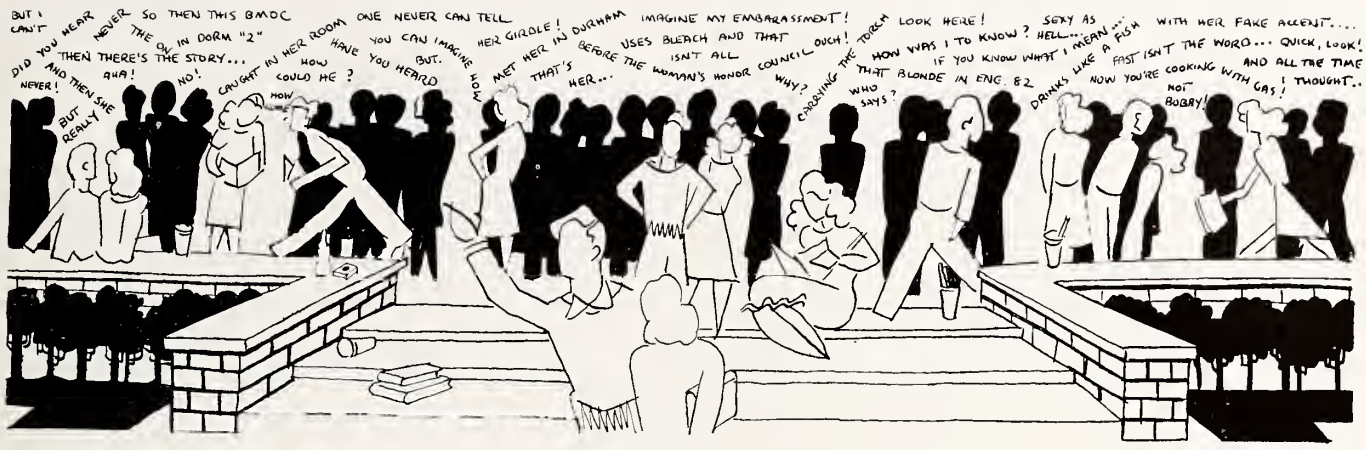
To Ardis Kipp go our thanks for her ever-ready inspiration and help around the office.

¶ *Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina.* ¶ *Material appearing in the columns of* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor.* ¶ *Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial.* ¶ *Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.* ¶ *Subscription price of $1.50 per year.* ¶ *Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

They have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind.
—Hosea, VIII, 10, The Bible

Any relation to persons living or dead is purely intentional.



JABBERWOCKY

WELL, HERE we are, a few days late again. But we've got a perfect alibi. As you will see in the following pages we have advanced our style still another step under a new regime of editors. Student Civilian Defense claiming Louis Harris, and Sound and Fury calling for the full-time leadership of Randy Mebane, editor-in-chief Henry Moll has chosen three new managing editors to take their place. They are Elsie Lyon, Harley Moore, and Morton Cantor. And with this renovation of editors and style comes news of a spacious enlarged Mag office with a desk and interviewing chairs per editor. Come in and air your suggestions in comfortable, friendly surroundings. (ADVT.)

THE AVERAGE co-ed spends 1176 hours (49 days) before a mirror during her four college years, claims the University of Virginia newspaper, *College Topics*. The editors of this section (being prejudiced ever since birth) wonder whether perhaps it is this mastery of the female species over silver-backed glass that is responsible for much of the success in woman's conquest of man. First she can, through the looking-glass, adjust her various assortments of paint, perfumes, and clothing to cover or uncover (as the case may be) those perceptual qualities which cause the male to forget other things. The mirror is more discreetly used for practicing approaches of attack, such as well-controlled smiles, withering glances, or the more violent glamour look and come-on spark. But in the spirit of national defense (and also self-defense), may we warn the co-eds that the time may come when mirrors will go the way of aluminum and other materials vital to the Allies, and the truth will eventually out.

WE WERE sprawled in our usual box in the Carolina theatre the other evening watching a little boy sitting quietly on his mother's lap while Clark Gable was melting Lana Turner in a bedroom scene. After taking the last big juicy glop on his raspberry lollypop, he amused himself for a while by jabbing the stick into a big fat neck that held up a head which kept him from seeing the defrosting of Miss Turner. It was almost as funny as the movie to watch the man scream and shoot up in the air. Every time he crashed back into his seat, he'd turn around and glare at the little fellow, but then the lad's mother would threaten to slap him if he didn't turn around and mind his own business. Tiring of this, we turned around to watch the student behind us do some wooing of his own, but he wasn't doing so well. In fact, he wasn't doing at all. Finally he gave up and started watching the picture. Then all of a sudden an idea struck him and he tore out a pencil and notebook, mumbling something about how it was done. Well, he wrote furiously until the censor cut off the rest of the scene. Then he jumped up, grabbed his co-ed, and ran out of the theatre whispering something about the Arboretum. We guess that the educational value of the movies has been over-rated, because a few hours later this same fellow staggered into Harry's; he didn't look so happy, and one of his eyes was blue.

WE CAME across the following editorial in the *Michigan State News* the other day: "Greta Garbo's latest picture has been listed by the Legion of Decency as Class C—unfit for human consumption. According to those connected with the film, the picture was made along the lines of Standard Comedy Plot 2-B. This plot was devised more than four years ago to alleviate the hurt feelings of the censors. In it, boy marries girl in the first reel and spends the rest of the picture trying to convince her. The Legion gives no reason and reviewers could find none; but practically every one will go see the picture now."

Ancient Orders . . .

FOR THOSE of us who think that curfews and other co-ed regulations may be slightly severe and perhaps even a little silly, this may show how much worse conditions could be. At Mt. Holyoke the following rule was enforced in the year 1837: "No young lady is expected to have gentleman acquaintances unless they are returned missionaries or agents of benevolent societies." . . . The only relief we can see to that situation must have been in the elasticity of the term "benevolent societies."

Mae Makeru Ka . . .

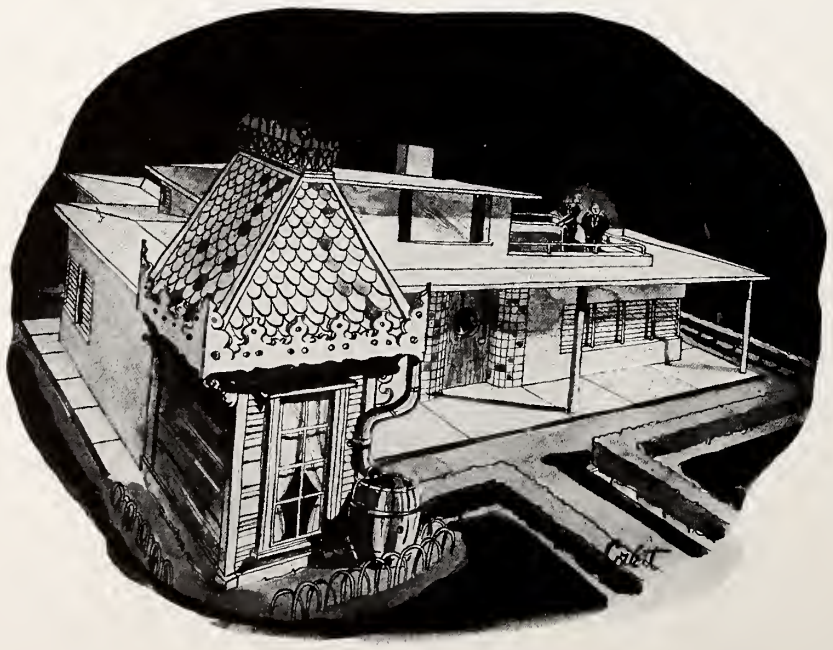
SOMETHING new has been added—something which we think you should hear about. It all began when the IRC or somebody decided that relations between the United States and Japan were a bit strained. So, in order to promote felicitations and good will between the countries, the University inaugurated a course in Japanese. The first session of the class was crowded to the rafters with students eager, in the quest for culture, to add feathers to their linguistic caps. How startling the class turned out to be, for it seems that the first sentence set before the good-neighboring students was *not*, "Most honorable friend, we so very sorry over misunderstandings, please excuse," but rather "O mae makeru ka," which when freely translated means "Surrender or die." Uh, oh, we've done it now—that makes us a military objective.

The Weaker Sex . . .

SOME MEN are beginning to see that all this training women for war may have serious consequences in the home when international peace will be declared. With all these courses in First Aid and Jiu-Jitsu, we can just see the muscular member of the "weaker sex" standing jubilantly over her prostrate and bewildered lord and master. Also we heard tell of a woman whose duty it is to search for saboteurs every Thursday from 11 o'clock until 1. Of course this may not be too effective in apprehending the spies who do not follow regular working hours, but when the war is over, woe to the husband who is sabotaging his wife's faith.

Jabber . . .

IN ANSWER to many comments on this section, the editors wish to make its function clear. We have felt that "Jabberwocky" was a summarization of the purpose of the new Carolina Magazine, as a campus magazine. In the past years Carolina Mags have had several pages of pseudo-sophisticated paragraphs written more for approval by the "literary world" than for the students they were supposed to have been representing. In "Jabberwocky" we have used the same paragraphic form, but have chosen material which we hope will interest, and perhaps even amuse the student body. And also, we wish to explain that our staff is not a closed shop and that all students, regardless of past experience, are free to submit material to us, and if it's not much worse than ours, become members of our staff.



"We built it for our alumni visitors. . . ."

Perfect Specimen . . .

BAHAMA PASSAGE," having established a high in epithetic publicity and a low in Hollywood production, can not go by without some slight discussion. Those who flocked to see "the most gorgeous humans . . . caressed by soft tropic winds—tossed by the tides of love" were disappointed in seeing nothing but a frustrating animated travelogue. And as for that "hunk of man" Stirling Hayden, we feel that as long as he heaves a technicolored chest and has no lines to say, he will remain a Hollywood hit. For a successful revival of silent films, we offer Hayden and Hedy Lamarr co-starring as leading man and lady.

Red Galluses . . .

AFTER THE valiant fight by the alert students in the Dictatorship of Georgia against Boss Talmadge, many explanations have been offered as to the reason why Georgians were hoodwinked in the first place. Someone in Mercer University suggests that "some of our Georgia farmers are so used to following the jackass in the field, that they just naturally can't help it when it comes to state politics."

Vulgar Genii . . .

TO THOSE who lament the parting from Victorian ideals, we offer some hope in this classic scene which occurred in our oasis of culture: A sweet young thing burst in upon her roommate exclaiming, "Shakespeare shouldn't be

taught in schools because he was just a horrible, vulgar man." "Well, if you think he's vulgar, you ought to take a course in Chaucer," said the roommate. The outraged belle looked puzzled, then smiled and quickly said, "But at least he's so intellectual."

Feud . . .

WE HAVE just discovered another campus feud. Only this is more serious than the feuds between Tar an' Feathers and the Mag, the Carolina Ferris Wheel and Merry-Go-Round, and *Truth* and *Expose*. At least we think so; you see, it involves us. This is the more subtle conflict between the Pee Yew Board and the Student Legislature, and since the Board has won Round One, you may recognize old Yackety-Yack cuts again and decrepit cartoons on our pages, and you'll miss our monthly photo-spread feature like last month's "Mag Goes on a Date."

It all began last October when we asked for more engraving money than the $80 allotted to us. So we were investigated and Legislature's Ferebee Taylor said that he felt the students wanted a pretty magazine like ours to get a chance to make something of itself. Result: the Legislature overruled the Board and gave us $125 engraving per issue.

But, you know, a funny thing happened this past month. It seems the extra $45 a month went the way of the Lenoir Dining Hall overcoats. Anyway, we never saw it. It was just gone—poof! Why it's almost as if the P. U. Board might be *ignoring* the word of our Legislature. (What an accusation!) This brings up another interesting problem in the way of UNC government. What body can try the responsible party? The Student Honor Council? No, if the Legislature is ignored, what would make the Honor Council be respected any more? Maybe we ought to have a Supreme Court in Chapel Hill.

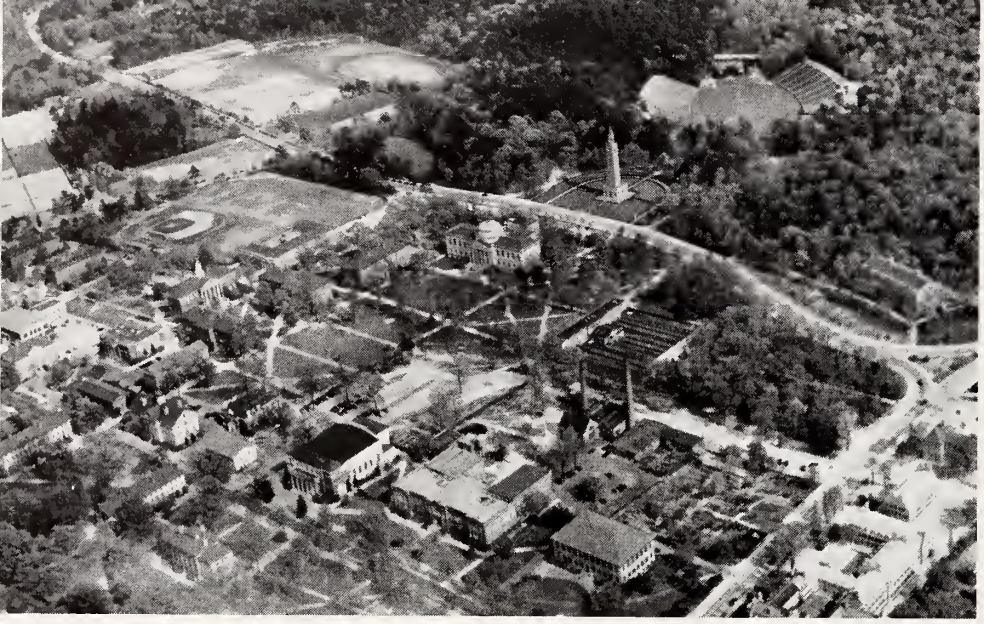
Crime . . .

SPEAKING of errant overcoats reminds us of the flood of rumors that have been overflowing the campus ever since the latest epidemic of kleptomania hit Chapel Hill. We hear that when the Honor Council met to discuss this new menace, chairman Truman Hobbs was shocked at finding his gavel gone. And in the Library, students are still trying to find the Bull's Head Bookshop. It was reported also that when people objected to hanging their coats in the Dining hall lobby, the coat-racks were stolen in desperation. Many undergraduates complain of missing grade advisors and latest reports have it that the campus dog, Dan, is gone as well as the cockroaches of the Campus Cafe. But as yet all these rumors are unfounded, so we advise all propagators to investigate the truth before spreading their subversive propaganda.

"Sorry. . . . National defense, you know."

God-papa . . .

WE WISH herein to make special note in regard to the departure of our god-father, Terry Sanford. Having been so long accustomed to his paternal care, we now feel quite bare and exposed to our vicious opponents on field of battle for a campus magazine. It was Terry who fought with us through the balance sheets of the P. U. Board and the popular iniquity of Tar an' Feathers, for the democratic ideal of having a publication on the campus that everyone, low and high, would find interesting.



—Hugh Morton.

Tar Heel Target

Civilian Defense Speeds Up in Chapel Hill

By Louis Harris '42

WE WANT YOU. That big finger really pointed straight at lots of upperclassmen who went up the four flights to the Raleigh enlistment offices the first part of the quarter, as the call went out for officers in V-7, V-5, and the marines and all the other branches of the service that gave college men an added opportunity to finish school before being yanked up in the draft.

Once the boys got upstairs in Raleigh, they didn't have much chance of getting out without signing up.

And so it was, in the second week of January, when colorful co-eds took posts behind tables and desks in the Book Exchange, the Dining Hall, the Library, and Graham Memorial, and sniped at fellows and girls alike as they passed by to sign up for the Civilian Defense program.

That's one way that the campus knew it was here.

For those students who went down to the Library to get off to a flying start this quarter, there was another surprise. Over the holidays, the Civilian Defense Offices under the morale service, under the able guidance of information director Charles Rush set up a real, live information center with all the facts, figures, and reasons why we are in this war, what we are doing now that we are in, and what we can expect after it is over.

Behind the maze of "Keep 'em Flying" and "Keep 'em Rollin' America" signs, there is plenty of good solid information for those who want to know what is the story behind the five minute news broadcasts.

Soon, in the next couple of weeks or so, there will be a blackout in Chapel Hill. The whole eastern coastal plains of North Carolina will be so black that enemy bombers won't be able to tell the difference between the rich farm-lands of Scotland county and the mire-ridden swamps of South Carolina. Students will scurry to put up curtains that will shroud light so that they will be able to study while enemy planes roar overhead.

And that's the way America will have to fight this war: not to be caught with its collective pants down like it was at Pearl Harbor, not to be off on a gay week-end like it was at Pearl Harbor, not to be outmanouevered and out-strategied like it was at Pearl Harbor, but alert and ready for any and every eventuality that might occur in any part of the country. If you want to use the slogan "Remember Pearl Harbor," remember it in this sense.

All the stories that the Carolina Merry-go-round, the Carrboro Ferris-wheel, the Grapevine Sender and other columns in the Tar Heel have been saying about the inefficiencies in the civilian defense set-up within the state, the South, and in the nation, probably are true. Criticism is good for any program.

But, behind all this business of air-raid wardens, forums in your dormitory rooms or social rooms, information center in the library, there is reason and purpose. And it will go as far towards winning this war and preventing another from occurring as any other part of our total effort for victory.

This war is one that takes the manpower of every man, woman, and child to win. It's not a war of professional armies that can fight on an isolated battlefront or a "no-man's" land somewhere between France and Germany, or somewhere out in the Pacific. It's one where bombers make nightly raids over thickly-populated sectors, where raids are aimed at destroying air-fields and bases and army camps, and even universities in their vicinity. To meet the threat to our civilian fighting lines, to our factories, to the towns that serve the armed forces in training, and to quell the constant fear of attack that slowly undermines our public morale to keep up the struggle in the face of adversities, the whole nation has to mobilize itself.

The people back home, the brothers and sisters, sweethearts and wives, mothers and fathers of the fighting men in Singapore, the Dutch East Indies, Lybia, Russia, and on all the fighting fronts, are the ones who will not only turn out the war tools necessary to do the fighting with, but are also the ones who will protect and build the nation and the world to which the soldiers will return when the fighting is over.

All I am saying here is that there is a direct relation between whether General MacArthur had to lose the Philippines because he didn't have superiority in the air and the fact that the American people didn't feel that we had to cut out automobiles sooner to turn out tanks and planes.

In every case, we will suffer on the military front unless we are willing on the home front to fight just as hard.

And the two have to go hand in hand.

Before the war broke out, it was said that the morale of fighting forces is never better than the morale of the folks back home. This is further indication of the importance of the people in the towns and cities and villages throughout the country on the actual military outcome of this war.

Yet, it all goes deeper than just the fighting front at home and abroad.

We are in this war for more than the simple reason that we were attacked or "stabbed in the back" by Japan.

We are fighting this war for more than a military conquest.

This war is one in which all the people have to sacrifice a lot of their blood and time and shed a lot of sweat and sorrows. The civilians of London lost more homes and more lives than the Tommies who were running the Italians out of Bengasi back in September of 1940.

If the only way that this war can be won is through the efforts of all the people, it stands to reason that all the peopl should derive some benefits from it.

And when "all the people" are mentioned, we mean ALL THE PEOPLE.

We mean the farmers who raise cotton down in Billy Britt's home county, we mean the workers in Durham, in Winston-Salem, the workers in all the cities and towns in the country. We mean the corner shop-keeper who sells groceries, and the professor who deals out the academic gems in the college.

We mean all the "little" people in

(See DEFENSE, page 28)

Combination Salad

An impartial but blasting criticism of both mag editors. Not combination, but a new magazine asks

Harry Symmes '42

A LOT has been said this past month concerning the two Carolina monthly publications and the campus was deluged a few weeks ago with arguments on "combination," "merger," and "abolition," followed by editorials and stories pro and con on the matter. In all this welter of discussion it seems that Henry Moll (Mag Editor), Hunt Hobbs (humor editor) and the PU Board have yet to make some concrete proposal or solution to the problem. Moll can be criticized for attempting a hasty solution, Hobbs for not facing the problem at all, and the PU Board for lack of foresight and delayed action.

To a surprised student body who suddenly learned that there was a question of merging the two magazines, the fact might be brought home that if they so desire, this may not be a "question" at all. Next year, if they want them, there can still be two magazines: the Mag and the humor publication. Supporting this are the students who state that "the contents cannot be successfully mixed", those who say that "they are each successful in their field."

It must be recognized, however, that these two magazines will not look anything like the two publications of this year. Because of the war, rising labor costs, probable shortage of paper, and the priority of the metal zinc that photographs (in Mag) and cartoons (in Tar an' Feathers) require in cuts for reproduction, there is a strong chance that these features will be curtailed and that the number of pages will approximate anywhere from 16 to 24 pages on, perhaps, rough and uncoated paper. Next year, students may find one healthy magazine more desirable than these two undernourished publications.

It was with foresight of this that Moll first brought up the idea of a "trial-combination issue." It is interesting to note the reactions on the humor staff to Moll's action and their inadvertently humorous summation of what they call "the Mag's new imperialist policy," and Moll's opportunism in seizing on a minor crisis in their publication lives—said crisis being the January resignation of former editor Seeman. On the other hand, and on his own "side," sincere people interested in the welfare of the former literary magazine also arch their eyebrows over Moll's action and are dubious about the fate of creative writing if the two publications are merged. Between these two fires, Moll stands at the head of a group that was responsible for popularizing the Mag this year. This group overthrew the "completely-literary" Mag of past years and have since their inauguration tried to put out a magazine that has achieved full support of the students.

Their philosophy is one of a "living literature", of mixing reader interest and campus topics in order to best serve art and "get it read," a realistic, if radical, policy. It is noteworthy that more creative work has been read by the average student this year (with one-third "quality content" in the Mag) than when the Magazine was completely devoted to literary endeavor. Up to now, these "aids to literature" have been light campus articles and photographs; but in this issue Moll (in trying to prove that the contents of both magazines *are* compatible) has added again the cartoons that were a feature of last year's Mag.

Moll can be praised for facing a problem squarely and attempting a solution. He can also be blamed for petitioning the PU Board for payment of a "trial combination issue" in times when the surplus might prove needed in the future. Not that his proposal was illegitimate—in a time of peace his proposal would have been the best: to offer the student body a trial issue so that they could judge for themselves. In defense it might be added that Moll's plan was caused by inaction of the Board.

Over-caution at this time proved a mistake on the Board's part. On the argument of "advertising commitments," they failed to give consideration to abolishing the *Tar Baby*, *Buccaneer*, *Tar an' Feathers* (call it what we will). We doubt if the loss of these ads is comparable to the cost of burning an entire issue a short year ago, to the cost of totalled complaints in the state, to the "bad name" (reliable observers tell us) the "humor" publication has given to the University in the past. In the face of these facts, we don't think that the advertisements lost would have been so regrettable if the loss had meant presenting the students (and possibly obtaining an affirmative vote) with the idea of abolition. The question would have been revealed, at any rate, whether they were in favor or not. Chief argument against abolition in the past has been the moral obligation to unseat an editor who had been elected to a campus office. For the first time in a turbulent history, a solution was made possible without either offending the students or an editor. And the board failed in its lack of foresight and action. The opportunity went past.

Let us approach the problem realistically. Hunt Hobbs is now editor of the humor mag and we would be the first to object

(See NEW MAGAZINE, page 32)

"Well, if you ask me. . . . he's a literary prostitute."

SHINING PENNIES

YAH, yah, Ruthie. Ain't gonna have no Christmas." The little girls circled past Ruthie chanting monotonously, triumphantly, "Ain't gonna have no Christmas, 'cause Ruthie's folks ain't got no money."

Ruthie huddled on the steps that led to the girl's entrance and tried to keep back tears. The sixth grade girls of P. S. 67, called by its romantic founders the Washington Ives Public School, passed and repassed Ruthie chanting, trying to wring some sign of emotion from her. It wasn't because their families had more money than hers—many of the girls wore madeover dingy coats—that the girls disliked Ruthie. It wasn't the fact that Ruthie's father drank—Mamie's gambled. It wasn't because Ruthie had holes in her stocking—Betty had bigger ones and holes in her shoes besides. It wasn't because Ruthie was the smartest in the class—someone had to be. It was Ruthie's fault that she was not liked. The kids would gather in little groups and talk about her.

"Ruthie got the highest grade again."

"If only she wouldn't act so high and mighty about it."

"She always buts in where she isn't wanted."

Ruthie knew they were talking about her by the darting significant glances sent in her direction when there was a pause in the whispering. Oh she hated them all with their wicked gossip. They were no better than she.

She was glad when the bell rang to announce the end of recess so that she could retreat to the peace of the classroom and sit in the first row seat where the smartest kid always sat. She'd show them all. She knew the answers to all the questions. She was teacher's pet. You bet she'd show them. When she got them where she wanted them, she would have no more pity than they had.

That afternoon at school they had a Christmas party to celebrate the beginning of the vacation. Ruthie liked the Christmas parties. They played Dodge Ball, Hide the Paper and Post Office. There was a grab bag with all sorts of wonderful odd-shaped packages lying within for the choosing. There was candy and ice cream and afterwards the class sang carols. Then the party would break up and the kids would caper home still singing the carols in their high childish voices. All except Ruthie. She would walk home alone because she was smart and poor and her father drank and she knew she was really better than all the others.

The party went as it always did. At Dodge Ball Ruthie was the last one to get hit with the ball and both sides wanted her because she was so skinny and could jump so quick. It made her happy to be wanted when she had been unwanted all the year. Then came the grab bag.

The little boy who sat behind her and was the second smartest, Mitchell, went up first. He got the biggest package in the whole bag. When he went to unwrap it, he sat next to Ruthie.

"I'll give you half of what I get," he whispered to Ruthie shyly. He was a tiny shrunken boy with a head too large for the rest of him, horn-rimmed glasses, and dirty ragged underwear sticking out from the bottom of his short pants. Ruthie revelled in his shy admiration. For the past three days he had managed to find a place at her table at lunch in the Silver Dollar Cafeteria where all the school children who lived too far from home ate.

It was a checkerboard. Mitchell was delighted. Now he and Ruthie could play together and it would really be half hers.

Later Ruthie went up. When she unwrapped her package, almost the last in the grab bag, she found she had a little match box with a sliding drawer, a marvelous match box all covered with bright Japanese printed paper. Inside the box she found *them*, ten new pennies with 1933 flawlessly stamped on them, the pennies shining like a longed-for, but unhoped-for future. For a long moment she dared not touch them, only filled her eyes with them. Gold! Perfect wonder! perfect Christmas! They were like keys to the things she had dreamed of.

The little girls who had chanted and scorned her this morning crowded around, humble disciples of the possessor of so wonderful a gift. Over and over she slid the drawer of the box out to let them see the wonder resting there. For once she had all they had not. The little boys clustered around to see, standing on the desks to look over the girls' heads. They gave Ruthie pieces of their candy and she slid the drawer open for them too.

They played postoffice. Ruthie hadn't expected anyone to call her out, but the pennies seemed to have opened a portal to the world of popularity. After the two most popular girls had been called out, someone asked for her. Trembling she left the classroom and went into the hall, not knowing what lay on the other side. She had never played. Outside a little boy waited; and a teacher sat ramrod-stiff in a straight-backed chair to watch the proceedings with the eye of a Hayes censor.

"H'lo, Ruthie. Did you bring your pennies?" She had. "Let me see 'em." She slid the box open. "Can I hold one?"

"Yes, for a moment." And for one blissful second he had it in his hand, the thing that meant so much happiness.

"Come, come," snapped the teacher.

Ruthie snatched back her penny, alarmed at her carelessness in letting it leave her hand, the little boy shyly handed her a molasses candy kiss, and scuttled into the class room leaving Ruthie and the teacher alone in the dark hall. She knew what she would do. The possession of the pennies gave her courage. She called the most

(See PENNIES, page 31)

"Pssst, bud . . . want to buy an overcoat — cheap?"

Bob Rose, *Captain*

Winter Workout

This quarter's sports in a sparkling preview

By Orville Campbell '42

SPORTS-as-the-emergency requires it could be the slogan of Carolina's athletics during the Winter Quarter. That is if the emergency requires a full schedule. For to date no cancellation of winter or spring schedules is anticipated and the all-campus physical education program will continue to be emphasized as one of Carolina's many contributions to the Nation's war-effort. Changing situations may bring need for changing policy, but for the present the extensive intercollegiate and intramural programs will go forward uninterrupted.

Varsity and freshman basketball, boxing, wrestling, swimming and fencing candidates have all made commendable showings. The track crew is working out daily in the Tin Can, getting ready for the 12th annual Southern Conference indoor games that will be held here late in February.

Two Tar Heel teams are out to defend their Southern Conference titles. Carolina's fourth swimming team, under Coach Dick Jamerson, has a tough 10-game schedule to face in an effort to retain the league crown for the third straight time. The conference-leading indoor track team will defend its title in the aforementioned 12th annual conference indoor games.

Basketball

Little was expected, but much has been the reward for those who have followed the destinies of the White Phantoms. Captain Bob Rose and the seven dwarfs they have been called by the press. Opponents have found them a well nigh unstoppable outfit. Regardless of what the future hold, one thing is certain. This 1942 team will be no setup for anyone.

As this is written the Langemen have dropped two games, one to St. Joseph, 33 to 28, and the other to the University of South Carolina, 38 to 36. Victories over Davidson, 37 to 22; Fordham, 34 to 25; Wake Forest, 51 to 30; Clemson, 54 to 34, and N. C. State, 41 to 28, are already in the record books. The victory over Fordham was sweet revenge for a 42 to 41 defeat suffered by Carolina last year at Madison Square Garden.

There is reason to like the present basketeers. The loss of George Glamack, the great all-American center, Jimmy Howard, guard, Paul Severin, forward, and Hank Pessar, forward and center, left the team with few experienced men, namely Captain Rose and Bob Gersten along with Ed Shytle, Julian Smith, Reid Suggs, and George Paine. Gersten and Rose were the only regulars. Shytle, Smith, Suggs and Paine saw some action.

Starting early in the Fall these six went to work. Results show that "practice makes perfect," or certainly that practice shows improvement. Anyway, the club at this writing is playing well as a unit, the boys are acting like veterans.

Don Wilson, who led the team's scoring against Wake Forest and N. C. State, shows most promise of those up from the freshman squad. He has the natural ability, and his aggressiveness makes him invaluable. Watch for him. Others up from the freshman squad are Lewis Hayworth, High Point, and Ellis Freedman, Harrisburg, Pa. Hayworth is an excellent ball handler, also good on long shots. George McCach-

Winter Varsity Sports Schedule

BASKETBALL

Feb. 7—Duke, home
Feb. 12—N. C. State, Raleigh
Feb. 13—W. & L., home
Feb. 20—Maryland, College Park, Md.
Feb. 21—Navy, Annapolis, Md.
Feb. 24—Richmond, home
Feb. 27—Duke, Durham

BOXING

Feb. 7—Penn State, State College, Pa.
Feb. 21—Maryland, home

WRESTLING

Feb. 7—W. & L., Lexington, Va.
Feb. 14—V. P. I., Blacksburg, Va.
Feb. 21—Davidson, Davidson

SWIMMING

Feb. 6—Rider College, home
Feb. 7—Virginia Tech, home
Feb. 13—Clemson, home
Feb. 21—W. & L., home
Feb. 26—Florida, home
Mar. 3—Duke (Place undecided)

FENCING

Feb. 7—Winston-Salem Y, home
Feb. 21—V. M. I., home
Feb. 28—Seton Hall, home
Mar. 18—South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.
Mar. 19—Georgia Tech, Atlanta, Ga.
Mar. 20—Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Mar. 21—Vanderbilt, Nashville, Tenn.
April 3-4—South Atlantic Tournament at Chapel Hill.

Note: Meet with Vanderbilt is tentative.

—Hugh Morton.

Plotting the Next Game

Coach Bill Lange (center), beginning his third year as head basketball coach at Carolina, discusses strategy with his six top men. Left to right they are: George Paine, forward, Wynnewood, Pa.; Julian Smith, forward, Farmville; Captain Bob Rose, center, Smithfield; Ed Shytle, forward and guard, Hendersonville; Bobby Gersten, guard, Long Beach, N. Y.; and Reid Suggs, guard, Thomasville.

ren, younger brother of the McCachren boys who starred a few years back, Dan Marks and Wray Lewis, brother of track star Wimpy, are also helping out.

Boxing

Carolina boxers, coached by Mike Ronman, dropped their first inter-collegiate match of the year, losing to VPI, 5 to 3. But that has not discouraged Ronman who is sending the boys through daily workout, getting them ready for future matches.

Graduation took five outstanding ringmen. Gone are Co-Captains Andy Gennett and Red Sanders, Bob Farris, 145; Mike Bobbitt, 175, and Gates Kimball, heavyweight. Both Gennett and Sanders were conference champs.

This year's team is built around two lettermen and an alternate. The lettermen are Captain Johnny Johnston, 135, of Catawissa, Pa.; Hubert Walston, 120, of Wilson. Johnston is fighting this year in the 127-pound class.

New faces are appearing daily in the different weights, but at the present Dick Roundy, a newcomer, and Walston are standouts in the 120-pound class, Johnston at 127, Milt Harris at 135, Bill Soyers at 145, Hewitt Rose at 165, Fred White at 175, and Walt Williams in the heavyweight division. Others to be contended with include Leon McCaskill in the 155-pound class, and Lyman Higdon at 165.

Wrestling

Until Co-Captains Sam Gregory and Roger Weil, Conference champion Bill Somervell, and Burgess Urquhart dropped out of school to join the armed forces prospects pointed to a strong wrestling team this year. The team is still strong, but there will be several bumps along the way.

Opening their season against Navy at Annapolis on January 10, the matmen dropped a 23 to 11 decision, but against Duke the team won, 22 to 8, to give them an even break in their first two contests.

Only two lettermen—Hobart McKeever, 128-pound star from Greensboro, and Gene Davant, a 136-pounder from Charlotte, are back. McKeever has continued to show the form that made him runner-up in the conference last year. He has won both his matches. Davant lost at Navy, but won against Duke.

Swimming

Victories over Navy (58 to 17) and University of Virginia (61 to 14) make the swimming team heavy favorites to recapture their Southern Conference crown. This year's team is the strongest to represent Carolina since the sport was introduced three years ago.

To start the season the Tar Heels were minus seven of the 21 lettermen on last year's squad. Lou Scheinman, senior backstroke star, was seriously injured in Florida during the holidays, and he will be lost for the season. Of the 13 returning lettermen, six are sprinters, four are distance men, two are divers, and one is a breaststroker.

The sprinters are Co-Captains Jim Barclay and George Coxhead, Truman Hobbs, Marvin Ostrowsky, Whit Lees, and George Meyer. Veterans in the 220 and 440 free style events are Andy Weiss, Billy Stone, Charles Mahoney, and Bill Elmore. Don Nicholson and Johnny Feuchtenberger are the veteran divers, and Bob Ousley is the breastroke ace.

The best sophomore prospects include John Eshelman, Alex Wilson, and Justin Lipman, sprints; Ed Shumate and Dudley Martin, distance events; Denman Hammond and Pete Hix, backstroke; Bob Schwarth and Henry Ortland, breaststroke, and Jack Shields, diving.

Fencing

Hardest hit by individual losses of Carolina's winter sport teams are the varsity fencers.

Back as regulars are Co-Captain Larry Hutton and Bob Tolmach, Howie Imbrey, and Harry Vinokur. Graduation took Lorne Payne, foil and sabre star; Captain John Finch and Hank Smernoff, epeeists; Bob Harrinston, No. 1 sabre performer; and Irwin Ebel, alternate in the foil division.

An unexpected loss was Co-Captain Tom Deering, No. 1 ranking foil man, who was recently inducted into the Naval Reserves.

Five Crowns in 1941

Something that should take a bit of the sting off that Duke football defeat is news that University athletes captured five conference championships during 1941. Duke won four, Citadel and W. & L., one each.

Tar Heel entries won in indoor track, swimming, baseball, cross country, and tennis. Duke won basketball, track, golf, and football, while Citadel won boxing and W. & L. won wrestling.

"Student council or not — stop following me around."

Carolina Intercampus Council Award Winner

BUCK OSBORNE

Although only a Junior, Bucky has held responsible positions all three of his college years, being Secretary of his class as a Freshman, on his class Honor Council up to this year, and is now chairman of the Student Government Committee presiding over discussions concerning the present work and improvement of campus organizations. A willing and efficient worker, Bucky is also class representative to the Student Legislature and serves on the Ways and Means Committee aiding in the drawing-up of several new bills. Because of his willingness to do the innumerable small things which come up in organizations besides his regular jobs, he received his newest job, that of being one of the seven members of the Student Civilian Defense Council, planning committee of the OSCD. In genuine friendliness and readiness to serve, Bucky Osborne has few equals.

Why Honoraries?

The Delegata of the Grail explains the functions of honoraries

By Bill Shuford '42

SURVIVAL of the fittest! This trite but true phrase gives a concise summation of my answer to those who criticize our campus honorary organizations, their members, and their value to the campus. Why have the Order of the Grail and the Order of the Golden Fleece survived over a quarter of a century and better, having stood up under withering attacks by other groups and individuals? The answer is fairly obvious.

Our campus honorary organizations serve many purposes, and their very diversity justifies their existence. Long-known and oft-questioned is the matter of "reward" or "recognition" for past services done to the campus in its intricate channels of activities. This has its value. There is little doubt that most of us are vain enough to want some recognition for our work—and to this end probably the honorary organizations provide a stimulus for greater efforts. But this is a very narrow point of view to take and purely selfish—even if true.

Jumping from this aspect, let's consider another salient feature peculiar to Carolina. Our honorary groups are unique in that they originated and have endured on this campus for a number of years. Their very existence over such a long period seems to indicate that they were worthy of perpetuity. We do not have any national honorary societies (other than Phi Beta Kappa, a type of organization which is not being discussed in this article), firmly believing that we can and have set a standard all our own by which Carolina men everywhere will be recognized as leaders.

The most important feature of our honorary organizations, as in any organization, is what they accomplish—the net results of their efforts. Ultimate aim, of course, is to render service to the campus. The most fundamental concept of the Grail and the Fleece is the bringing together of men from various elements on the campus in an effort to unify themselves and to better relations. For instance, the Phi Bete may sit next to the All American football player on one side and the self-help student on the other; the non-frat man may be bulling with the frat man, and so on. Out of such a conglomeration comes numerous ideas, opinions, and feelings that give a cross-section expression of student problems.

Speaking now of individual organizations, the purpose of the Order of the Grail is to preserve unity in our student life and to serve. The most tangible and most commonly recognized service is the series of Grail dances held every quarter. The proceeds from these dances go back to the campus in one form or another. Usually, funds are held back during the year in the treasury and donations are made from it to such organizations as the CPU and IRC and the Red Cross. After donations have been made, at the end of the year most of the money left is given to the University and set up as a loan fund. The interest from loans made is used to establish scholarships.

The Grail also serves the campus in aiding other groups to put on dances. Organizations which are unable to put on dances themselves because of finances or inexperience in handling the multitudinous details of planning and staging a dance find the Grail always ready to help them. Quite often organizations want to have dances and, because of their lack of funds, feel that they can have a dance only by charging at the door and allowing the general public to come. They are usually shocked, especially newcomers to the campus, to learn that they can only give a script dance by obtaining permission from the Grail. Why? Well, let's turn to a little history.

When the Grail was first conceived back some twenty-two years ago, there was a serious problem on the campus in the strife between the fraternity and non-fraternity men. The spirit and unity of the student body was being torn asunder The atmosphere at dances was exceedingly cool for non-fraternity men; that is, when they were able to garner tickets to one of the exclusive affairs. Consequently, the need was felt for economical, informal dances where everyone could be on the same terms and have a good time. This need being felt, the Grail was born. The plan was formulated with the idea that it was to embody more than just the giving of dances; it was created for the purpose of bettering relations between fraternity and non-fraternity men in everyday circumstances; hence, respected and outstanding men from both elements are chosen. About this time the administration, evidently having felt that the Grail was worthy of the trust, placed in its hands the power to give script dances or to say whom else would be allowed to give them. A personal opinion of their reasons for doing this is that they probably did not feel that it was a good policy for every spurious organization that springs up without sufficient funds to be giving dances and incurring debts. Possibly they did not want it to become a habit for Carolina dances to be thrown open to the public, or it may have been the desire to keep commercialism from creeping into our campus dances.

Another way in which the Grail serves is through its representative members who

(See HONORARIES, page 31)

The Carolina Political Union

By Lucy Lyon '42

CAROLINA Political Union members, when first discussing the possibility of jointly sponsoring a post-war planning conference with the International Student Service, were dubious about the ISS. They expected either to find Communists and Fascists within its ranks, or, worse yet, discover that it was backed financially by some big corporation. They investigated and discussed and found that their fears were unfounded.

Lou Harris had first become acquainted with the ISS when he attended the Summer Leadership Institute at the Roosevelt summer home on Campobello Island. Before school opened in the fall the ISS had a conference in New York City which both Lou and myself attended. We both became enthusiastic supporters of the ISS and the work it is doing.

The International Student Service is a non-partisan organization which devotes itself to aiding students in such ways as placing refugee students, summer work camps, the Institute of Leadership, and aiding in plans for discussions and conferences. On its board of directors are no Communists or capitalists, but people such as Mrs. Roosevelt, who is one of its most active supporters, Archibald MacLeish, and Justice Felix Frankfurter, all people who are interested in the problems of youth and its attitudes in the world today.

Neither does the ISS support any one program on any one subject. It believes in presenting provocative material which will act as a spur to students' thinking. Its members hope that students will come to reasoned conclusions, but the organization itself does not present any conclusions or support any one program. Rather it hopes to act as a catalyst which causes a reaction without itself being changed or affected.

One of the biggest phases of the work of the ISS is to coöperate with political organizations at the various universities and colleges in giving conferences on questions of public interest. In this way, it can promote regional thought on pertinent social, economic, and governmental questions. Students from schools in the same region as that which is giving the conference are invited to attend and participate in the conferences. The ISS uses its contacts to secure speakers on the subject chosen, aids students in planning a two or three day program and takes over most of the annoying and time-consuming and technical details. Conferences, such as the one held here last week, are too big in scope for the students to carry through alone. That is one of the most valuable services of the ISS.

It seems natural then, that the CPU and ISS should get together and sponsor a conference on "Youth's Stake in War Aims and Peace Plans." Not only is the Carolina Political Union recognized as one of the two best organizations of its kind in the United States, but it has chalked up a remarkable record in its eight years of existence. It has been presenting speakers on both sides of public questions and has managed to remain completely non-partisan. It achieved a high goal in 1938 when President Roosevelt spoke on its platform.

With a conference such as the one just past, the CPU was enabled to serve the campuses of colleges in the southern area. Students came from Colleges throughout North Carolina, Virginia, and South Carolina to participate in the discussions and listen to the excellent speakers. Students came from colleges who ordinarily are not able to secure such speakers as Mrs. Roosevelt, Jonathan Daniels, and Jim Carey. The CPU could not have carried through this mammoth work alone, however. The ISS was particularly glad to co-sponsor this conference because it marked the first such meeting in the south. Both CPU members and ISS members hope to make this conference an annual affair.

Eleanor Roosevelt, who has attended every ISS-sponsored conference, headlined this one also. The outstanding roster of speakers was not by any means the only attraction of the conference, however. The small discussion, or commission, groups proved most valuable to the visiting delegates. Faculty members joined with the representatives from business, labor, agriculture, journalism, and politics in leading these meetings. It was here that student opinion had the best opportunity to learn and crystallize.

In regard to the actual details of the conference, CPU members chose the theme of the conference and drew up a list of desired speakers. The ISS did the rest. It procured the desired speakers or where that was not possible, chose adequate substitutes. The same method was used in regard to the visiting delegates. The CPU drew up a list of schools from which it wished to ask delegates, and the ISS handled the invitations and tiresome clerical work.

Student and national leaders meet at the CPU-ISS Lady as Louis Harris (right), CPU Head Ridley W Louis, Lucy, and ISS' Louise Morley were responsible Shih.

In our world today, it was only natural that the theme of the conference should have been on post-war planning. Unity is the big word in America today. Factions make compromises. We are concentrating and consolidating all resources within the nation for victory. The propelling force behind this unity has been the fact that we are fighting a people which we know have attacked us with bombs and guns and submarines. We are deluding ourselves if we think that we have come to any more reasoned conclusions now that we are forced to consider the Axis nations our enemies. This is a partial unity, for it is an artificial unity wrought by the necessity of the times. It is also a unity only until there is a military victory. It must be admitted at the present time we have no one aim or idea of the kind of world we should like to have. We know what we don't want, but we don't know what we do want. And so it was only natural that this past conference should have discussed our future world, that a few of the youth of today should think about and discuss this world of tomorrow in which they will have to build and live.

CORSAGE

By RICHARD GOLDSMITH '42

I sent my love roses
To wear to the dance.
There are many roses.
But they will not crush.
For cool is the touch
Of her Partner.

—Hugh Morton.

nsored conference. "Dr. Frank" chats with the First er and Lucy Darvin (left, back) listen attentively. Ridley, First Lady's visit. Past IRC visitors have been Haye and

International Relations Club

By Walter Klein '45

HIS eyes stabbing the men who sat around him, the smug, alert, precisely dressed and very French Monsieur Gaston Henry-Haye, Vichy French Ambassador to the United States, spoke his important words cautiously. Here was Henry-Haye, the clever politician, aide to Philippe Petain.

In Chapel Hill to speak for the International Relations Club, the Frenchman seemed anxious to deliver his verbal diplomacy. For Henry-Haye is the strange balance between democracy and fascism, and for that reason has baffled the American press.

His hypocrisy is unbounded. He professes to favor peace-time labor organization, but believes French Jews "should be kept in their place." He thinks democracy is quite satisfactory, but says it must be "disciplined." His Excellency declares France will inaugurate a post-war "good neighbor policy" but warns that if Britain continues her choking blockade, France's relations with her will become inimical. He laughs when the name of Chinese Ambassador Hu Shih, leading exponent of democracy, is mentioned, but he speaks soberly of Roosevelt.

This is Henry-Haye, International Relations Club's first guest speaker of this year. When this ambassador spoke, Carolina students realized that IRC had picked a ringer.

* * *

A merger of the old Foreign Policy League, League of Nations Council and Carolina League for International Cooperation in the spring of 1938 created North Carolina's International Relations Club.

But four years ago the IRC was nothing new. Institution of a Carolina chapter was only another notch in the belt of a twenty-eight-year old universal IRC. With powerful sponsorship of the Carnegie Endowment, 1,219 IRC's sprang into existence on every continent of the world. One thousand eighty-five clubs organized in the United States, 56 in British Dominions, 56 in Latin America, and 21 are in the Far and Near East. Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Egypt, Greece, India, Iran, Iraq, Palestine, Syria, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and Newfoundland are among US, Near East and British countries dotted with IRC pins.

That democracy is still manifest powerfully throughout the world is proved by the present war status of today's 1,219 IRCs. Japan and Japanese Korea, of course, banned its clubs. Groups in the British Isles have been discontinued, but officials of British possessions are permitting their IRC's to continue work. The Chinese IRC's have never stopped their meetings ever since they established clubs before the Japanese incident. Nine clubs now represent China's original 22; as universities have been forced to retreat inland, the Chinese united to form one club for every three former associations. Military institutes continue to hold IRC meetings throughout the United States. With liberal administration by the Foundation and ceaseless efforts of individual club members, the universal IRC remains a fact in war time.

At Carolina the International Relations club, about to celebrate its fourth anniversary, has a crowded history chronicled in its files. The combination of the University's three international discussion organizations in 1938 to sponsor jointly the first International Relations conference at Chapel Hill, dedicated to southeastern colleges, resulted in the conception of a permanent, unified IRC.

Henry Ross Nigrelli was Carolina's first IRC president. Nigrelli, now on the staff of WPTF, Raleigh, injected specialization into the new club's energy. Radio was the emphasized point in promoting every program. Weekly discussions in Graham Memorial, two weekly broadcasts on two stations—"International Scene" and "University of North Carolina Round Table," annual southern conferences, a private IRC library furnished by the Foundation—these were the completed items on the 1938-1939 IRC program. A sweeping membership drive brought 60 students into International Relations club. Twenty delegates were sent to the Williamsburg IRC Southern Regional conference.

When Manny Rogers took over the IRC chair in 1940, the policies and plans that today are finding strength and efficiency were inaugurated. The famous IRC three-point program—bi-weekly "bull sessions," round table forums and guest speakers—originated. A non-partisan and non-political purpose was adopted. In 1940 the term "guest speakers" had potentialities that Rogers, Randall McLeod and IRC's 1942 president recognized. A definite plan was arranged and two IRC men were dispatched to Washington. The job of covering foreign diplomats had not been done by the CPU and IRC saw necessity in acting.

Japanese, Russian, Chinese, British and American embassies and State Department came in contact with IRC representatives on that trip, and that contact has never been severed. There were immediate results. Three Big Men came to Chapel Hill to speak under IRC sponsorship. First was Assistant Secretary of State Adolph A. Berle. After Berle's October, 1940, address, which was IRC's first feeler for campus power, success was realized. Second speaker was Civil Aviation Authority Chairman Oswald Ryan. And third was William C. Bullitt, former United States Ambassador to France. Memorial hall seats and floors jammed with audience as Bullitt spoke over a National Broadcasting company hook-up and by short wave rebroadcast to Canada, England and the world.

Executives knew their club wasn't existing solely to dazzle the intellectual

FRAGMENT

By RANDY MEBANE '42

The train's wail, desolate and piercing,
Unloosing her coal-black hair with wild desire.
Pounding with thrashing breath like a frightened mule,
Vomiting the nausea her belly holds.

curiosity of the Carolina campus with fame and reputation. A staff was appointed to assemble a constitution which was passed after a singeing six-hour argument lasting far into the night. The result was an air-tight legal code which as yet has not seen its first amendment. Rogers successfully invited outsiders into IRC discussion assemblies. Business meetings separate from discussion sessions got swifter results. Finally, student and faculty round tables in Gerrard hall completed IRC's business of "promoting interest of students in international relations."

A tense, sincere, progressive, hard-working democrat is Roger Mann, International Relations club president this year. Mann knows how to get things done, and IRC members know how to cooperate. He admits his pet "hobby" is famous speakers, but he recognizes and sees completed his equal desire to keep IRC members and Carolina students informed of opinion of international events. Mann will see that no IRC member will end the year without that member's knowing he has been a part of the club.

This year's schedule of events has been heavy. October 8: IRC staged a Duke-Carolina, student-faculty round table. October 12: a faculty board was added to IRC's executive staff. November 11: IRC presented French Ambassador Henry-Haye to capacity crowds. November 16: Chinese Ambassador Hu Shih was scheduled for an IRC speech. November 30: executives announced IRC's initiation of famous Gallup poll on Carolina campus. December 10: four faculty representatives argued on US unity. December 11: results of first Gallup poll were received. And these events happened while IRC's bi-weekly "bull sessions," bi-weekly business meetings, other monthly campus forums, induction of 21 new members and associate members, and radio broadcasts continued as usual. And the year isn't half over yet.

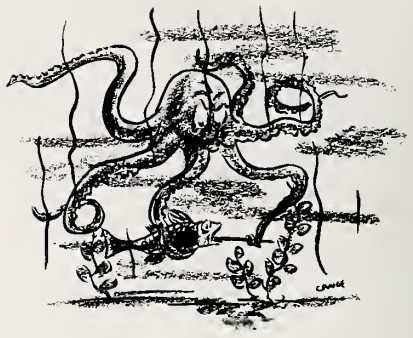
IRC executives are industrious, practical and far-sighted. Vice-President Wesley Bagby, Secretary Jennie Newsome and Kedar Bryan, treasurer, with President Mann form an efficient four.

Mann, elected president unanimously after Bill Collins, IRC proxy for a short time, left school for the army, worked six weeks last summer preparing for this year's club program. The organization files which he prepared during those summer weeks now contain a treasure chestful of IRC's private affairs and plans.

When envoys of the ABCD powers met in vital sessions to discuss US-Japanese relations shortly before the war broke out, the Daily Tar Heel published news that Mann had succeeded in securing the Chinese Ambassador's promise to speak at Chapel Hill. This was first hint that IRC officials may be striving to obtain representatives of all the ABCD governments to address Carolina students. Mann has disclosed to IRC members progress of the club's efforts in securing foreign diplomats for speeches, and has revealed that three famed men will take up IRC offers this quarter.

How International Relations club approaches foreign diplomats in Washington and New York is no professional secret. First, Mann dispatches a long, explanatory letter as a test approach. Then, Mann declares, most replies are "tentatively NO." To the IRC this is only the beginning. Another letter is sent asking for an appointment for personal interview. Half the time the diplomats acquiesce. If the diplomat sends no reply to IRC letters, more letters are sent off. When a telegram will do the job more effectively,

"Since when is mustard a priority!!"



"May I cut in?"

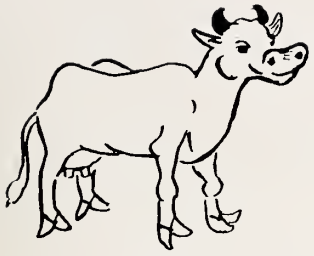
a telegram is relayed. Always IRC's approaches are direct and never are established through political connections. Although diplomats often cancel their addresses, IRC's executives have more often called off speeches on their own initiative. Mann asserts that Carolina and its International Relations club are now well known in Washington diplomatic circles. IRC went through most red tape, arrangements and cancellations with representatives of the Japanese government. One folder in IRC's files is labeled "Miscellaneous Ambassadors."

Determined not to analyze war situations inaccurately or incompletely, the IRC is now engaged in a series of five bi-monthly open forums to discuss all phases of post-war reconstruction. First series of student forums designed to penetrate war events, this new plan is expected to contribute much to understanding of this war's significance.

International Relations club will soon set up more material plans to broaden Carolina's outlook of the war. In a letter delivered recently to a Washington embassy, Roger Mann wrote,

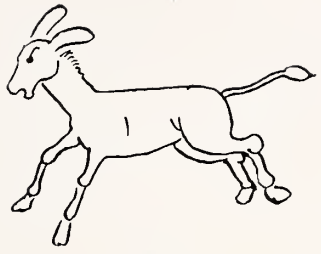
"The University of North Carolina has dedicated itself to the nation. Our men and women stand ready and unafraid to play their part in the great struggle before us; our facilities lie at the country's disposal. In the meantime, the University will apply itself with redoubled energy to the vital task of preparing the youth of today for the overwhelming problems of tomorrow. Moreover, in keeping with the University's traditional liberal policy, our platform will remain open to a tolerant hearing of all viewpoints.

"The International Relations club has met the crisis with new and added determination to bring to the student body a clear and concise grasp of the innumerable intricacies of the war scene, and to lay the groundwork for a tolerant and far-sighted understanding of the immense problem of post-war readjustment. In addition to bi-monthly club discussions and monthly campus forums, our organization hopes to present representatives from all the leading Allied nations in order to provide the students with a well-integrated picture of the world-wide battleground."



Gyre

Gyre and Gimble



Gimble

THE YOUNGEST COLLEGE PAPER IN THE SOUTH

VOLUME VIIXDLPDQ | GYREL HILL, GIMBOLINA, FEBRUARY 31, 1942 | NUMBER 1⅝

Ghastly Civil War Terrorizes Gimbolina

Gyrel Hill, Capital City of Nation, Becomes Scene of Merciless Warfare

(Special release from our foreign war correspondents, H. Carruth and H. Moore.)

GYREL HILL, GIMBOLINA, Feb. 30.—(SAP)—Blood ran down the streets of Gyrel Hill today as grim civil war stalked unchecked through here-to-fore peaceful Gimbolina.

No estimate of the vast number of casualties can be had from either side, but it is evident that the list of dead and wounded is mounting each day as the merciless slaughter continues.

The intellectuals of Gimbolina long ago expressed the view that strife was inevitable and imminent, as long as the two leading hostile factions of Gimbolina continued to dwell side by side. Today they further point out that . . .

Gimbolina had a mag,
Its white space pure as snow;
But everywhere the typeface went,
The "dirt" was sure to go.

Gar and Gaithers was its name;
(And rampant was the rumor
That, though 'twas called a "humor mag,"
"Sex" supplanted humor.)

The aesthetes had another mag;
'Twas "arty" thru and thru;
And even Meebain's sexy prose,
When classed as Art, would do.

This Gimbolina Magazine
(The name this mag was blessed with)
Too often printed "high-toned art"
Which no one ever messed with.

And so the ideals each pursued,
They said, would never mix.
An edict on their castle doors
Read: "Feudin'—2 to 6."

The preface to the hostilities occurred some time ago when members of the rival factions stated that . . .

It started when two vassals met in
A dismal castle hall;
They faced each other with a sneer,
And backed against the wall.

Invectives flew on either side
Each word became more heated;
They lunged and thrust; they cursed and cussed;
They rallied, stood, retreated.

Then from out a hidden door
Down stormed the Gaithers clan,
They swarmed upon the poor Mag lad . . .
He fell . . . got up . . . and ran!

Straight to the castle door of Mole
Upon his steed he fled.
"We're struck," he gasped, fell off his horse,
"Revenge!" he choked . . . fell dead.

Sir Henry Mole stood straight and strong,
And firmly clenched his hand;
He swore an oath beneath his breath,
And straightway called his band.

"The battle's on, my men," he said,
"We've been attacked by Seeman,
So gird your strength, unsheathe your swords,
And never let us flee, men!"

The foes lined up, each armed himself,
(With glue-pot, ink, and pen)
They marched from out the castle walls,
Filled the field, and, then . . .

The latest battle of the war waged all day yesterday before the castle of Sir William Seeman, who has since abdicated from the throne. The factions stood . . .

Bristling in a full array,
Each man impatient for the fray,
Determined each to save the day;
The battle soon began.

Clear above the fighting din
Sir Seeman urged his men to win;
He promised each a shot of gin
For every dead Mag man.

Far above the battle cry
Sir Henry's voice rang hot and high:
"Lads, we're here to do or die,
So run them thru and thru."

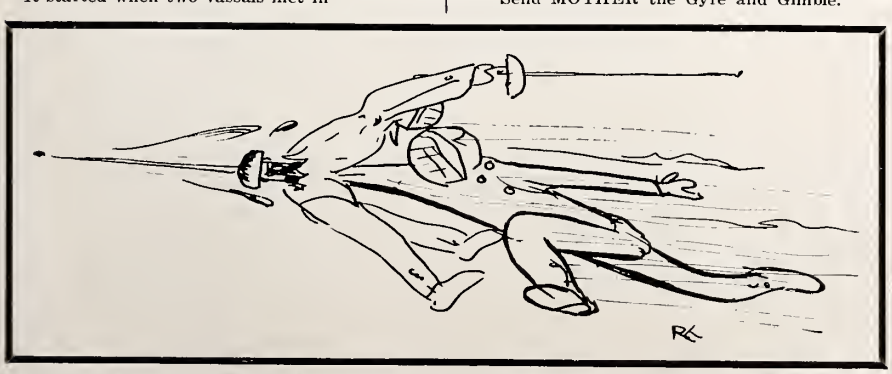
So fervent was this awful fight,
It lasted far into the night,
Until at last by morning light,
The tired foes withdrew.

Each clan reduced by several score,
Each widow draped in black,
Are hid behind their castle door,
To wait the next attack.

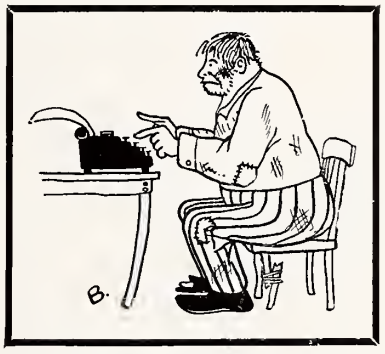
Further word from the front lines is expected from Gimbolina military circles concerning the outbreak of another encounter and increased ravages upon the non-belligerent population.

No armistice is yet in view,
The leaders don't know what to do;
Oh, how to end this ceaseless fight?
How to solve the tragic plight?
So now you've read this epic pome,
Just tear the roof from off your home;
Send it, with a bright remark
And we will mail you Central Park.

Send MOTHER the Gyre and Gimble.



BATTLE ACTION near Gyrel Hill was fierce and fervent. Both sides seemed to be fired and inspired as if by some noble cause. Shown above are two of the zealous battlers.



SIR HENRY MOLE, leader of the Gimbolina Magazine forces, plots his action.

NOTICE

See page 33 for amazing disclosures from the Women's Dormitories.

This is a picture of Freddy Johnson's band in action.

If you look closely behind the sax section, you can see the PU Board snipping at the Student Legislature's budget for the Mag and at the money that would have made this picture possible.

Campus

Why pay $4,000 for "Name Bands"

By Stuar

THE University of North Carolina has long been associated with such titles as "The Oldest State University in the Country," "The Nation's University," and "The Most Liberal School in the South." To these appellations may be added the one which to many individuals characterizes the University, "The Cradle of Great Dance Bands."

Rare is the Carolina, yankee-bred or otherwise, who cannot glibly recite some tale of the undergraduate days of Rocky Mount's Kay Kyser or rattle off the names of Carolina graduates now fronting big name bands. Everyone knows that Kay Kyser wrote "Tar Heels on Hand" and that the late Hal Kemp, John Scott Trotter, Skinnay Ennis, and Saxey Dowell are ex-Tar Heels.

Carolina is still breeding good bands. Although no campus-bred unit has scaled the heights in recent years, chiefly because graduations and movements of various members into already established "name" bands have broken up promising groups, the university harbors at present several sincere and ambitious organizations, more than one of which seems destined for bigger things. The bands run the range of age and size from the highly-polished, well-experienced Freddy Johnson crew to Seymour Lubman's recently organized University Seven.

Patriarch of present-day campus maestros is suave, handsome Freddy Johnson. Lest the above description make it appear that Freddy is a doddering old coot, let us be quick to add the fact that the Johnson band was organized in 1934, the leader's freshman year at Carolina. Freddy graduated with a degree in Pharmacy in 1938 and, loathe to leave his Alma Mater so soon, secured pharmaceutical experience in local drug stores in 1939-40. The fall of 1940 found him working on his master's degree, work which has been temporarily discontinued due to an uncertain future. Not content to remain inactive, he is now enrolled in a Chemical Defense Course at N. C. State.

A lot of water has flowed under the proverbial bridge since Freddy organized his first band back in the fall of 1934. Many others have come and gone, the most recent of these being Charlie Wood, said by many to have the best group of musicians found here in several years, dapper Skipper Bowles, and Jimmy Farr, now with Dean Hudson. The personnel of the Johnson crew has undergone many transformations through the years so that only the smiling leader himself remains of the original group. Freddy probably reached his peak to date in the fall of 1940, when his band was featured on a series of nation-wide radio hook-ups. He seemed headed for great things, that being attested by three trips which Frank Dailey, owner of the fabulous Meadowbrook, made to the Hill in the space of a few months. Rumors were rampant on the campus at that time concerning the significance of these trips, but were cut short by a sudden cessation of activity in the transactions. Freddy isn't talking much about the affair but the truth is that the union objected to Dailey, a club owner, taking any sort of financial interest in a new band.

Not floored by this sudden blow to his ambitions, Freddy continued his policy of playing weekends throughout Dixie. A good band must of necessity be composed of good musicians, a fact which was recognized by various parties, for star members of the organization began to leave in veritable droves for spots in already established, big name bands. Among these, to name a few, were Bruce Snyder to Tommy Dorsey, Emory Stevenson to Barney Rapp, Tommy Farr and Hicks Henderson to Tony Pastor, and several to Dean Hudson. The crowning blow came with the entrance of six of the musicians into the armed forces.

Although the personnel of the band has changed greatly of late, Freddy continues to employ the style with which he has become identified, a modified Jimmy Lunceford featuring the five man sax section. The band has acquired a new electric guitarist of late, Milton Norman, whose

Campus Quiz

The Mag's Questionnaire of the Month. How well do you know what's going on around the campus?

(For answers see page 32)

1. **Who are the presidents of N. C. State and Woman's College?**
2. **What are students who make a practice of lighting firecrackers on the campus forgetting?**
3. **How many glee clubs does Carolina have organized?**
4. **What ever became of Verne Marshall?**
5. **Just how many basketball courts ARE there on Woollen Gym's floor?**
6. **Why has a merger of Carolina Magazine and Tar an' Feathers been contemplated?**

Jive

nteresting facts about our campus bands.

Cahn '44

playing has become a featured part of the Johnson crew. The vocals are handled by Freddy himself and this same Milt Norman. The band has no female vocalist at present, but is always on the lookout for a good voice (accompanied, of course, by the other necessary physical attributes of a popular vocalist). Nearly all of the arrangements are original, most of the work being done by band-members Mac McDougall and Donald Dean. The number of members of the band is fourteen, twelve of whom are undergraduates, but only four of whom are music majors.

Freddy isn't making any plans for the very distant future due to draft uncertainties, but is well booked for the rest of the year. Most of his engagements are in Virginia, the reason being that most of the bookings are made through a Richmond agency. The campus can expect to see the band a lot more in the future than it has in the past few months. Freddy has realized the value of campus good-will and is going to try to play here whenever possible. He is already booked to play at Sound and Fury and several fraternity affairs. The high spot of the spring will be the commencement of a regular sustaining broadcast over WPTF.

Next in age of existing campus bands is that of Ted Ross. Ted came to Carolina in 1936, at which time he became guitarist for Freedy Johnson. In the summer of 1938 he formed his own aggregation, featuring the sweet style with which he has constantly tried to identify himself. Ted prides himself on having an organization that can play anywhere and any particular style that the customers demand. The band has appeared on the campus only once in two years, that being at a Grail dance in the fall of this year. The reason frankly is that there is more money in off-the-campus jobs, plus the chance to build up a far-reaching reputation. Also working through a Richmond agency, the band has played several jobs of late which include broadcasts over local radio stations.

The band has a personnel of eleven men, including Ross, who fronts the band and plays saxaphone. Vocals are handled by pretty Ann Russell from Raleigh and Boston Lackey, sax player. Most of the arranging is done by Ross, the emphasis generally being placed on the sweet. Like all the other campus bands, the Ross aggregation generally plays two engagements a week in addition to a weekly rehearsal. All rehearsals are held at the leader's cottage on the Durham road. In this the band is extremely fortunate since all other organizations must rehearse in a small, acoustically-imperfect room under Emerson Stadium. The generosity of the University in permitting rehearsals in Gerrard Hall seems to have stopped, doubtless due to the many complaints of dormitory residents in the vicinity.

The band played a full schedule over the Christmas holidays, the feature of the tour being the New Year's Eve Cotillion in historic Charleston. During the summer they played at Ocean View, Va., Ocean City, Md., Morehead City, and the Olive Palms in Charleston.

A few years ago Charlie Wood had one of the top campus musical organizations. In the fall of 1940, when he decided to continue his studies at Harvard, four members of his band, Bob Saunders, trumpet, Johnny Satterfield, piano, Bob Montgomery, trombone, and Frank Justice, sax, bought the entire equipage and arrangements from him. It was immediately agreed that Satterfield, having the best knowledge of music, was the ideal one to front the band. The arrangement proved highly successful, for these four still are in complete control despite all the publicity going to Satterfield. The members of the band pride themselves on playing danceable music with a complete lack of sensationalism. They feel that the trombone-derbies-on-head tricks of most bands merely detract from the quality of the music. The emphasis of the arrangements is on the negroid style, with a definite attempt to mimic Duke Ellington. Satter-

(See BANDS, page 32)

7. **Why did Mrs. Roosevelt speak at Chapel Hill?**
8. **What campus organization offices do these boys hold? Carrington Gretter, Mac Lane, Henry Wisebram.**
9. **How many fraternities do we have at Carolina?**
10. **Who is Chapel Hill's prosecuting attorney?**
11. **How much will it cost you in fees if you are convicted of drinking excessively in Chapel Hill?**
12. **What is the difference between Graham Memorial's former "Fireside Concert" and the present "Blackout Concert?"**

The Invisible Man. Tiny Hutton in full-dress warbles his rendition of "We ain't got no money."

The purity of our white space by courtesy of the PU Board

Politicology

A complete coverage on the political races as they race down to election day

By "Politico Pete"

FRATERNITIES changing their loyalties from one party to another is the big news on the political scene as the active season draws near. After seven years with the Student Party, the Chi Phis have definitely joined the University Party. The Phi Gams, on the other hand, are lining up with the SP after seven years with the UP.

The SAEs are looking out for their own men this year. Whichever party nominates SAE candidates will find the whole fraternity lined up with it. The Phi Kappa Sigs and the KAs are also fence sitting. The Phi Kaps are leaning on the SP side, while the KAs, long a backbone of the UP, will probably jump in with them again.

With organizational work completed, and initial nominations made, one thing became obvious immediately. THIS IS GOING TO BE THE DIRTIEST CAMPAIGN THAT HAS ROLLED ACROSS THE CAROLINA CAMPUS IN WELL OVER A DECADE.

Two factors have campus politicos walking on their toes—and walking softly. There is nothing new in the "swipe system" that robs one party of a strong man, and finds him running for the opposite party the next morning. Similarly there is nothing new in the series of "slow leaks" that seep out of confidential party meetings and destroy the carefully laid plans, throwing a wrench into neatly executed programs with the result that they turn into the most unholy mess of hodge-podge imaginable. There is nothing new—but the swiping and leaking during the first few days of the campaign threw pre-campaign plotters into a complete and hopeless jumble.

A full week before he had been nominated by the UP to head the Athletic Association, Dave Barksdale was thought to be running on an SP slate. Somewhere the wires got crossed.

Sophomore class president, Dotson Palmer rode to an easy victory on a UP ticket last spring. Palmer will be running SP for student council in April. Somewhere, again, the wires got crossed.

Possibilities for senior class officers are Steve Karis, Bobby Spence, George Paine, Jack Markham, and Curry Jones from the UP and George Paine, Moyer Hendrix, and Bobby Spence from the SP.

In publications, the SP may give a double nomination to Bucky Harward for editor of the Tar Heel, Sylvan Meyer and Hayden Carruth are also possibilities.

The UP has not yet considered possibilities on the other publications, but the SP will back Hugh Morton for Yackety-Yack editorship and Hunt Hobbs for Tar an' Feathers editorship.

Surprise of the early political season was the unexpected strength shown by the coed independents last month in the junior elections. Sorority members were caught off guard as the independent steam roller rolled out enough straight independent ballots to win three out of the four offices. Both political parties have been quick to recognize the political significance of this election and make overtures to the independents.

On the coed front, ADPi Frances Allison has apparently decided to run for president of the WGA. She was the only sorority candidate to win over the independents last month when the independents in Alderman, otherwise voting a straight ballot, jumped the ballot and voted for their own dorm product. She is the strongest sorority candidate. She will probably be opposed by independent Ditsi Buice. Speakership of the Senate will be between Pi Phi Mary Jane McCaskill and Betty Perry, although independents Betty Etz, Pat Henritzy, Marcia Hood, or several others, are good bets.

Interesting feature of the December elections was the alignment of the three sororities into one block. The Pi Phis and ADPis had lined up a week in advance, but at the last minute, the Chi Os joined them. It was the first time all three sororities had lined up together. That the sororities did not harmonize too successfully was evident when Chi O Pete Munroe received a much lower number of votes than the Pi Phi and ADPi candidates received. The Chi Os need to do considerable patching of their political fences. The advent of another sorority here in the near future (this quarter) may easily change the coed political front.

The editors would again like to stress the fact that Politicology is an unbiased, factual feature. It caters to neither party and is only written to keep the campus completely informed.

Last week, members of one party complained at the "partisanship" shown by using Frank Alspaugh in most of our ads. If either party can offer another well-dressed man or "most-popular boy" that is demanded by our welcomed advertisers, then we will gladly do the same for both him and the advertisers.

Also, sleuthy politicians are hereby notified: conferences, or appointments made by letter for meetings between the Politicology editor and members of the two parties does not necessarily mean the divulging of entrusted facts to rival factions.

The CIC winners are chosen by an impartial council of fourteen student leaders. CIC winners running for office do so by coincidence, and are not chosen to abet political futures.

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Presents

"A House To Cover Our Heads"

By James T. Cox '42

The latest work from our most talented and prolific writer, James Cox, the winner of last year's Thomas Wolfe Award

A CLOUD caught in a high wind writhed across the face of the sun. A map of its shadow moved silently from the valley and over the hill. As it swept by me, I watched it spread up to a cabin on the crown of the hill. I saw Husk.

"HUSK," I called. I ran.

"Turner."

"How are you?"

"Fine."

Three months hung in the air like dust.

"How are you?" I said.

"Fine."

I kneeled down to tie my shoe.

"I just got in," I said, I was staring at a blotch of paint on his pants leg below the knee.

"You did?"

"Yes."

"I came down Saturday," he said.

"I know," I said, "I saw your stuff in the room. I knew you were in."

"How did you know I was here?" he asked, "out here I mean."

"I didn't. I just saw you, I was walking."

"I'm glad you did."

"Yes, I am too."

"You're winded," he said, "you must be in bad condition."

"The hell I am. I'm in good condition, I worked on the road all summer."

"Dammit, Turner, I'm glad to see you," he said. He took my hand and started shaking it.

"I'm glad to see you."

We forgot that we were shaking hands, then noticed it suddenly and stopped. He laughed cocking his head over to one side, mocking, laughing at himself for laughing. I thought that it was a shame that a fellow like Husk had to apologise for laughing, but that's the way it was. I laughed too. We sat down on a rock in front of the cabin. I could feel the three months like dust settling.

"It's clouding up," he said.

"Fast," I said.

We talked for a while about the summer, about his painting and my writing. We also laughed about this. We talked long enough so that we could be quiet and it wouldn't make any difference. I watched Husk while he was looking at the trees crowded around the cabin, I remembered thinking that the dry honey-suckle hung from them like whores. But Husk's head interested me, it always had. Shaped like Ceasar's, wide at the back, with red hair, thick, crisp, and kept close to his head. It would curl if he would let it. His eyes were large green-gray in deep sockets over wide cheek bones.

A shingle blew off the roof of the cabin. A door swung back and forth beating the wall like a broken wing.

Husk pointed. I looked at his large bony hand, then in the direction he pointed.

"Look," he said.

Rain advanced like a steel brush across the other hill. It curried the grass and the scrubble sleek against the earth. Then drops smattered all around us. We ran into the cabin.

"It isn't much protection, is it?" I said.

"No, it's not worth a damn."

The rain pressed outside, angled and splattered in through the windows and holes in the walls, poured from the roof. We were crouched as far away from any of it as we could, but still were getting wet.

"I'd rather be outside than trying to dodge it like this," I said.

"Me too."

"Let's walk home in it."

"I don't mind."

We did. Later, we dressed and went out for supper. We came straight back, unpacked, talked, and went to bed early.

"Goodnight, Husk," I said.

"Goodnight, Turner."

* * *

"Get up Turner!"

I sat up in bed. The light was on. Bernard, Mont, and a dark-haired girl were standing by my bed.

"Aren't you glad to see us?" Bernard said.

I looked over to Husk's bed to see if he were awake. I thought that he must be cold because he had no blankets on his bed and it was chilly. He wasn't awake. So, I looked back to Bernard and Mont and the girl.

"Aren't you glad to see us, boy? Aren't you glad to see us?" Bernard said.

"Yes," I said, "what time is it?"

"You don't act like it."

"Act like what?"

"You don't act like you're glad to see us," the girl said. Her voice was husky. I looked at her. She was very beautiful.

"Certainly, I'm glad to see you," I looked down at my clock, "but my God, it's two o'clock."

"We just got in," Bernard said. Mont walked over and woke Husk. Mont was shaking his hand.

"Somebody give me a cigarette," I said. The girl gave me one. She lit it for me, and while she was watching the match I got a good look at her over the end of my cigarette. I noticed Bernard walk into the other room, and cut the lamp on in the alcove where the table was.

"What's your name?" I asked the girl.

"Rebecca."

"I'm Jim Turner."

"Yes, I know."

I looked at her behind numb eyes. I think she felt my stare, stumbled onto it, and was willing to keep it lifted between us.

"What's your last name?" I said.

"Rebecca Savage."

"It's quite a name."

In Fort Worth, a 25 year old divinity student married a 70 year old missionary. They announced their honeymoon would be 40 days of prayer. —*PM*

• *That won't help.*

Carolina Intercampus Council Award Winner

HUGH MORTON

From basketball games to dances to pep rallies to speeches, Hugh and his camera are present at just about every important campus event. Hugh and his camera also take coed glamor shots and pictures of scenic beauty. Hugh devotes his afternoons to assignments for the Yackety-Yack, Tar Heel, Tar an' Feathers, Alumni Review, and the University News Bureau. Then he spends his evenings developing his shots in his own darkroom. He is also photo-representative for the Winston-Salem Journal, and sports photographer for Greensboro Daily News and Charlotte News. While students are more familiar with his shots in the two campus magazines and newspaper, they will be surprised when they see the 1942 edition of the Yackety-Yack for Hugh has hit a new high in the quantity and quality of his shots in the book.

Bakersfield, Calif., Nov. 15 (AP)—Child No. 20 arrived today for Mr. and Mrs. Marion Story. The girl, weighing less than four pounds, was put in an incubator. Eighteen of the couple's children are living. Mr. Story is a part-time painter.

—*Times*

• *—And a full-time worker.*

COMPLETE MAG NOVELETTE

"Yes, I suppose it is."

Her name's Rebecca Savage, Mont was telling Husk. Bernard came back. She dropped her eyes. I looked up to him standing over me, I was thinking that the stare had fallen like a bridge into flood waters. He stood over me with his legs spread apart. He was twirling his key chain, and looking at me with a smile. His eyes were dark and close under the wide black brows. His forehead was low. One got the impression, I thought, that he was forever wearing a clerk's shade.

"Did you write that?" he said.

"What?"

He walked back into the alcove, and looked down at the sheet in my typewriter. I looked at the girl and smiled. He looked up then began reading. He read loud, oratorically, with the husky resonance he used when he was excited.

"Love is like a mule, incapable of propagation itself, requiring both a horse and an ass."

The girl laughed, and I turned to her and told her please not to misunderstand me, that the love alluded to was capitalized. Bernard walked back slowly.

"Goddamn you, Turner," he said, "you haven't changed a bit have you?"

"I say, that's clever," the girl said, "that's awfully clever."

"That's just it," Bernard said, "Turner, how can you, the people, Turner, the *people!*"

"Shut up Bernard, I'm not going to be got out of bed at two o'clock to talk about the people."

"But Turner." Emotion hungered at his eyes.

"Bernard, for God's sake there is a time and a place."

He turned away, his small mouth puckered like the petal of a flower. I turned to the girl, she was laughing at it all.

"Will you have supper with me tomorrow night?"

"I don't know," she said, and looked at Bernard, "yes, I'd love it."

"Fine."

"Rebecca," Mont called, "I want you to meet Tom Husk." She walked over to Mont and Husk. Bernard looked at me, wagged his head, smiled and walked over to the rest. "I was down here last spring," the girl was saying to Husk, "and I saw some of your water colors." Mont came over and sat on the edge of my bed.

"How are you, Turner?"

"Fine, how are you, Mont?"

"Fine, I'm glad to see you."

"I'm glad to see you, Mont."

"Listen," he said, and cocked his head over, his quick eyes darted over the bed, "listen, I'll get this crowd out of here."

"No hurry." I thought that Mont always understood, but sometimes he understood too much and made a thing bigger than it really was.

"No, I know how you feel," he said. He went over to the girl and Bernard and put his arm around them. They said goodnight to Husk and then to me.

"Goodnight," I said, and waited til they got downstairs then cut the light out.

"Beautiful," I said to Husk. It was dark and we hadn't been talking. But I knew he would understand, Husk and I always understood each other with a minimum of words.

"So delicately primitive, she reminds me of a piece of African sculpture," he said. We laughed about that, and soon went to sleep.

I awoke at eight o'clock. Someone was playing a victrola attachment downstairs. The music was bent and crowded, but I enjoyed it and lay in bed thinking what it must be like. I looked into the other room at the lines of light scuttled in through the low-ceilinged alcove from the casement windows. Outside, by the window a thin leafed tree and a couple of elms were stirring awkwardly in the wind. The limbs moved like a baby trying to clap its hands. It was very bright outside.

I got out of bed. I gathered together a towel, shaving cream and a brush, and a razor, and went downstairs. Our place was an attic paneled up with pine stripping, so we had to go downstairs to the bath.

When I got back, Husk was dressing.

"It's a nice morning," I said.

"Isn't it though?" He looked out for a moment, holding his shirt in his hand. He turned to me, began putting on his shirt.

"Where are you eating?" he said.

We decided to eat at a dining hall across the campus. We heeled noisily down three flights of steps. I opened the door for him and followed him out. I pulled the door to. I asked him what he was doing this morning, and walked out to the porch steps beside him.

The brilliance of the morning flashed down between us like the swing of a hard axe.

I looked over to the church steeple across the street. I had seen days when it was

taller than the sky, but this morning it was a joke. We went down the steps, quietly, almost hurrying. The air was cool, yet terribly full of sunlight, especially the trees were full of it. Today was the first cool day we had had in October.

We walked. We walked fast because the glint of the morning was so much between us, and around us, and inside.

When we reached the cafeteria all I could remember was a blue-sky-draped branch, yellowly rising and falling, delicate, like hands at a piano.

We ate slowly. We hadn't spoken since leaving the house. Husk's eyes stared out over his eating, he wasn't thinking about it. I was watching him. He turned his eyes to me and smiled.

Husk finished. He pushed his plate away, reached into his pocket and took his cigarettes out. He lit one, and laid the pack on the table. He put his elbows on the table. He smoked simply not trying to get too much out of it. I finished and took one of the cigarettes. I drank the last of my coffee.

"It was pretty wonderful," he said.

"Yes," I said, "it was pretty wonderful."

"I enjoyed it."

"I don't think I have ever enjoyed anything so much. That maple."

"Life," he said, "is much simpler than it is made out to be."

At the same time we reached over to the ash tray. He drew back. I went ahead and put mine out. He put his out. We left. Out on the steps we stopped.

"The communion was good," I said.

He laughed, "I have a class," he said, 'are you going to the house?"

"Yes."

"Then I guess I'll see you this afternoon."

"I don't know, I want to see that girl."

"She was rather nice."

I noticed that he talked as if he were trying to hide bad teeth, but I knew they were good.

"Yes," I said.

He laughed.

"See you, Husk."

"Sure."

He turned. I walked down Locke Street toward Mont's room. I turned the corner at Locke and Princeton. Mont roomed in a large frame house off Princeton. It was grey, and still very much asleep as I approached. I went in and knocked on Mont's door, which was on the first floor. He said come in, and I did.

"Hello, Turner."

"Morning, Mont."

"What are you doing up so early?"

"I like the early morning."

"Did you eat yet?"

"Yes, I've eaten."

"Let me get dressed and come with me to eat."

Mont was very funny, I thought. I knew I would never know him, but it didn't seem to make much difference. You simply accepted him. You carried his friendship on your wrist like a hunting bird, without wondering what he was thinking. He was like a bird anyway. He looked like one, his narrow shoulders on a wide body with a paunch, and his short slew-footed walk, and his jay-like head, moving quick as the eyes, dark nervous, untelling. Yes, I thought, he is very much a bird.

"Ready?" he said.

"Sure."

We walked up town.

"Mont, tell me about this girl."

"She's Bernard's."

"The hell she is?"

"They lived together for a month this summer in New York, if that means anything."

"I don't think it does."

"Why do you say that?"

"She's too much for Bernard." I was looking at the ground, and laughed as a leaf turned itself over ridiculously in a spurt of wind.

"Has Bernard told you about his plan?"

"What plan?" I said.

"The four of us are going to pool our money and rent a cottage, cook our meals, a cooperative living plan, you know? I think it's a good idea, you know?"

"Is this girl really serious about the thing, Bernard I mean?"

"I was talking about our living plan," he said.

"I know you were."

He didn't like that so we didn't talk anymore. When we got up town, I said that I was going on back to the room, and he said that it was all right with him, but if he were me he would stay away from the girl.

At the house I paused in the hall to light a cigarette. I opened the door to our steps and began climbing. I heard voices.

"Hello," she said. She was sitting in the Morris chair.

"Good morning, Turner," Bernard said, "we've been looking for you."

"Hello," I said, "I can't exactly say

FIND GALS ARE GOOD FOR ATHLETICS, NOT ONLY OTHER THINGS

—Wash, Square Bulletin

• *One for the Department of Understatement.*

Carolina Intercampus Council Award Winner

PAN PEYTON

Besides being an honor roll student, Pan Peyton finds time for numerous extra-curricular activities. Her interest in Women's Government was evidenced by her work last spring on the Co-ed Reorganization Committee. She helped draw up the new Women's Constitution and is now a member of the Pan-Hellenic Council as well as the Welfare Board, which meets with members of the faculty to discuss student problems. A member of the Safety Council, Pan aids in trying cases which come up on problems of safety. On the Senior Class Executive Committee, she is a member of the University Club, Glee Club, and the highest co-ed honor society, the Valkyries. Throwing herself wholeheartedly into these various activities, Pan Peyton is one of the hardest working co-eds on the campus.

"The two mediums of humor and the literary just won't jive. The important thing about our humor magazine is its personality, the fact that students are ready to be amused when they open it.

—Student Kane in Tar an' Feathers.

• *Ho-hum. That makes us a ship without a bottom.*

"Damn that best dressed man contest."

●

HOUN' DOG

By NANCY SMITH '44

Goin' to get me a houn' dog, houn' dog,
Big lean hungry houn' dog, houn' dog.

Low, low in autumn skies
Hangs a heavy harvest moon,
Hangs a huntin' moon, and husband's
Gone a-huntin' shifty coon.

Coons just *ain't* where he goes huntin'
Leastways ain't no coonskins dryin'
Here, and when they tree that coon
'Tain't his houn' dog I hear crying.

Goin' to get me a houn' dog, houn' dog.

Gone, my husband's gone a-huntin'
Possums. Seems like they was able
To grow wings and fly when he come by.
Ain't no possum on our table.

Maybe 'tain't the coons and possums
Keeps him away from me and mine;
And it's sure the huntin' moon don't hang
Till dayshine comes to dim the lampshine.

Goin' to get me a houn' dog, houn' dog
Fer to hunt my husband with.

●

AN APOLOGY IN BRIEF

By HARRISON SYMMES '42

I, who slew my brother's keeper
As we struggled up the hill,
Killed because the way was steeper
Than I thought. I did not kill

Except to make my brother's load
A little lighter than the rest.
There were too many on the road.
I killed. I thought it best.

COMPLETE MAG NOVELETTE

that I was looking for you, here, that is." I pulled out a chair and sat down. I told her that she looked very beautiful this morning, and she said, thank you.

"Look, Turner, I want to talk to you, boy."

"Yes?"

"Turner, I've got a plan."

"Mont," I guess I told her more than I thought because she was smiling at me, "yes, Mont said something about it."

"Well, what do you think of it, boy? It's all right, isn't it?"

"I don't know."

"You don't *know?*"

"No. I don't know." I could feel it coming on. I decided I would make it a good one.

"Why don't you know?" he said.

"How well do you think we'd cooperate, you and Mont and Husk and me?"

"Turner, you don't seem to know what this thing means. It's a big thing. Each of us, Turner, shares in the responsibility. Each of us does his job, we do it like we'll do it in later life. See? It's the same thing."

"Don't connect it with responsibility in later life, you know we differ there." I got up and started pacing the floor. I lit another cigarette.

"Turner, you have an obligation."

"To myself, yes. For the privilege of eating an explosive propagating something I don't believe in, no."

"What do you mean, something you don't believe in? Don't you believe in democracy, boy? Don't you believe in *democracy?*

"Turner, we're no more capable of democracy than Christianity. This world's too goddamned big to move it with ideas. You can move it with second hand emotion like Hitler, but try making anything decent with it.

"My God, Turner, you've got to have faith."

Rebecca was getting worried, she pulled her legs up under her in the chair. I thought that her legs were beautiful. Tell him about the party, she said to Bernard. I laughed, and when she saw that I laughed, she did.

"Turner, you can't expect to do anything without faith."

"Faith, Bernard, if you don't mind my quoting, is an emotional by product of an idea that hasn't been sufficiently questioned."

"Who's the son of a bitch you're quoting?"

"Myself."

"Turner," he said, and took his key chain out, "I don't see how you go on living."

"I have an observable instinct for it," I said.

"You're hopeless."

"At least not hopeful," Rebecca said, and laughed, "listen, Turner, we're all getting together tonight and having a party at Porter's."

"Fine, how about our supper date?"

"The party will be later. Listen, I have my car would you like for me to come by and pick you up?"

"Very much, I'll give you a good meal."

"Seven?"

"Righto."

"Bernard," she turned to him, "we better go."

Bernard wagged his head at me and started for the steps.

"Think about it, anyway," he said.

"Sure, Bernard." I turned to the girl. Our eyes caught like last night. It was like a slowly lowered draw-bridge, nothing, crossed, then it was raised. And she smiled.

"Thanks," I said. Bernard turned around. I shifted my eyes to him, "for coming by."

She laughed, "do the same for anybody," she said. They started down the steps.

"I don't believe it." I called after her.

I walked into the bedroom and flung open the windows, came back and did the same in the alcove. I sat down with my hands on my knees, tried to relax. I laughed at myself, and got up and began walking. I hit the bedroom door so that it splintered, and also cut my knuckles. I cursed myself for being so foolish and melodramatic, and hit it again.

I knew what was coming. You didn't have to read the best selling exposes and the periodicals to know what was coming. It was in the pit of you. And you knew it. If you were wise you went on with your eating and drinking and your other normal functions, and that's all you went on with because they are the least futuristic dependent things of living. And to make an idea or social perversion a function was to pile your life on a five year time bomb. It was to be a plain case of survival of the fittest, especially for the artist, and it was rank self-deception to think it wouldn't be. I

t down to write. It was a normal func-
on with me.
I was mad. Consequently, by five o'clock
hen I finished, I had written a good
ory. It was good, because it didn't prom-
e anybody anything. It merely allowed
few people to live normally for a little
hile. Husk came in.
"Husk," I said, "Bernard's a fool."
"Sure, he's a sentimental fool."
"He doesn't know what's coming."
"Who does?"
"Also he's ruining a beautiful girl."
"You're pretty stirred up about this,
en't you?"
"Yes," I said, "which explains a lot of
ings."
"You better get dressed," he said.
"Husk, he's unnatural. I hadn't real-
ed it before, but this morning — have
ou ever looked at his eyes when he is
lking to you? They aren't talking to *you*,
ey're talking to an idea from an idea. My
od, it's like so much anthropomorphism
the loose. He functions completely on
eas, speaks, loves, hates, emotes when two
eas meet." Husk took off his coat and
umped into the Morris chair. He cut
the lamp. I closed the windows in the
cove, waiting for him to answer.
"I wonder how he digests his food," I
id.
"I knew that last year," he said.
"I didn't. I thought he was sincere."
"He is, sincere," he said, "but unreal.
ou don't realize it."
"I know, goddammit. He's ruining a
autiful girl."
"You better get dressed."
"Yes," I said.
I went downstairs, and turned cold water
to the tub. While it was running, I
aved. When I finished, I washed my
zor, feeling the soap drying on my face,
t it back together again, and washed my
ce with hot water. I dried it. I looked
to the mirror. I got close and looked at
y eyes, first one then the other, I tried
look into both at the same time, but
und that this was impossible. I won-
ered why I hadn't discovered this before.
he water was cold. I thrashed about wild-
for a minute, and got out, and dried
yself vigorously, watching the muscles
my arms and body shift as I worked. I
iled at my vanity, and felt good.
I dressed, and read til I heard Rebecca
owing out front. I hurried down, and
imbed in under the wheel because she
d moved over to the other side.

"Hello," she said.
"Hello," I said, feeling like a ventrilo-
quist had done it for me. I switched on
the lights.
"It gets dark early now," I said.
As we drove, I could see the light from
approaching cars furl and unfurl silently
from her face. I watched the speedometer
revolve, tenths, to miles. On a hill I saw
the dark forms of trees back into the wind,
like plow shafts pointing to the moon. I
felt caged.
"What's the world but an old man tap-
ping down a windy street, pretending
blindness, and asking pennies of the pass-
ing gods?" I said it and wondered why.
It had sounded good this afternoon, but
now it hung awkwardly, silly, in the dark.
I was glad it was dark.
"Where are we going?" she said.
"To the city for a good meal."
"I liked that."
"You haven't got it yet," I said.
"No," she said, "that about the passing
gods."
"Rebecca. . . ."
She looked at me then turned quickly
and stared after the lights.
"Turner, I'm no goddamned ebony
goddess."
"Thanks," I said.
"I mean it," she said, "for twenty-four
hours you've been making an ebony god-
dess of me."
"I know it, that's why I said thanks."
"I don't like it," she said, "I've had
enough delusion for one day."
"What do you mean?"
"Nothing."
"I have been rather childish, haven't
I?" I said.
"No," she said, "not particularly, but
you were well on the way."
"It's this night-driving," I said.
I remembered my cold bath. I laughed
and got back a little of it.
"What are you laughing at?"
"Nothing," I said.
I took her to a restaurant that I thought
was rather good. The place was comfort-
able, not too lush, simply comfortable.
We sat down in a booth facing each other.
She wouldn't meet my eyes but stared
down at her hand spread on the table, or
out of the side of the booth.
"You aren't exactly communicative to-
night," I said.
"No I'm not, am I?"
Her eyes came out of their corners,
tired, from looking in on something. I

NOT TO RETURN TOO SOON

By Harrison Symmes '42

Come, though the air be chill,
The cold snow falling still,
Let us, then, turn our backs
To the warmth of this fire,
To the heat of our ire,
Making two solemn tracks
To the edge of the hill.

Just to the hedges there.
From your whitening brown hair
I'll brush the small snowflakes.
It would be for the best
To make that slight jest.
But, dear, how my heart aches;
Yet I shall not care.

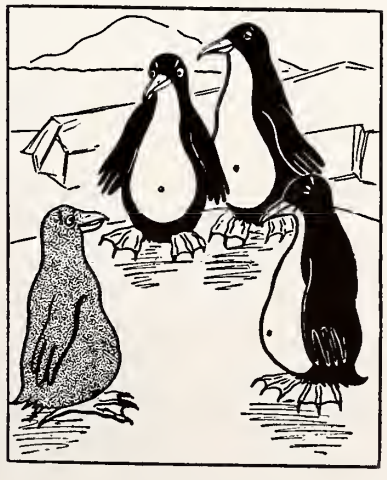
Snow covers the tracks
There at our backs.

●

PENUMBRA

By Franklin Overcarsh '44

I didn't hear; what were you saying?
(someone has said that in June,
the flooded sky spilled golden light
upon the fields; upon the green-tinged
trees and hills.) I apologize,
I missed your question altogether.
(and I remember that someone has heard
the wind slithering over a black lake,
scattering handfuls of colored rag leaves.
And someone else, the dry chattering
Of grasshoppers in the reeds that grow
like long bleached fingers
along the swamp edge.) I am afraid,
that I didn't quite understand.
(who was it that stood on a white-sand
beach facing the sea—his frantic lover—
and watched his shadow hurry down to
tangle
in her dirty white hair; and pick up the
battered ornaments that she had cast off?)
No. I didn't understand. I'm afraid I
didn't hear.



"He says that Alspaugh *prefers informal clothes."*

DEFENSE

(Continued from page 10)

America who never make the head-lines, sometimes make the bread-lines, never saw a dividend or a profit but who have a feeling that there might be something in this thing called "democracy."

And what should they get? Simply a better stake in the porridge, simply more equal pieces of the national pie when it is cut.

It's the job and responsibility of civilian defense to get these things across.

But, citizens in the army of the public have to begin to sink their teeth into this business of civilian defense somewhere, and the most likely place is as a local air-raid warden or watcher, as a fire watcher, as a fellow who knows what foods to eat in times of peril, as a handy first-aid assistant.

The unsung heroes of the war for England to date are not even the exalted RAF fighters. Churchill said about them that "never in history have so few done so much for so many." We might alter that to fit the fire watchers, bomb crews, and other auxiliary and volunteer units and say, "Never have so many done so much for so many." The wardens and the watchers and the fire-fighters were protecting down below what the fighter-planes were trying to protect above.

"Chapel Hill will never be bombed," you say?

"Peace in our time," said Chamberlain.

As remote as blackouts for real air raids and dive bombers over Graham dormitory might seem to students who still want to spend $4,000 for spring dances, the chances look mighty good right now that American soil will not remain untouched for the duration.

This war strikes home to every corner

(Last column, next page)

"Damn that best dressed man contest."

COMPLETE MAG NOVELETTE

figured it was Bernard. She looked at me for a moment.

"Tell me, Turner, have you ever been slapped in the face?"

"I don't like to talk about it," I said.

"Do you know what *he* did?"

"I've been wondering, Rebecca."

"He wants to share me."

"My God!"

"Yes, you and Mont and Husk. Turner, I not only made love to him, but thought that I loved him, and thought that he not only made love to me, but loved me. My God, Turner, it's horrible. I don't know what it is anymore. I feel like I've been masturbating for the past two months."

"Goddamn him, goddamn him."

"No, Turner, please, sit down."

She laughed. It sounded like it had pecked itself out of a shell of crying.

"You know," she said, "I asked him which night he would prefer, I asked him if it would be all right if I took you on Monday night, Mont, Tuesday, Husk, Wednesday, and him on Thursday," she laughed, "and I asked him if it would be all right if I held open house on Friday. It was rather good."

"Yes," I said, "it must have been."

I didn't say anything else, and neither did she. We ate as if we were hungry.

"Are you ready to go?" she said.

"It wasn't much of a meal was it?"

"The meal was all right, we weren't so much."

In the car it was the same thing all over again. I felt like a coal digger in a mine shaft, lighting a narrow tunnel with the flare on his cap. We didn't speak. And the silence accumulated in the dark, til I felt that it would crowd me out of the car.

She laughed. It was sudden, and the broken steps of it climbed high, tottered, and fell upon the silence like a badly constructed tower of tinker toys.

"Why are you laughing?" I said.

"This is *Monday* night."

"So what?"

"It's your night, Turner," she laughed again.

"That's very funny," I said.

"Yes," she said, "it's very funny. I'm going to be very very funny. Turner?" she said.

I didn't answer her.

"Turner, you're going seventy miles an hour, you're going too fast."

I saw a dirt road ahead turning off to the right. I slowed down, swerved into it then pushed ahead fast on the shortened lights.

"You *do* want to be funny, don't you?" she said.

"I'm getting cloistrophobia, I want a wide hill, a hill wide as hell for one thing."

I pushed the car hard against the winding curves. We seemed to be heading up a valley, then began climbing out of it The lights burrowed close into the dir road, and fanned upward at the darkness as the car topped a rise. I stopped, turned off the ignition, pushed the dash knobs in The lights hung for a moment, trembled and were gone.

"Hadn't you better get it off the road?" she said.

"It's all right."

We walked into the small field. The grass was short and dry. The field capped the hill like a plate pushed up to the moon. The moon was moving fast through the clouds. She dropped to the ground face-down. Her hair spread onto the ground like the wake of a boat in night waters, I thought, drowning her face from me. She turned over and looked up at me. I looked away.

"Now laugh," I said, "now laugh and it can climb all over the high heavens and not hurt a goddamned soul."

She lay still, smiling, eyeing the wide sky. I sat down beside her. I lit a cigarette.

"Aren't you going to give me one?" she said.

"Sure, do you want one?"

"No, I don't really want one," she said. Bits of moon glanced off the side of her eyes like tears as she turned away. I felt too dressed up. I took off my coat and sweater, then my tie, and unbuttoned my shirt collar and rolled the sleeves up.

"Turner, won't you get cold?"

"No, I like to defy heat and cold when I'm mad."

"What are you mad about?"

"Nothing."

"What are you mad about?"

"Nothing," I said, "we're too long mated to words, and you to Bernard. It's the same thing, man and his ideologies, and you and Bernard."

I turned over away from the wide sky, and lay down with my face close to the ground, breathing loud and awkwardly because of the dry smell of the grass.

"Like you said, it's all masterbation."

I lifted my head, turned it side ways and put my arms under it. I looked at her.

"I can't breathe," I said.
She turned on her side to me.
"I like it," she said quietly, mechanical- as if she were moving a foot, "last nmer didn't smell at all."
I reached across and brushed a line of ir from her cheek, pushed it back over r head, smoothed it down til I was strok- g her head.
"Turner."
She flung her eyes upward after a pile laughter that climbed high toward the on and didn't fall. "Turner, let's be nny, let's be very very *funny!* It's Mon- y *night,* Turner!"
A stream in the valley chortled quietly er constantly wading rocks. And a wind ead in the trees on the hillside, stream- g like violins. Varying palenesses of a nning moon singed the hill as it dove ough surf after surf of clouds. Then e clouds passed, the moon rolled onto a g beach, bright, and the sky became l.
"Rebecca."
"If only you could have seen the moon. t it was very funny, wasn't it?"
"Yes, I breathed dry grass, it was very nny."
"That's all it was supposed to be," she d.
"Sure," I said.
"Could I have a cigarette?"
I gave her one and took one myself. I t a good look at her face as she leaned er the match.
"You're very beautiful," I said to her. e smiled.
"Are you ready to go?"
"Yes, do you think we're too late for e party?"
"No," she said, "I'd like to go. I'd e to go and get disgusting."
"So would I."
"Then let's goooooo."
We locked arms and walked to the car gether laughing about getting disgusting.
The drive back seemed long, but it was re comfortable than it had been. She ed me if I was still bothered with clois- phobia. I told her, no, that I wasn't thered with anything. She said that it s very funny, wasn't it? And I said, of rse, it was absolutely side-splitting.
We found them at a table in Porter's. e must have looked our parts, because rnard said, what the hell? and Mont and sk also said, what the hell? It must ve been quite a supper, Bernard said. becca said, it was. Where did you go? Bernard asked. I don't know, Rebecca said, she shrugged her shoulders. Where did we go Turner? Carrol's, I said. I sat down beside Mont and Bernard. She walked around and sat on the other side by Husk. Why are you so late? Bernard said. Go to hell, she said, which quieted things temporarily, too quiet. So I told them that we wanted to get disgusting. And that seemed to make everything all right. Bernard reached under the table and held up a gallon jug, you've come to the right place he said. He laughed and handed me the jug. He began telling me that he was convincing the boys what a good idea his cooperative living plan was. I poured Rebecca a half of a water glass of the liquor and told her to take it and get good and disgusting. I said, you have? to Bernard. I also poured myself a good drink. Yes, Bernard said, and I looked for a cottage this afternoon. Did you find one? I asked very politely, and I asked Mont to get us some water or something to chase it with. No, I didn't Bernard said. I told him that that was too bad. Mont came back with a pitcher of ice water. Rebecca and I each thanked him, it was exactly what we wanted we said. We smiled at each other over our glasses and drank. But I've got a better idea, Bernard said, I've just been telling the boys about it. Husk looked at me and rolled his eyes upward like something of El Greco's, I figured he meant the idea wasn't so good. I knew that anyway, but I had decided to be nice to Bernard because of what had happened tonight even if he did bring it on himself. Still, I thought, if he doesn't get the idea of losing his woman nobly, it might go hard with him, but he probably will get the idea of losing her nobly and everything will work out all right. I was beginning to feel the liquor. What's your idea, I asked him, about the plan? Turner, there's an old cabin on Trent Road about a mile out from school, that's not so far really. I looked at Husk, and we both laughed. He laid his head down on the table and laughed. I choked mine down. What's so funny? Bernard asked. Nothing, I said, this liquor. Well, he said, I've been thinking about this cabin, I know it's not in good condition. Husk was pressing his head against the table, straining with laughter. Rebecca and Mont began laughing at Husk. Bernard was getting flustered, but he kept on talking. I was trying to listen to him. Rebecca held out her glass, and said that she wanted more. She told me that she was very happy

"Hide that paddle, here comes my sermon on hazing."

(From preceding page)

of the earth. We're not playing with toy cannon and guns. We're all in this thing for keeps, and it's a matter of raiding where it is least expected, surprise and counter-surprise. The elements of modern warfare are to strike in the enemy's most vulnerable spot. Just as it is a mighty big haul to sink a couple of ships a week off the North Carolina coast, it would also be a mighty big victory to be able to demolish a couple of army camps like the one they have at Fort Bragg, scarcely 90 miles from Chapel Hill, or the camp being built in Durham 40 miles from here.

And remember, too, that not all the bombers hit their objectives, and that the army camps are about 50 miles big by themselves, making the enemy bombers a target of over a hundred miles to bomb.

Right now, it is hard for Americans and Chapel Hill students alike to see where their particular part of the country is in danger.

Well, listen, brother, we are all in danger, from the boys selling the Durham Sun in front of the Post-Office to the sailors leaving Wilmington's docks every morning to sail up the coast.

And we are facing a greater danger than just a few isolated attacks. We face the danger of going into this war with our brains left behind us. Unless we snap out of it and realize that we were fighting this war long before any "dastardly" attacks were made upon us, unless we begin to realize that this war and its results can mean the dawn of a new day for all the people in our land and throughout the world, we are sure to be licked.

Civilian Defense is the tool for all the folks at home to use. It's up to you to use it.

because she was getting disgusting and learning things. I poured her a drink and asked her what she was learning. She leaned over and looked into my eyes very seriously, I thought that she was getting disgusting. You didn't breathe dry grass, did you? she asked. I said, no. She leaned back in her chair smiling clumsily. I didn't think so, she said. I turned back to Bernard. But for twenty-five or thirty dollars we could fix it up, he said. We could do it ourselves, and when we got through we would have something, we would have something that would *mean* something to us, boy. I poured everybody a drink except Rebecca, she said that she didn't want any more, that she was learning so many things she was afraid she would forget them if she drank any more. I looked around the place to see how much of a crowd we had drawn, because I realized we were doing rather well. The place was brilliantly lit. I finished off my drink. Rebecca leaned over, caught hold of my ear and whispered that it wasn't very funny like we said it was, was it? I took her face in my hands, I knew I was disgusting and shouldn't be saying the things I was saying, but while I was looking at her and trying to remember the things I wanted to say, I forgot that I was disgusting and shouldn't say them, so I said, no, and it didn't mean what it was supposed to mean at all, it was something very different, I said, and wasn't funny at all. I pulled her face over and kissed it. What the hell? Bernard said. I held onto Rebecca's face, but turned my head back around to Bernard and Mont. Mont, I said, why don't you talk to Bernard? Mont was asleep. So I decided to talk to Bernard. What does the cabin mean to us, *boy?* I asked. He was still a little worried, I think, but decided it was too good an opportunity to tell me what the cabin meant, so he let the kissing pass. It means *everything*, boy, he said. It's reconstruction. See? It's reconstruction, it's what we'll all be doing after we put Hitler down. See? We'll reconstruct this cabin like we'll reconstruct democracy, we'll be building a house to cover our heads. Husk fell. He hit the table laughing like someone had shot him in the guts. That's it Bernard said. That's it, a house to cover our heads. How does that sound, boy? It sounds good, doesn't it? I fell. I couldn't hold back any longer. I wondered if Husk was thinking of the same thing I was. He raised his head from the table high enough to say, it isn't much protection, is it? He fell back laughing harder than ever. No, I said, it isn't worth a damn. Husk raised up again, he said, I'd rather be outside than dodging it like this. It was too much. We lay on the table laughing til we were nearly sober. What the goddamned hell? Bernard asked. Nothing, I said, with tears streaming down my cheeks, nothing, except Husk and I have already been there and decided that the cabin isn't much good, we decided we'd rather walk home in the rain. Goddamn you, he said. I was worried about him, he had a lot of things coming to him tonight that he didn't know about. Listen, Bernard, I said, maybe *something* can be done with it. What do you say we all drive out and see it? It's getting late, and we need the fresh air. He thought that that was a good idea. Everybody else thought so too.

When we left Porter's there was only one couple still there. Outside it was becoming light. We piled into the coupe. I made them open all the windows, and we pulled off. I was driving, Bernard was next to me with Rebecca in his lap, and Mont had Husk in his lap. Cold air poured in as we drove and created so much noise you had to yell to be heard. Rebecca leaned over and shouted in my ear.

"Are you sober, Turner?"

"Yes," I said, "are you?"

"Yes."

"I like this cold air, don't you?"

"Yes," she said.

"I think we better tell Bernard, don't you?"

"Then it wasn't exactly side-splitting?"

"No," I said.

"And it wasn't at all what it was supposed to be?"

"No."

"And it wasn't very funny?"

"Far from it," I said. I turned to Bernard, and asked him if he had been listening. He said that he hadn't, the wind was making too much noise. So I told him that Rebecca and I are in love. I hated to use the word, but it was the only thing you could say. He didn't hear me. *Rebecca and I are in love,* I shouted. He looked up at Rebecca, then to me. He didn't speak.

"I knew it, Turner," he said finally, "I knew it tonight when you came in."

"Yes," I said.

"I'm glad I'm drunk," he said.

"Are you still drunk?" Rebecca asked him over her shoulder.

"I think so."

"You shouldn't be," she said. She looked back to the road. The noise of the wind replaced their conversation. I was still waiting.

"Treat her right, Turner," he said, and looked at me, his eyes waiting for my amazement. I met them, smiled, and satisfied him.

"Sure," I said.

I turned off Trent Road, it wasn't surfaced. Rebecca hit her head against the roof of the car. Everybody laughed. I stopped the car at the bottom of the hill. We all got out and started up the path toward the cabin. Mont and Bernard were in front talking about how much the cabin would cost. Husk walked with Rebecca and me.

"When was it we were out here, Husk?"

"It's been pretty confusing," he said, "but I think it was day before yesterday."

"I couldn't help but laugh," I said, "when he was talking about reconstruction, and I thought about the rain, I mean what we said. It all fitted so perfectly."

"It was pretty wonderful," he said.

"Yes," I said, I turned to Rebecca, "you don't particularly want a house to cover your head, do you, honey?"

"Two clean white sheets can be rather nice," she said.

"Wasn't he noble?" I said.

"Go to hell," she said.

I saw Mont and Bernard pause on the crown of the hill, two dark silhouettes against the yellowing grey sky. Bernard's head was bent as if he were standing over a grave.

"Something's happened," I said. We hurried.

We stood beside them. There wasn't much you could say. I thought about laughing. Rebecca stood in front of me and I took hold of her shoulders.

The cabin had fallen. It had simply sat down like a circus-horse.

Bernard turned around. He raised his head slowly. I looked down to the ground. I didn't want to see his eyes, and I knew it wouldn't do for him to see mine.

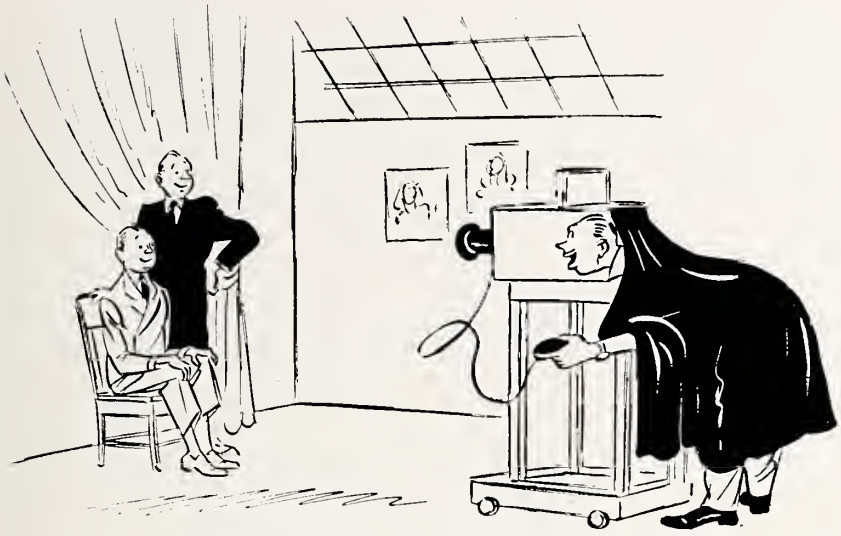
"Isn't it beautiful! Isn't it beautiful!" I head him say. I looked up wondering what had happened. He was pointing to the east. We all turned.

"Hell no," Mont said, and walked off down the hill.

Husk laughed. I gripped Rebecca's shoulders.

A trench-mouth god had spit blood into a far corner of the sky.

(The End)



"Smile for Whooten Tootin Moolton, please."

PENNIES

(Continued from page 12)

popular boy, and he really acted as if she were a popular girl. Thereafter Ruthie and her pennies were invited as often as the best of them, but poor Mitchell was almost left out.

After the party, after the ice cream and cake, they all walked home with Ruthie, all the boys and girls singing Christmas carols as Ruthie had always dreamed. Mitchell trailed dolefully in the rear with his checkerboard until Ruthie magnanimously invited him to walk at her side. They left her at the steps of her home (she lived over the corner drug store) and went on with the promise to stop by tomorrow to take her ice-skating. And some of the girls invited her to their homes to make Christmas gifts. Then they left her and Mitchell standing on her stoop. The pennies, by their magic alchemy had transformed her life in a single afternoon. It was too wonderful.

Mitchell stood over the grating that let light into the store cellar and scuffed at the rungs with his feet.

"Gee, Ruthie, you're so busy all of a sudden. I guess we won't have much chance to play checkers."

"No, I guess not." Play checkers with him? When she could go ice-skating with the gang?

He kept his eyes glued to the grating and the ground far below it. He could see what was on the bottom, leaves, two chewing gum wrappers, a spectacles case. His despair was deeper than any bottom.

"Will you still want half my present?" he asked without much hope.

"You keep it, Mitchell," she murmured with the air of a goddess bequeathing a divine favor to some mortal. A long pause then.

"Look, Ruthie. Those pennies, they made you so different. Do you think they'd do something for me?"

She surveyed him critically. "Well, they might."

"Would — would you give me one?"

"GIVE you one!" she shrieked.

"I gave you half my checkerboard didn't I? Maybe one would do something for me. You don't need ten."

"Why should I give you anything? I didn't ask for your old checkerboard." Give one of her precious pennies to him. He wasn't so popular with the rest of the boys; the girls made fun of him. He was almost as smart as she, her rival he was. "You can't have it."

"Please."

"No. You can only look at them." She stood on the upper step and held out the box, just at a teasing arm's length. "See. They're mine." She went closer to the edge of the steps to show him.

Then it happened. She lost her balance. The open box fell from her outstretched hand and landed bottom side up on the grating. The valuable contents cascaded to the bottom and lay there in the leaves gleaming wetly. The box was empty and Ruthie was stunned. Suddenly she noticed Mitchell staring down the grating. It was his fault. She'd never have lost them, the keys to a dreamed-of future.

"Go away," she screamed. "Go away, you — you . . ." And the place where he had stood was empty.

She knelt on the grating and cried for the lost shining pennies, forever out of reach.

—Nancy Smith '44

●

"PIC"

Covering the Entire Field of Entertainment
OFFICIAL NAZI REPORT ON ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY AND AMERICAN PUBLIC OPINION

• Next week burlesque houses.

HONORARIES

(Continued from page 15)

have contact with practically every student. In round-table discussion, campus problems are considered and sincere efforts are made to assume, both as a group and as individuals, leadership in making this campus a better place to live.

Why the Fleece? The Golden Fleece has long been the most respected honorary group here. The service that this group does the campus is not as tangible as the work of the Grail and other organizations, but the very fact that it meets secretly once a week and its members discuss until the small hours of the morning campus problems seems to indicate a value that cannot be overlooked. The Fleece was founded by Dr. Henry Horace Williams, Carolina's famous philosopher-scholar, during the early years of the century. In the words of Dr. Williams, as taken from an editorial in the Daily Tar Heel of May 8, 1938, "On the campus at the time (of its foundation) there were eight different cliques of students and there was no University spirit. There were two or three fraternity cliques, and some dormitories which had rallied into separate groups. There were a group of scholars, a group of gay and giddy men, and a group of athletes. We figured out the plan . . . and decided to select one outstanding man from each clique for membership. These eight men were brought around the table so that little groups on the campus would perish, so that a University spirit would be created. It was quite a shock when the greatest scholar and the finest athlete sat side by side at the table." And so was conceived the Golden Fleece.

A major point of criticism that arises every year centers around the selection of members. Some may have the idea that the Fleece is simply a self-perpetuating body in which membership is merely an honorary pat on the back of the campus big shots. But if the Fleece were no more than this, it could never have lived through the years as it has. The ideal of the Fleece that has kept it alive is the belief of its members that men who represent a variety of interests can form themselves into a group dedicated to the understanding of different points of view on the campus, and thus allow our liberalism and freedom to live. For this reason the Fleece has lived and shall continue to live.

There is little doubt that Carolina's honorary organizations serve the campus. They serve not only in the ways mentioned above, but in many more, less tangible aspects. The greatest service is not the glory to the individuals or to the work they do, but to the end that the campus is more unified. As long as such service is being rendered, we shall not become a "house divided."

Answers to Campus Quiz

(Continued from page 20)

1. Frank Porter Graham.
2. That there is a considerable fine for violations of Chapel Hill's anti-noise law.
3. Three: Concert, Freshman and Woman's.
4. He retired with a heavy case of war fever.
5. Five.
6. We think it's because the federal government has set up priority barriers on those vital war commodities, tar and feathers.
7. Well, she's been everywhere else.
8. Gretter is president of Di Senate and Debate council, Lane is president of freshman class, Wisebram is head of CVTC.
9. Thirty-two, buckle my shoe.
10. Thomas A. Henry.
11. Yes, we said $9.80. Something ought to be done.
12. War does funny things.

BANDS

(Continued from page 21)

field sincerely believes that the negro has the best idea of music and thus plays with that idea in mind. Ironically enough, when Willis Hargreaves, a negro, played with the band there was such a furore raised that it was necessary to dispense with his services.

The band got a boost when John Hammond, swing critic, last year complimented the boys on their sincerity, stating that Satterfield has as good an idea of music as Goodman or Basie. Quite a bit of comment was aroused by a letter which appeared in the Tar Heel last quarter denouncing that paper for building up the Satterfield crew and stating some very uncomplimentary views on their music. Despite the breath-taking letter which followed this, proclaiming the author to be a big-time musician and Carolina graduate, recuperating from illness in Chapel Hill, it was later found that he was in truth a student, obviously not friendly to the activities of the Satterfield organization. Of course the name "Duck" Lewis by which the letters were signed was pure fiction.

Rowland Kennedy is leading a band which had an interesting evolution. Last year Fish Worley and the Student Union sponsored an orchestra led by one Julian Burroughs. Returning to school in the fall, the members of the band organized themselves into a co-operative, the Carolinians, with drummer Tiny Hutton as front man. The co-operative scheme, despite the apparent success of the band, didn't work out and Hutton did not prove popular as a leader. Late in the fall Rowland Kennedy, ex-Satterfield saxaphonist, took over the band, buying out all the members of the co-op. With him came his room-mate, rotund drummer Hurst Hatch, also a former Satterfield member.

The personnel of the band at moment is thirteen men including its clarinet-playing leader. Drummer Hurst Hatch handles most of the vocals with assistance from tenor sax man Sam Andrews on novelty numbers.

Latest addition to the Carolina band family is Sy Lubman's little known University Seven. This group, composed in its entirety of members of larger campus aggregations, supplies a definite need on the social scene. Organized originally to play twice daily at the University Restaurant, it is expanding its scope to take in fraternity dances, teas, and all small social affairs.

All the arrangements are made by Lubman and Mac McDougal. Vocals are handled by Tiny Hutton. "Downbeat" gave a plug to the band for its efforts in supplying the solution to a definite need.

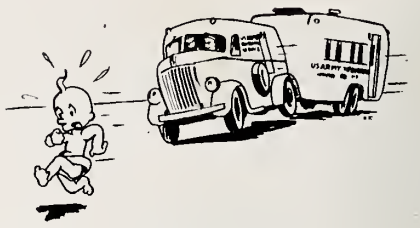
Thus is completed the roster of present-day campus dance organizations, but some interesting facts are disclosed by a survey of the field. A surprisingly small number of the musicians in the bands are music majors. The maximum number in any one band is four, none of the leaders being included in that number. A large number of students are working their way through school via their musical activities. An average band member receives about six dollars per engagement, totaling about $300 for the school year. In addition, all engagements during Christmas yield more than average earnings. The vast majority spend their summers playing at vacation spots, thereby adding even more to the total. For this amount they must attend at least one long rehearsal a week in addition to playing every weekend. Since most of the bands play for the most part some distance from Chapel Hill, the time spent in traveling adds up to a sizeable total. Including all these factors it is doubtful if any but the leaders, who spend additional hours arranging music and getting jobs, average better than 20c-30c an hour. But most are willing to do this if for no other reason than that they are doing work that they love. Narly all have at least a secret hope of someday being in the big time.

Carolina has always bred good musicians. 1941-42 is no exception to the rule.

●

FARMER COLLINS HAS
THE HONOR OF BALANCING U. S. POPULATION
—World-Telegram

• *Go to it, Collins!*



"B-B fodder."

●

NEW MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 11)

to an abolition, since it would mean unfairly removing an editor from office. Moll's trial combination issue was turned down by the board (1) because he was to edit it (alone deciding nature of the new combined magazine) and (2) because it was financially unwise to appropriate the money at this time. After conferences with both editors the board has advised that Moll and Hobbs edit their March issues jointly. However, again, the solution was imperfect. Moll and Hobbs already disagree as to the nature of a magazine for next year; both sincerely feel that different features should be eliminated or added, and reach differing opinions. These differing opinions do not only rest with the editors themselves but with their entire staffs.

The idea of a co-editorship, seems to have struck a snag. Best solution now seems to be for each of the two editors to present his idea of what a successful combination would look like, and let the students decide for themselves whether they favored:

1. The humor men's idea of a new magazine
2. The Mag-men's idea of a new magazine

or

3. No merged magazine at all because neither measured up to the system we have at present.

We would like to see both editors attempt this new magazine in March.

This, however, should be done this quarter, for the yearly elections occur in April. A fact that should be made evident would be whether the campus is to vote for one or two editors next year; and this can only be ascertained after the choice between the three solutions numbered above. After these two issues a legislative vote would be taken, and if the body chose the new "Tar an' Feathers" or the new Carolina Magazine, then the matter could be permanently closed by the abolition (to take effect in the fall) of the one that represented the poorer idea of a new campus magazine. It would not be the birth of a "combination" of the two, but rather the birth of a new mature magazine which recognized the changing times.

White for Night . . . .

Simplicity of line and detail drapes Mary Boothe Francis as she waits for the witching hour of a big dance weekend. Choosing a white taffeta featuring the new lamp shade skirt Mary is here making the most of the full skirt. White is good this year, in evening dresses as this one, right down to play dresses in white wool. You will find both of these styles and many others at the Fashion Bowl at **BALDWIN'S** in Durham.

UNC Library
Chapel Hill, N. C.

MARION HUTTON
Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade
"rings in the new"
with Chesterfield

1st of the Year

IT'S CHESTERFIELD

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...and right you are because everything in Chesterfield ... every bit of material used, is put there to give you just what you want in a cigarette ... from the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos to top-notch manufacturing methods.

MAKE CHESTERFIELD YOUR SMOKING PLEASURE OF THE YEAR They Satisfy

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MAR 1-3 1942

ebruary 1942

reater University Issue

The University of North Carolina Magazine of Campus Life

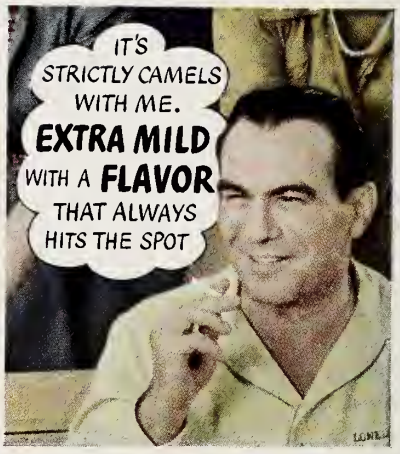
CAROLINA MAGAZINE

"SET 'EM UP" —FOR CHAMPION LOWELL JACKSON

AND SET UP THE CAMELS, TOO . . . Whether you're in there bowling yourself—or watching — nothing hits the spot like a cool, flavorful Camel

TALK ABOUT your wood-gettin' wonder! You're looking right at him—"Low" Jackson of St. Louis, 1941 All-American, captain of the world's match game champions, and possessor of one of the highest-scoring hooks in bowling today. Light up a slower-burning Camel and watch this champion in action.

THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one—that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters down, she starts to break—straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's—



C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em falling sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome taste to a Camel—for Camels are milder with less nicotine in the smoke.

THE SCORE-BOARD tells the story. More smokers prefer Camels...smokers like Lowell Jackson to whom mildness is so important...smokers who want a flavor that doesn't tire the taste...smokers who want more out of a cigarette than something to carry in hand or pocket. You'll never know what you've been missing until you smoke Camels.

TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson *(above)* has rolled the perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern laboratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-burning Camels there is less nicotine *(see below, left)*. Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and smoke out the facts for yourself.

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5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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THE GREATER UNIVERSITY

University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill

•

Women's College
Greensboro

•

State College
Raleigh

Prognostication

MARCH is a windy month. It blows hot and cold. Chapel Hill in March is particularly windy. But it only blows hot. That is because of politicians. A bad word, politician. It connotates a man with a big fat face and a big cigar and spending the people's big fat pocketbook.

But Carolina politicians mostly have a lean and hungry look, a skinny, grubbed cigarette, and the people's pocketbook is highly protected by the s-t-u-d-e-n-t l-e-g-i-s-l-a-t-u-r-e.

This voids everything but the winds. The thermals over the hill during the coming month of March could lift a barrage balloon full of mustard gas. No results can be prognosticated. The only sure thing is that the middle of this month will see a blizzard of posters, a tanker full of the old oil—unrefined and not prorated.

Observation—to conclude paragraph on politics: heartiest gripes and blurbs against politics come from . . . politicians.

From the speed be-fuzzled depths of South building have already come intimations that spring holidays will be abbreviated or abolished. The boys down the street will raise hell. They aren't in that much of a hurry. Besides, they need a rest, poor lads. Politics is strenuous.

Sticking our necks out department: Tar an' Feathers, remnant of a decadent pseudo-culture will die. A quick death—much deserved after its long suffering.

"Behold, The Brethren" promises to be a new high in homemade drama entertainment. Reports from the neo-classic Playmaker parlor indicate a subtle combination of humor, pathos—good writing and good theater. Only complaint comes from Bob Carroll with page-long talking parts to be memorized.

Pirates Vinson, Talmadge, George, Russell and some of the other boys down Georgia way convinced or coerced or negotiated Congress. Mr. Vinson is chairman of the house naval affairs committee. This may perhaps explain why the University of Georgia will see an invasion of several hundred V-5 cadets and why the University of North Carolina—which wanted and expected it—will not.

However, do not be so casually cheered. Although students don't favor such goings-on, such goings-on may be vitally necessary from a financial standpoint in case of enrollment decreases.

Ergo; it is not scatterbrained to prophecy that the navy trainees will pummel their bodies into shape under Woollen's spreading steel cross-beams. In other words, it is not beyond the realm of possibility, and if South building could talk—oh, brother!

Another Georgia boy with a military bent is Henry Wisebram who brought from Gordon Military College preparedness and regimentation. Hank formed the CVTC here so fast that OSCD ran a poor second. Not satisfied, he journeyed to Chicago and attempted to establish, with a little big-shot assistance, the CVTC idea nationally—put America's many universities on the march.

The quiet efficiency of military action perhaps will see Carolina's rookie regiment as the mother goose of hundreds of such units trompling intramural fields across the nation. Peace is going to bring disaster to the shoe leather corporations.

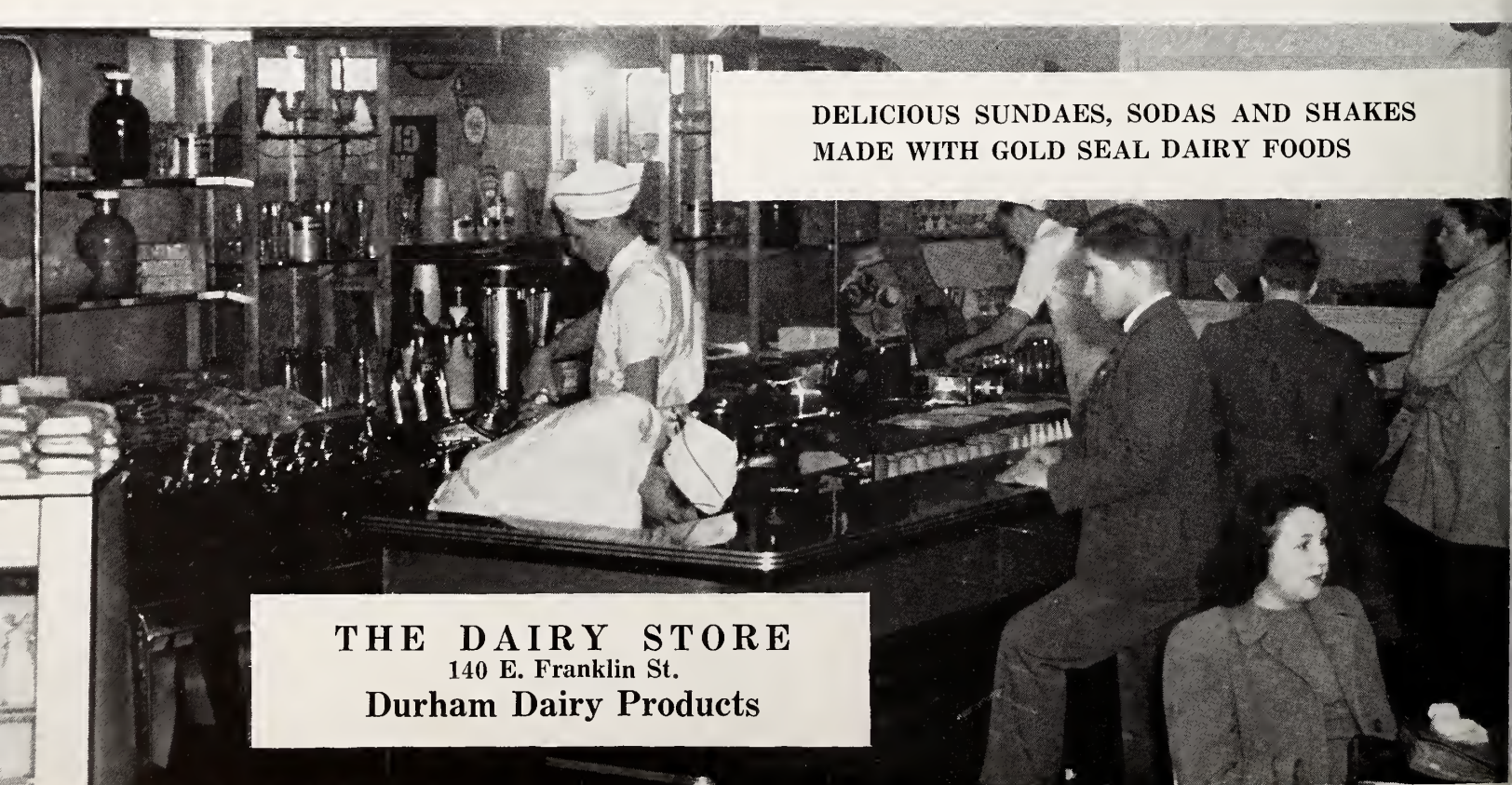
March brings back baseball—the rhomboid, the swats, and the swaps and our last chance to beat Duke this year. March brings final exams and benzedrine booms and March brings spring.

Spring is Chapel Hill's piece-de-resistance and Chapel Hill doesn't fail to let you know about it. By-words are "just wait till you see it in the spring."

Spring brings a gentling of the winds . . . a smoothness . . . the lull before April elections . . . spring brings the dogwood into the arboretum and the nightwatchmen out . . . spring brings the lure of summer closer and the roar of guns nearer . . . spring brings the old fever and the old laxness . . . spring brings trouble, but here's a real forecast—

It will be a rainy month, a windy month—but there'll be a full 31 days in it. Not like February which mean old nasty month shortchanges you 3 days.

—Sylvan Meyer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CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Magazine of Campus Life

GREATER UNIVERSITY ISSUE

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¶ *Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina.* ¶ *Material appearing in the columns of* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor.* ¶ *Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial.* ¶ *Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.* ¶ *Subscription price of $1.50 per year.* ¶ *Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

"Student Government cannot remain merely "traditional" in the crisis, but should begin to interest itself in the actual lives and problems of its students—to look after the student welfare. This Spring's candidates should, for the first time, show their worth by CONCRETE programs. . . ."

—The Emergency Committee

JABBERWOCKY

SPRING is coming. The groundhogs came out, found their shadows, and passed on the information to the Power Boys. What could be a better sign of the approaching Vernal season than the upperclassman next door who banged furiously on the wall last quarter every time you played your radio, and who now gently taps at your door and sweetly says with a warm, friendly smile, "Would you mind lowering your radio a bit?"

And with this new air of secrecy over Chapel Hill comes a new idea of campus political parties as suggested by one of our more social conscious students. "Why all this fuss about the Student Party and University Party," says he, "when they each have the same set of promises and stand for the same degree of nothingness? What this campus needs are political groups with distinctive IMPORTANT ideals. If we're going to have parties, let's have an Aristocratic Party and a Labor Party, or a Conservative and a Liberal Party."

This brings up several interesting problems. First of all, we feel that the student body would be in a pretty plight having to suffer all year with an aristocratic-controlled press. And we can just see Memorial Hall being surnamed "Proletarian Hall" and the Playmakers having a special "Aristocratic Night." But the two factions are bound to meet and come to blows at mutual places like the Library, Music Building, Graham Memorial, or even classes.

PSYCHOLOGY students at the University of North Dakota are relearning the facts of life from children on street corners, in homes, and at soda fountains. The Dakotans have discovered to date that Columbus was Roosevelt, cream is at the top of the milk bottle because it's poured in last, flies fly, and butterflies make butter.

The whole affair is part of an experiment in mental testing of children in order to demonstrate the need for standardized questions in any mental test before accurate results can be obtained. Typical questions covered everything from: "how would you draw a dog?" to "what you would do if your house caught fire." After months of survey, it was discovered the correct reply to this last question by a healthy eight-year-old child with the normal amount of frustration was, "Move!"

PU Board meeting: "Carolina Mag? What's that?"

FROM an original story in a Journalism class:

"NEW YORK, Feb. 14—Valentine's Day today brought happiness to a man and his wife in one of the strongest battles in the history of Love.

"Since their marriage last year, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Engels of 1923 Union Square had not one moment of sweet tranquility because their diametrically-opposed ideals left them constantly in furious arguments. Mr. Engels, being of the Stalinist faith, just couldn't see eye to eye with his Trotskyist wife. Last night he awoke from a peaceful slumber of dialectic materialism with an idea for a poem. When he submitted it to his wife, it was this little note that reconciled them:

'What matters the tinge of Red?
Stalin's busy; Trotsky's dead.
Sweet time's a-wasting,
Let's of love be tasting.
So darling be mine—
Forget the party line
On this day of Valentine.'"

BECAUSE of the conditions of the shirts that result from submission to the University Laundry, an investigation was carried on and thus a new process of laundering based on mass production was disclosed to the world. On both sides of a huge production belt are workers each of whom does his little duty of abuse as the shirts pass along. The first person has a little saw with which he tries to soften the starching

on the collars as much as possible. Next in line is a fiend with a hammer who tries to smash as many buttons as possible. (The present record is ten buttons per second, which is pretty good considering that the speed of production is twenty shirts per hour.) Third worker in line is a playful fellow with an ice pick who originally submitted an idea on air-conditioned shirts to a prominent manufacturer but was turned down. Finally the shirt reaches the end of the gauntlet by having little blotches of ink and pretty-colored paint thrown at it to achieve an artistic effect. At present it is believed that this system is the reason for the additional $.10 on everyone's weekly bill, but it is hoped that once the process has been fully developed, there will be no extra charge for this new service.

Away Little Birds...

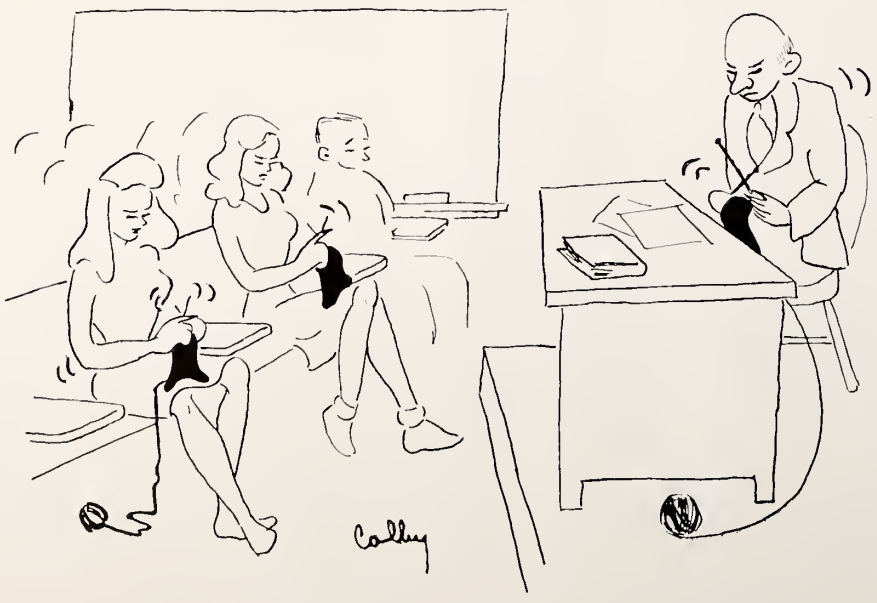
THE Naval Air Cadet story made good headlines and aroused plenty of discussion, but most of us heaved sighs of relief when Georgia got the call over Carolina. Somehow Chapel Hill wouldn't be Chapel Hill with 1800 shiny uniforms filling the lower quad. Of course the fact that said uniforms would make good co-ed catchers didn't make the Carolina gentlemen too enthusiastic about the whole plan. We don't know how the co-ed population felt about the idea, but we don't imagine that there were serious objections from that sector. Townspeople smiled broadly and harassed Woollen officials wondered about how to expand their already capacity-filled facilities. South Building may have been enthusiastic about the plan, but for once we believe that Carolina's loss was really a gain.

Weak end . . .

TO TOUGH little boxing coach, Mike Ronman, goes credit for one of the best cracks of the month. Dissatisfied with the calisthenic efforts of an early-morning phys ed class, Mike queried, "What's the matter, too much week-end?" Short-winded groans answered in the affirmative. "Come on, get moving," retorted Ronman. "Don't forget what happened at Pearl Harbor over a week-end!"

Blackout Bustle . . .

THE GIRLS over at Woman's College finally got a break a couple of weeks ago. Something went wrong at the electric power plant, resulting in a campus-wide blackout which lasted through two nights. What the final outcome of the situation was, we can only guess, but tales are rampant concerning number of males who rushed eagerly from dorm to dorm searching for dates, any date. We imagine that the deans must have been quite upset about the whole affair.



Less Dress . . .

WHEN Pearl Harbor came along, it blasted a hole in designers' plans to lower skirt hems. Originally, fashion stylists had planned on acclimating milady to lower hemlines by making them uneven. It seems cloth manufacturers were complaining about the small amount of goods dresses require. But now that the surplus goods are becoming consumed in making khaki garments, Carolina co-eds are liable to be reduced to wearing sarongs. What's sarong about that?

Bookie Crookie . . .

AT MARSHALL College a reference book disappeared from a physics professor's shelf. For several days an attempt to locate the book was made, but it seemed to have been gone forever. The next week, while looking through the shelf, the professor stumbled across the lost volume. He picked it up to examine it more closely, and onto the floor fell this unusual message:

"Professor:

"I took this book from your book-case without checking it out some time ago. I am returning it after finding it too valuable to be stolen from the department.

Bookworm."

Sacred Rights?? . . .

IT WAS on a Saturday morning a few weeks ago that many students got up and heaved their bare chests out to the morning air in healthy yawns only to be interrupted by squeals of delighted horror. Directly across the quadrangle were girls who had been stationed in the boys' dormitory for the big dance week-end. They all ran to their windows, strained their eyes through fifty yards of bright sunlight, and then shrieked.

It seems that these female wolves have been taking lessons from the males of the species, for they were at their windows whistling after the boys all day, only adding to the general confusion and frustration. And that night was even more confusing, because some male resi-

dents insisted upon entering the dormitory, evidently not being aware that it was Ladies' Night. (At least that's the only reason we dare suggest.)

Turnabout . . .

THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS of our beaverish younger set, Troop 8, B.S.A., were for some time on display in the front yard of the Methodist-Episcopal church. Smiled upon by the more sophisticated, trod upon by the otherwise, this display consisted of two signal towers, tents, fireplaces, a bridge and an unidentifiable form resembling a medieval instrument of torture,—but probably used for drying rabbit-tobacco.

One evening during these deceiving post-supper hours, we observed a group of the aforementioned "otherwise" amusing themselves on the aforementioned bridge (which led one up for no apparent reason, and down again for the same). At which time two of our young scouts were engaged in mysteriously communicating with each other by means of flags from one tower to the other ten feet away. At first sight this activity seemed purposeless to the "otherwise" as they filed gaily over the bridge. However, with a deal of surprise we recalled the long-forgotten translations of these respective symbols and arrived at a dubious paraphrase which read somewhat as follows: a-r-e-n-t t-h-e-s-e c-o-l-l-e-g-e k-i-d-s s-i-l-l-y-?

Shelter-Skelter . . .

VERY surprisingly ignored and deplorably unknown for the most part, the Graham Memorial Air-Raid Cellar presents an ideal place to take a date as well as a unique suggestion for further shelters during the war. Graham Memorial's Bill Cochrane has put aside a room perfect for group as well as individual socializing. Gazing at the stars in Kenan or the Arboretum being a Spartan effort these chilly nights, we heartily recommend this solution to the problem of a date. Warm, and made sufficiently cosy by the use of indirect lighting, almost any activity can be pursued: from playing checkers or bridge, or dancing, to . . . well—listening to good music. And it's open every night. When the time comes for fleeing from air-raid horrors, we cannot think of a better kind of refuge to go to, and still preserve moralE so well.

"I don't know. He's been hanging around since I came into office."

Smell . . .

WE HAVE always been disturbed by the perfumes that the coeds use. Somehow or other when the dance floor is crowded and reeking with the different tantalizing odors, we have wondered if something couldn't be done about this. Finally something has been done. DANA of Paris and New York is now advertising TABU, the forbidden perfume. What a blessing this company has given to mankind. Think of it, THE FORBIDDEN PERFUME. No longer shall we males be tantalized into stupors if the coeds will only remember THE FORBIDDEN PERFUME.

Are We Good . . .

CREDIT for the neatest trick of the week goes to us. In the January Issue of Tar an' Feathers, a weird news story recounted the bombing of the Mag Office by Japanese aviators, and the resultant death of Mag Editor Henry Moll. To quote T&F, Editor Henry "rushed to the window crying, 'No! No! I swear I'll get the next Mag out on time!'" After Editor Henry's untimely end, the rest of the Mag staff determined to carry out his words and have succeeded in creating this issue as a temple to his memory.

The weird news story also mentioned the death of an unidentified office boy. After clearing up the wreckage, the Mag staff placed the poor fellow's body in the Tar an' Feathers office where it seems nobody has noticed him yet.

Needles Knitting

Women's College Goes to War

Betty Perry

I REMEMBER mass meetings. Three a year there were. And never one attended willingly. Democratic self-government was confessed as an ideal, hated in its practice, at W. C., third largest woman's college in the United States, training ground for women who will mould the peace-world of tomorrow. Mass-meetings, classes, extracurricular—all of them were the same tale of discontented apathy. And yet today, every W. C. girl interviewed says, "We are 100% all out for defense." I know no fact to the contrary. I transferred from W. C. at the end of last year.

The classes were sterile. Flagrant ideas were voiced rarely, and died from lack of opposition. "Freedom is only a word," a girl said one day in an informal classroom. "No!" I said, on my feet, responding to this challenge to everything I love in living. And then I sagged back into my seat, because there were twenty-seven people in that class and to no one of them did it make any difference whether freedom was or was not only a word.

And one day I, myself, in an impulsive moment, said, quite clearly, following a professor's statement, "But philosophy and religion are the same thing, aren't they?" And then my heart beat wildly for a moment as I waited for the deluge of challenged conservatives to avenge themselves, not exactly meaning it, but wanting some good controversy, thinking to find some help for my sophomoric dilemma on religion and philosophy. But my heart need never have fluttered.

Well, you say, those were classes. Classes have a natural stigma.

There was some extra-curricular. Students interested in various subjects would come together to share those interests. And they would stagnate together. The president of the French Club my sophomore year didn't enjoy talking French. The president didn't like to be bothered with seeing that meetings were called and that good programs were arranged. She didn't want to bother. French remained an academic, a Latin-like dead subject. As with French, so in other clubs. Only the still forms of club-interests met in the gloomy halls.

There was a school band. It complained that it had no proper sphere of belonging in the school life. And there was then a small group complaining that there was no school spirit. Mass-meetings might have been held in the catacombs of Rome for all the enthusiasm they inspired. The band should have played at mass-meetings. But no one moved at that suggestion. No one moved at any suggestion.

Dean Elliott had done a wonderful job, the old girls soon told us, of improving the social life. There were dances Saturday nights; there were free movies in Aycock auditorium Saturday nights; the gym was open at specified hours for swimming, ping-pong, any of the sports one wanted to play. And there was here the same dullness that there was in the classrooms, that there were in the halls where the extra-curricular activities met, that there was on the field on Sport's Day.

For dates, to go downtown, for week-ends, there were varities of pink and white and blue slips on which to sign out. And permissions had to come from home for all manner of habitual activity. Strange that so many of the women who could not be safely trusted to use their own discretion at W. C. manage, at Carolina, to behave with unprecedented sanity.

But now there is a war. Rose Wilson, vice-president of the Student Government association, outlined a defense program in a mass meeting following Christmas vacation. "The three main phases of our defense program are that we do our college work to the best of our ability, that we participate in the college defense service league, and that we conserve everything possible and exercise intelligent economy."

The program of proposed activities is divided into two sections: service courses and information forums. The service courses consist of things to do, first aid

courses, home nursing, Red Cross, classes where the Morse code is taught, knitting, nutrition, child care. Different departments, English, economics, history, home economics, sociology, sponsor the other part of the program, Wednesday night lectures. A few of the topics are: "Inflation," "American Objectives as Portrayed in Our Literature," "Background and Progress of the War," "Food," "War and Marriage Rates." All together an excellent program has been mapped out by the faculty and the student government in cooperation.

"How is the morale?" I asked one girl I interviewed.

"Good," she said. "There has been almost no hysteria, as far as I have been able to see."

"How do the girls feel about sending off the boys they date," I continued.

"Oh, they feel it is their patriotic duty."

"And are they studying more seriously under the stress of national necessity?"

"No. I haven't noticed any difference. But everyone's attending classes on something or other. Everyone is doing something."

4800 needles knitting, knitting, knitting, while the tumbrils of war carry American soldiers to their execution by the little yellow men, while British soldiers fight with Rommel's troops on the desert sands of Libya, while Russians pursue Germans through the endless sub-zero wastes of the Soviet Union. The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina is having a 100% all out defense program. I know no fact to the contrary. I transferred from W. C. at the end of last year.

Little World

Chapel Hill Is a State of Mind

Ann Seeley

CAROLINA is not a place. It is a state of mind." Midwinters weekend I watched a tall boy striding across campus, whistling "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire" into the teeth of a February wind. Under one arm he hugged battered textbooks, and dangling merrily from a coathanger high above his head was a full-dress suit. This, then, I thought, is Carolina in war-time. This is why my father laughs at me when I tell him that the University is a wonderful school. My father does not understand that the tall boy is symbolic of the reasons why the University has endured, has become for its students a retreat that is not laughable, "a state of mind."

Six months ago I raged that Chapel Hill was the most sheltered place I had ever seen, and the most lethargic. Expecting to see wild-eyed members of the student population marching with red flags and upraised arms, I was stunned to find that three out of four people on campus did not know or care what went on beyond the limits of Harry's and the arboretum.

"It is all very well," I said to myself, "for Carolina to be a little world in itself, and it is very beautiful. But it is not right to go to a big university and simply forget that any other place exists." That was six months ago.

One day in December I walked to the top of a Carolina hill with a soldier. We looked at the spire of the Duke chapel, at a villager serenely weeding her garden, at the trees which hid the campus from our view. "How beautiful this is," he said, "and how peaceful and set apart."

"But that is the trouble," I replied, "it's all so set apart that when I come to the top of this hill and look at that tower, I feel as though I were on an island remote from the world, careless of the world, unconcerned with the world. And the world is the important thing. Do you know—last week I read a copy of *Time* and got laughed at for my pains. Do you know—if we were to go to war tomorrow, within a week this campus would have fallen back into its accustomed rut of unconcern. Nothing ever penetrates Chapel Hill." That was Friday. Sunday the "little slit-eyed toughs" bombed Pearl Harbor.

In a day the University of North Carolina changed. Political science and history teachers began discussing current events. Two hundred Shakespeare students left King Richard and went home to hear Roosevelt ask for a declaration of war. Frank Graham in a sudden mass meeting gathered his customary slow momentum and laid the calm hand of oratory upon a student body dazed with excitement. Blackboards were chalked in huge letters: BEAT JAPAN, and in smaller ones: Beat Dook AND Japan. For almost a week Carolina was in touch with the world. But I was right that Friday on the hill. The campus has found again its peace.

I was wrong when I said nothing ever penetrates Chapel Hill. I meant nothing ever changes Chapel Hill, and for that I am most deeply thankful. Out of this war Carolina has acquired a new vocabulary: Blackout Concerts, Jap Jumps, Morale, the phrase "Remember, we can't get any more." Out of Pearl Harbor Carolina has acquired an up-to-the-headline library lobby to keep its students painlessly informed of what is going on outside the boundaries of Franklin Street and the Raleigh Road. Carolina has even acquired an air of seriousness aside from the seriousness of I. R. C. and C. P. U., the seriousness that came with the realization that the Harry of yesterday's geology lab is today in the air force. The intensity that clutched even the most lackadaisical co-ed and convertible cowboy and made them wonder whether wasting time was preferable to business school has settled slowly into knitting classes and first-aid courses crowded beyond the capacity of materials to bind bomb-splinter wounds and make slings. The convertible at Carolina is becoming as nostalgically extinct as the buffalo. Subtly but surely there is a purpose

(See CARO, page 23)

Wolf Pack's Den

State College Has a History

Stuart Cahn

BACK IN 1862 the passage of the historic Morrill Land-Grant Act by the U. S. Congress laid the foundation for the establishment of many colleges and universities throughout the nation. Outstanding among these, and fast becoming increasingly outstanding, was the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, now known simply as North Carolina State College. Just as the University at Chapel Hill was a child of the Revolution, so did State College issue from the womb of the Civil War.

The past history of N. C. State is a tumultuous one, its present history no more calm. A short review of the past may place the present in a more translucent light. The Morrill Land-Grant Act of 1862 provided for the establishment of agricultural and mechanical colleges by the states, the necessary funds to come from the sales of lands donated to the states by the Federal Government. North Carolina was quick to avail itself of the fruits of the Federal generosity and the first "College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts" was established as a part of the University at Chapel Hill.

For fifteen years the University catalog proclaimed the existence of a "practical" college as an integral part of the hitherto "theoretical" institution. The situation failed to satisfy many of the citizens of the Old North State, and considerable agitation was aroused for the establishment of a separate institution to carry out the full intents of the Morrill Act. These efforts were culminated in 1889 by the establishment of such a unit at the Raleigh site. The loss of the Land-Grant funds was a stinging blow to the University then still reeling from the effects of the recently-completed conflict. Nevertheless, President Kemp Battle was among the first to admit the necessity of the establishment of a separate institution.

Battered by the vicissitudes of fortune, the college continued to grow in size and stature. Just as the establishment of the separate institution in Raleigh marked the beginning of a new era in North Carolina education, so did another event in 1932 bring momentous changes to the educational system of the state. Badly hit by the 1929 crash, the state officials at Raleigh worked madly to devise new means of drastically diminishing expenditures.

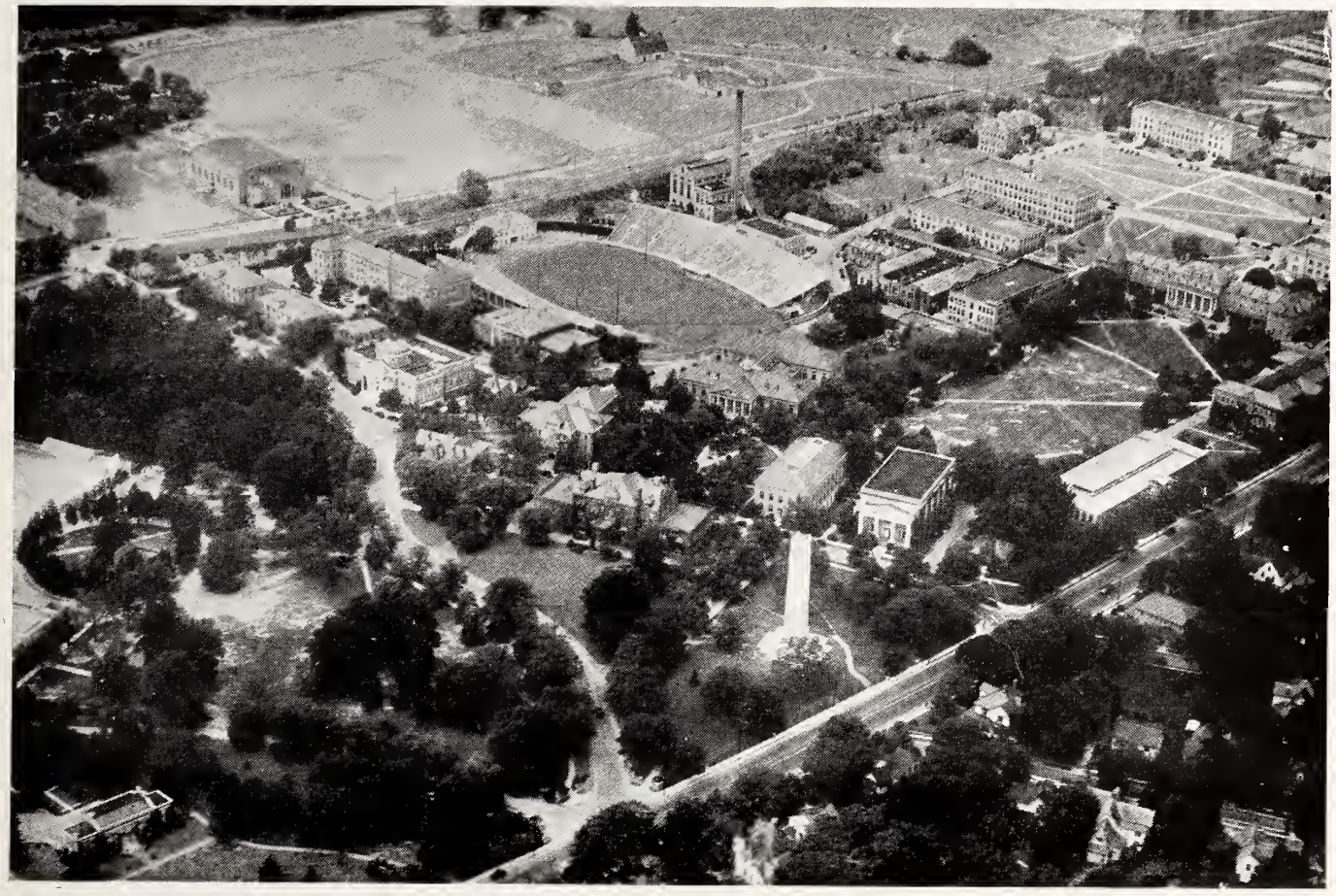
A special commission, led by dynamic Governor O. Max Gardner, strongly recommended the consolidation of the University at Chapel Hill, the State College, and the North Carolina College for Women into a single unit under one president and one Board of Trustees. The recommendation was strongly debated in both official and unofficial circles. The General Assembly, responsive to the will of the state's chief executive, enacted the principle of consolidation into law on March 27, 1931. One of the first acts of the newly-elected Board of Trustees was the selection of Dr. Frank P. Graham, President of the University of North Carolina, as President of the Consolidated University.

Thus State College (officially the North Carolina State College of Agriculture and Engineering of the University of North Carolina at Raleigh) became a blood as well as spiritual brother of the University. Among the innovations of the new consolidation was the establishment of the office of Dean of Administration for each of the institutions. To this post in the spring of 1934 came dynamic military-man Colonel John W. Harrelson, head of the Department of Mathematics.

One of the chief bones of contention in the consolidation procedure was the action to be taken regarding the abolition of duplication between the schools. Both the University and State College had schools of business and of engineering. All three had schools of education. Most of the adjustments were made with little difficulty. The school of engineering at Chapel Hill was closed simultaneously with the closing of the doors of the school of science and business at State. For a time it appeared that the location of the engineering school would cause a permanent rift between the Hill and Raleigh, but ardent faculty and alumni spirits were cooled and the school came to rest at the home of the "Wolfpack."

Chief innovation in the curriculum following the consolidation was the establishment of a two-year Basic Division, corresponding in purpose and organization to the General College at the University. This was the first step in what Colonel Harrelson describes as the "liberalization" of the curricula of highly technical colleges of the nation. Although all units gained by the consolidation, it is generally agreed by authoritative sources that State College was the chief beneficiary of the action.

One of the major dictums of the Mor-



rill Act, and the one for which it is the best known, is the statement that military tactics must be a compulsory part of the curriculum of every institution established as a beneficiary of the act. Prior to World War I this training took the form of one hour of drill and one hour of classwork per week throughout the year. The National Defense Act of June 3, 1916 set up rigid standards for the establishment and conduct of Reserve Officers Training Corps in American schools and colleges.

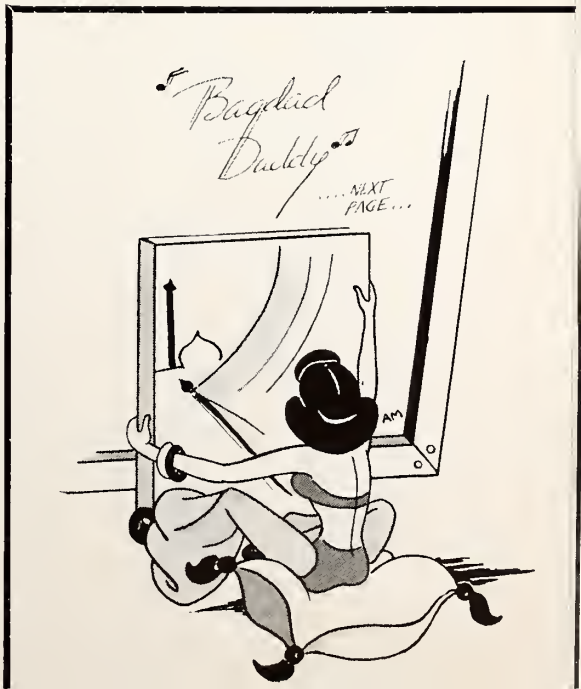
The program, no changes in which are contemplated for the immediate present, requires compulsory training for all first and second year students. This consists of three drill and one classroom hours per week. The last two years are elective and selective. Students may apply for the advanced training, selection coming upon the basis of past records. The advanced course entails three drill and two classroom hours per week. State grants three credits for the course. Colonel Harrelson contemplates that there will be no immediate changes in the number of students enrolled nor in the number of existing R. O. T. C. units throughout the nation. Many a Carolina student envies his "country cousins" in the present draft dilemma. First, because all students registered in the advanced R. O. T. C. training need not even register, and second, because of the large number of State students being granted deferments due to their work on technical courses vital to the keeping up of the defenses of the nation.

The State College curriculum today demonstrates the extent to which its administrative officers have attempted to follow out the precepts of the founders of the institution. Upon the completion of his Basic Division work the student is confronted with a choice between the School of Agriculture and Forestry, the School of Engineering, the Division of Teacher Training, the Textile School, or the Agricultural Experiment Station. In addition to the courses offered within the confines of the Raleigh campus, an integral part of the College's work is carried on via the College Extension Division and the highly beneficial Agricultural Extension Service. Of the 2,230 over half of those enrolled this quarter are engaged in preparing themselves for engineering pursuits. A significant three of this half are Aeronautical Engineering majors, the largest number enrolled in any single field of concentration. The work in this field is mainly on the mechanical side, and Colonel Harrelson attributes the recent advances in enrollment to the increased desire of students to get into the productive side of American aeronautics.

A recent survey of the engineering curricula of fourteen major schools revealed some interesting comparisons. The average student at these institutions was required to take 46½% of his courses in non-technical fields, basic sciences included. At State College, in line with the recent attempts to more highly "liberalize" the curriculum, the corresponding courses make up precisely 50% of the required work. Any doubts concerning the scholastic standards at State may be dispelled by the revelation that only about 40% of the blithe freshmen who enter the red brick halls remain to receive their sheepskins. Of this number a goodly percentage take more than the normal catalogued time to complete their requirements.

All you Carolina Gentlemen who rant and rave over the despicable four-to-one coed ratio here would do well to cast a sympathetic eye toward the State College

(See STATE, page 22)



The Mag and

Sound and Fury Gang Prepa

Conceived in the fertile br Sound and Fury is proud of its l purpose of humorizing a hum-dr high water mark. "Bagdad Dad this high tide.

By Richard Adler, Hugh I

Prima Don

Nine A. M. (War Time) and a cold, bleak dawn cracked into the Sunday morning. We three walked silently through the doors of grey Memorial Hall. A humming confusion greeted us and we recoiled from the shock of finding Sunday-morningites bustling around like energetic ants. Randy Mebane, S&F pilot, (upper left) suddenly thrust cokes and smokes before us. "Stimulants for breakfast," and she bounced off again.

In the midst of the mist, Orson Grotz, S&F producer, could be noted helping the stage crew lift some stairs into place. What a wonderful organization, we thought,—both Grotz and democracy work. Then from nowhere came law and order, as Sub-Dictator Director Bob Richards called together the entire crew. Thus disillusioned as to the democracy angle, we then watched Shirley Brimley sparkle the stairs with her chorines.

Orson Grotz and four others lay foundations for stage work.

Eyes right. Note uncooperative chorine.

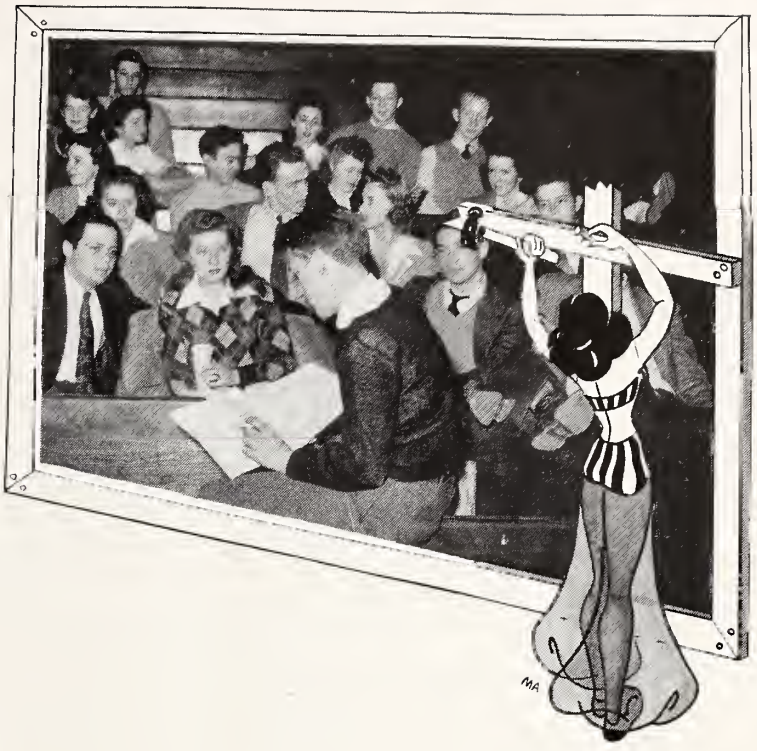
Favorite staten

Bagdad Daddy

for Annual Musical Comedy

of several campus comediacs, tage and tradition. Born for the humanity, S&F this year hits a gurgles happily on the crest of

n, and Ann Montgomery



ugilism

To explain the feminine pugilistic efforts,—Diddy Kelly and Jackie Ray are only rehearsing their toughest scene in the show . . . nothing personal. Bagdad Diddy takes the role of Barbara Irwin, lush movie queen (lush? hush!); while Jackie Ray interprets Honey Parker as she fumes and schemes for a movie contract. As the picture evidences, these fumes can be deadly. Diddy is being gripped from top to toe.

Leaving the locker room drama, we stepped outside for a breath of fresh air, dropped into the S&F Brain Headquarters. Here we found more glammer gals performing the less glammerous tasks of typing out the scripts and the script's quipts. Returning to the Hall, we were greeted with a most unusual chorus routine. It seems we must have musclely lads with bustlely lassies climbing backwards up their spines.

Hit 'em again, hit 'em again, Harder. Harder.

"Tar an' Feathers" is asked to note: LAIGS!

Super Sounanfuryite Kat Charles clackety-clacks her way into the approving range of the male eyes. Note phonograph in lower right.

Audrey Hamblen is shown below beginning her fake strip-tease routine. Stocking in hand, Audrey is about to throw it to the winds . . . or to the wolves. (Shocking stocking.) Note boy holding shoe.

Hamblen, Latshaw, and Bagdad Diddy. How widdy.

We wandered among the chorines in the harem, noting the surprising healthiness of the average Bagdad girl. We remembered for a moment that Mrs. Roosevelt said something about 60 percent of coeds being undernourished (or at least Danziger's said she said so), and remembering this statement we resolved to move to Bagdad.

Peering into secret corners we found a piano with some absorbed fellow really beatin' out the boogie in tinny chords and eight-beat rhythm. Trucking out of this room into another, we found a huge crowd gathered close around something. Breaking madly through the encirclement expecting to come across a murder or a game of chance, we found Audrey Hamblen doing her fake strip-tease act. Some naive onlooker turned his head . . . uh . . . turned his head and noted "Seems the only right thing to do, now that we're fighting Japan." Scene was interrupted by Randy Mebane who inquired dogmatically, "What's coming off here?"

Prying around some more, we found another suspicious looking door, slyly opened it, and lunged through. Suddenly realizing that we were outside, we banged on the door and pleaded to be let back in to see more of the rehearsal. Bob Richards poked his head out of a window and remarked:

"Tickets are now on sale." (Advt.)

The Academic Myth

Teachers are People and Nothing Else

Louis Harris

YOU probably will never find as odd an assortment of brilliant minds, energetic scramblers, temperamental weaklings, or sarcastic wits as you can find on a college faculty. And you can find, too, every element of politics for power, position, prestige, in the administration or faculty of any university.

There are some corking good stories in the suave, sophisticated politics within the Yale faculty and administration; there are others in Montana State College, where everyone who had read the Communist manefesto was tossed out by the copper interests; or in the University of Georgia with its flagrant, obvious breeches of academic justice.

No matter where you go, no matter what school or college you might scrutinize, you will find some politics. They all "mix at it," some to parry off the maneouvers of others, others to take over where another has slipped. Whether these politics are worse than in other places, such as in student politics or church politics, is irrelevant.

Our University is not much different.

So-called student leaders attended meeting after meeting at the end of last quarter, talking about how to keep the University going during the war-period, how to get the curriculum to meet the needs of the day, how to gear the campus into a state where it would be most effective for turning out men who could meet the added tests of the war stress.

It was curious to hear about "how we could meet the strain of the war?"

Dean Bradshaw talked of a special course in war economics, an integrated course from many departments dealing with the many-fold problems raised by the peace, Japanese language, Russian language, and several other innovations.

The situation was a curious one, indeed.

Here was a need that was so pressing that students were leaving school in great quantity. Here, too, was something that just didn't seem to strike home to administration heads who directed the teachings of the faculty, and certainly the faculty itself which was down in the classrooms dealing out the material: that the curriculum of this university as that of 99 percent of those in the nation was so far from reality as well as the times that it was for the most part still in the realm of fantasy.

And so the administrators and the faculty immediately tried to remedy the situation.

They were not frightened about teaching stuff that was out of date—material from yellowed notes, like Dr. Crane and Richmond P. Bond—until it hit home to them, until it hit a snag that was liable to deprive them of their jobs.

This was borne out by the largest attendance at a faculty meeting in a decade; *Just after Pearl Harbor*.

Maybe the difficulty lies in the atmosphere of a university campus, starry and aloof from all the trivia of men's lives in the world. Maybe there is something in the nature of being an academician that makes so many of our esteemed teachers as unrealistic as a boy scout trying to fight a panzer division.

How many economics professors did I sit and hear rave about the price equilibrium under competitive conditions, while the cost of living flew up under their noses and made their fixed salaries dwindle in real income before their very eyes? How many years did political scientists talk about free trade while Hitler bluffed the world into a faked barter system?

There is a phoney air about too many of our faculty members, who feed down a hackneyed story year in and year out. Wars and peaces go and come, but teaching the so-called "basics" goes on forever, in their minds.

Tell me, how many professors can you name who, like Harry Wolf, go out and spend their summers working in a mill? Wolf does this so that he can come back and talk about labor problems with a realistic air. There aren't many on our faculty like him. The Odums who raise cows

Poetry from Ogden Nash
Really isn't awful trash.
So if you would observe a sight,
Reconnoitter to the right ➜➜➜

can be contrasted with the Adams who plods through period after period starry-eyed over a triumph in "beauty and truth" —straight out of a decrepit volume of Keats and the romantics.

You can start with the faculty members and you find it: you can look in your own back-yard, the student body, and know it. We've been learning lessons in a fantasy, up in a cloud, away from the facts and reality.

And then a war hits us and we wonder what to do.

Too long now has the literary scholar said, "Stand off from the crowd, get not too close, or you will lose yourself and your genius."

Too long has the economist talked at public meetings, studied outmoded theories, and come forth with over-all, blanket panaceas—all without the concrete facts in any one industry.

Too long has the dramatist in the Playmaker theater shied away from normal ways of dealing with people, because he could not create normal people while still a part of them.

Too long have separate little groups in separate, little departments sat off in a corner and refused to play ball with any other department unless their theory, their pet cure-all, like behaviorism, got the predominant spot.

Too long has our academic life refused to talk in terms of the living world; too often, they have talked of "basics," like Kuhn in aesthetics, and then have become living examples of unrealistic, "ivory-towerish" living and practice.

College, in whatever sense you look at it, should play a part in your everyday life for the rest of your life. The call of the years answers this role for us. It's obvious that our training has been behind times.

Part of this is due to a training of college professors in the cloistered academic life of the graduate student, who spends most of his time deciding whether Jackson was born in North Carolina, South Carolina, or Tennessee, when he was probably born in Georgia, and they haven't found out yet.

Part is due to staid, conservative deans, who silent any attempt to put through a change.

On this dean matter, there is a lot to be said. All of us, sooner or later come across the dean of one vocational department of our University, who teaches social reform, and yet, who conducts his classes and his department in the most autocratic manner possible. Or, again, the dean who has things all settled before you come in to see him, and what you say has little more weight than to merely stave off the time when that rubber-stamp decision will go into effect.

There are some good deans, and good faculty men, however. These are the ones who aren't afraid to face the challenge of the times. They are the fellows who are in a minority and only have more voice because a man like Frank Graham happens to be the leading liberal president in the nation.

Not often have we a Phillips Russell who makes living rich, and who guides young writers to catch the fullness that comes from hardy living—the kind where you lose yourself in your work.

Not often is there a Rex Winslow who is tough and keenly logical, and who refuses to talk about things that don't exist. He's a man who makes economics the powerful factor it really is in our lives.

Not often do you find a man like Paul Green, simple and full of living sensitivity about real people, whether it is about the men of his native valley or about a bawdy house in Durham. It's a man like this who isn't afraid to tell the Playmakers that they need an athletic Christ.

Seldom is a university blessed with a man who has the poetic understanding of the people of all lands, and the concrete methods and materials through which they can build better economic worlds than Erich W. Zimmermann.

There are not many Francis Bradshaws who will stick their necks out on a limb to fight for student government and the rights of students to rule themselves. The deans are sparse who will look to students for progress as much as this one.

These are examples of the few men in our University who stand for progress and alertness. There are Odums and Vances, Newsomes and Leflers, Heers and Evans, Kattsoffs and Harry Russells who stand with them.

But, by and large, second-hand emotions from library stacks are the nearest most of our fine teachers come to seeing real life.

Concrete proposals can come, too, in the form of the subject matter which is presented. The field trip method, employed so well in some of the sciences and at progressive schools such as Sarah Lawrence and Bennington, where students have a chance to experience first hand their book matter, translated into action, is particularly successful. It would tend to vitalize and give meaning to many of the now abstract and unreal phases of college. Many of the more constructive extra-curricular activities could well be integrated into the curriculum at this point.

Cooperative living, such as the self-help boys do, could well be a vital part of a sociology or history major's life. Work with labor problems, a part of an economics major's experience; work with the Tar Heel, part of a journalism major's training; related acting, not phoney "hill-billy folklore" could become basic ground-work for dramatic art majors; student government could be a real lesson for any political science major.

Yes, there probably is no place in the curriculum for such extra-curricular pastimes as class officer-holders, petty politicians, Sound and Fury majors, or certain publications interests.

But, there is a lot to be said for this business of making what we hear in the class-rooms a part of our lives. This can be done only through seeing what the text books describe in terms of flesh and blood.

The answer lies in taking the now unrelated and making it related.

The thing that is wrong with our colleges today, and ours as well as any other, is that we can't see a sure-fire thing when it is before us. It's the same lesson that all-America has to learn in tying up the lack of air power in the Far East with our failure to convert automobiles to planes earlier.

We've got to convert our book learning into practical sense and in terms of the way the world lives, or we will all enter an era of misfits and disillusion, not one of peace and plenty.

●

A listing of the scenes of Sound and Fury's "Bagdad Daddy" reveals:

Scene I—Five boys in overalls.
Scene II—Mary Boothe Francis.

• No overalls??

●

PAT YOURSELF ON THE BACK DEPARTMENT

From the Daily Tar Heel:

"The show cases in the library now exhibit data about the first World War, including a copy of the New York Times, Daily Tar Heel, and other prominent periodicals of the time."

Gyre and Gimble

by

hayden carruth and harley moore

illustrations—charley colby

apologies:

Though his work sometimes abashes,
And people often say it trash is,
And filled with tripe and balderdash is,
We nevertheless will write this treatise in a style similar to that employed in poetry like Mr. Ogden Nash's.

ministers:

A minister
Is a manifestation of all things in our civilization that are sinister;
For though he's heaven's commissioner,
When he raves and rants about fire, brimstone and such to each and every parishioner,
Heaven's guy
Is very sly.
Because on
Matters pecuniary
He's very very wary,
And pays particular attention to that large green stuff known as Government Lettuce,
And he keeps his eyes open for all the filthy lucre he can get his
Claws on.

politicians:

Now each politician,
To win his position,
Employs every trick of the trade.
And once he's in power,
This man of the hour
Will break every promise he's made.

athletes:

A life athletic
's a good anaesthetic
To all affairs of the mind.
And, unsympathetic,
We mention, prophetic,
That it is ten to one that all athletes will be a burden on society and we shall have to pay taxes for their support and upkeep . . . * . . . a thing to which we are heartily disinclined.

* *Pause . . . breathe . . . and proceed.*

the rest:

All other people
Fall into some category or other.
And all sorts of human beings, though they laugh and they cry and they weep, 'll
Always smilingly believe they are crusading on to find some great blazing glory or other.
When it's simple to see that there just ain't no way to better a
Guy's condition.
Hence our pome is divided into ministers, politicians, athletes, and the stupid etc.!
Some rendition!

Classics for the Masses

Hamlet, the Sane Dane ~~~ William Shakespeare

As Told to Morton Cantor

WHAT HAS GONE ON BEFORE: HAMLET *is a prince in Denmark and he's feeling pretty blue because his old man, the King, kicked the bucket. His uncle,* CLAUDIUS, *married his mother,* GERTRUDE, *and became the new king, and Hamlet smells a rat because his mom didn't stay a widow for long. Then he gets wind of his father's ghost walking around the castle at night from his friend,* HORATIO, *who in turn gets his info from two guards who claim they see this freak. In the meantime, a young guy,* LAERTES, *gets leave from the king to shoot back to Paris for a hot time and he says good-bye to his pop,* POLONIUS, *who is a big shot around court, and his sister,* OPHELIA, *a cute little trick who is sorta stuck on Hamlet. Polonius gives his son a long spiel about being a good guy and finishes off with, "Above everything else, son, don't kid yourself!" Outside though, Hamlet meets his pop's ghost and starts gabbing with him. He could have been knocked over with a feather when the ghost says that he (the ghost) didn't die in a kosher way, but was bumped off by Hamlet's uncle who slipped a box of Benzedrine tablets into his glass of wine while he was snoozing. Hamlet blows up when he finds out that his mother was in on the murder and he swears that he'll avenge his pop's death.* AND NOW, ON WITH THE STORY:

THE NEXT day, Hamlet starts acting as if he's nuts. Polonius tells the king and queen that it's because he's so het up over his daughter. "I don't blame him," he says giving his daughter a plug, "Ophelia is a chip off the old block."

Anyway King Claudius sends for two of Hamlet's cronies from school to make him feel better. "Hey, how yew?" they say to Hamlet.

"Oh, tollable," responds Hamlet, "but what are you guys doing up in these parts? I'll bet my uncle sent for you to cheer me up."

"Well, he did," they said, "Hell's bells, man, you need a little fun around here. You're wasting yourself away. Why remember that time at school when we picked up . . . ."

So they get to talking about old times and then the cronies bring in this acting troupe they hired for Hamlet. Seeing these playmakers gives Hamlet a whale of an idea, so he takes the head man in a corner and plots up a show they can slip the court.

The next night before the show, Hamlet is moping around talking to himself about whether he should fight his uncle, when he meets Ophelia.

"Hey, fair nymph, what's cookin'?" he asks her friendly-like.

Well, Ophelia likes being called a fair nymph no end, although she's more than just fair, and she thanks Hamlet for all the presents he's been sending.

"What presents?" says Hamlet, "I didn't give you anything. In fact, I didn't even love you, kid. You shouldn't have been such a sucker. Hell, gal, a person as simple as you ought to be in a nunnery."

When this piece of news gets around court, everybody is even more sure that Hamlet is off his nut, because telling a beautiful dame like Ophelia that you don't like her just isn't done.

"Reading Maketh a Full Man"

Too long have we undergraduates bowed down to the uncomfortable erudition of the English majors and Graduate Students. To aleviate our humble egos, the Mag now offers a regular feature, "Classics for the Masses," in which the Great Men of Literature will be well reduced to popular consumption and reading time. Planned and forthcoming are "The Canterbury Tales" of that great writer, Chaucer, and the contemporary classic "Into the Night" by the ASU fugitive, John Val Jahn. Educate yourself. Become cultured. Read our monthly feature.

A few minutes later the court comes in to see what Hamlet's actors have got up. Hamlet gets himself a seat in Ophelia's lap and the overture begins. Into the great hall comes a bevy of beautiful, barely beclothed, buxom belles who give out with a song-and-dance number and then retire.

The main feature comes on next, and it's done without talking. The actors playing the king and queen come on stage and start slinging the slush in each other's mush. The queen gets a little tired of this after a while and leaves the king alone. The king, who is a little exhausted by now, lies down to catch a few winks, and in sneaks the villain and drops some white pills into a glass of wine and then pours it into the king's ears. (Ed. note: This was a fashionable way of administering lethal liquid in those days.) When the queen comes back for more woo and finds that her man ain't no good for that anymore, she throws a fit. But then the villain starts comforting her, and when she stops bawling, she finds that after all, he is a man, so they go into a terrific clinch and the fake play ends.

Throughout the show, Hamlet has been watching his mother and uncle and sees that by now they are worked up no end. In fact, his uncle is so green around the gills, that a few of his butlers got to carry him out. "Aha," murmurs Hamlet, "now we're cookin' with gas." (Ed. note: Hamlet wanted to see if what the ghost said was true, so he had the players reenact what was actually the murder of his father. Then he watched his mother and uncle, and, well you know that saying about a guilty conscience needing no accuser.)

The queen asks Hamlet to come and see her because she wants to give him hell for making the king feel so bad. Hamlet struts into her room saying, "Shoot the dirt to me, Girt."

"What's wrong, Hamlet? Do you know you've made your father feel bad?"

Hamlet gets sore at this. "Not half as bad as you made my father feel. Now let me tell you a thing or two . . . ." Then

(See HAM, page 20)

Bullet and Shell

NROTC, A Skeleton Annapolis

Hayden Carruth

UNKNOWN to most, Chapel Hill has an artillery unit. In the center of the University campus a modern fighting gun is kept and used frequently.

Lenoir Dining Hall houses this implement of war, down in the basement-armory. A target range, a stock of regulation Springfield service rifles, and other accoutrements of modern "bullet and shell" warfare are kept in the University's storehouse.

"The NROTC units throughout the country offer a skeletonized Annapolis course that leads to the commission of reserve ensign in the Navy," said Captain W. S. Popham, head of the Carolina branch. Seamanship, ordnance, engineering, electricity, navigation, gunnery, communication, leadership, administration, military law, naval history, aviation, and drills are the courses taken by every NROTC student before graduation. Covering a four-year stretch, the course offers complete, if rapid, training in Navy work.

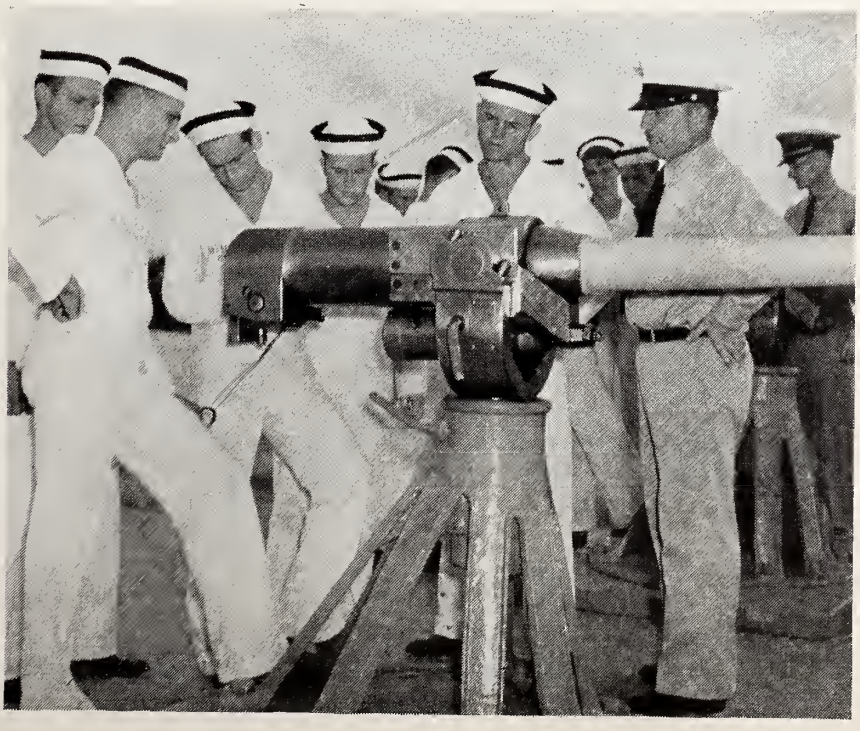
Started at Georgia Teeh fifteen years ago, the NROTC program has spread to include twenty-four universities in all parts of the nation.

Drill periods give the cadet practical instruction in the manual of arms, marching formations, and bring to the students some insight into the disciplinary life in the regular Navy. "Most students do not get enough of the disciplined life," said Captain Popham, "but we attempt strict enforeement of such regulations during the weekly drill periods."

Because of the great need of all Navy vessels during the war, the regular summer "cruises" for the NROTC students may be discontinued. "Our summer active duty courses are at the knees of the Gods," Captain Popham remarked. "Or rather at the knees of the Japs," he added thoughtfully.

Beeause the unit here has been open only two years, only freshmen and sophomores are training at present. Sophomore study during the winter is taken up with the mechanical phases. Operation of the sextant, radio, compensation in magnetic compasses (the magnetic power of the ship itself will produce as much as a 30 degree error in the readings of an ordinary compass), signal drills, etc. The picturesque scenes of silhouetted battleships with signal flags fluttering from the superstructure that Hollywood produces are somewhat distorted in the local class. The armory ceiling is so low that a long message trails off horizontally along the roof before it is half completed.

Freshmen learn "how to become sailors," said Lieutenant F. William Bruning, head of the drill classes. Learning knots, ropes, flag and light signals, small arms, construction of the naval guns—in short, getting acquainted with the naval scene is the main task of the frosh cadets.



During spring and fall quarters, marching drill takes up the "executive" period. Three companies and a drum and bugle corps are seen colorfully parading in Emerson field. The drum and bugle corps was recruited from the cadets; said Lieutenant Bruning, "and the likelihood of escaping regular drill work aided in the formation."

"The mortality rate among sophomores is high," said Lieutenant Bruning. "Many of the boys have not had enough math to get along well in navigation courses. This seems to be the main failing of all the students."

Reserve ensigns who graduate from NROTC courses go into active duty immediately during a time of national emergency. Under other circumstances they return to civilian life and are subject to call whenever an emergency arises. "NROTC students have as good a chance as Annapolis graduates for rapid advancement in the Navy," Lieutenant Bruning declared. "Many of them make better sailors and finer officers than the Annapolis men. When leaving NROTC schools, they lack only the amount of practical experience that Annapolis students receive, and a short time on active duty will give the average man plenty of that," he added.

Together with the CVTC unit, recently organized by spontaneous student efforts, the NROTC group puts more than 600 Carolina men students under practical military training. Greater enlistments are expected, as the University marches in step with national adjustment to the war.

HAM

(From page 18)

he spies something moving behind the curtain in the room. He thinks it's the king and sticks his sword right through the curtain yelling, "Take that, you rat!" And out from behind the curtain falls a dead Polonius.

When King Claudius hears that Hamlet kills one of his pals he figures that is the last straw and sends Hamlet to England. On the way, Hamlet sees Norwegian soldiers going to attack Poland and when he sees what a good fight the Poles are putting up, he starts thinking of himself and things back in Denmark. Finally he decides to go back and polish off his uncle.

But just before he gets home, he stops off at a grave-yard and finds a skull of some guy he used to know. "Jeez, poor Yorick," he says to himself, "I knew him when. Why I remember . . . ." All of a sudden, he sees a bunch of people carrying a stiff, so he ducks behind a tombstone to see what's coming off.

It turns out to be the king, queen, and their court people who have come to bury Ophelia. It seems that with Hamlet taking it on the lam and her father out of this world, Ophelia went stir-crazy and started hopping all over the place throwing flower-pots at people and singing dirty songs. And then what did she do but skip into the water and drown herself.

Her brother Laertes, back from Paris, is at the funeral and just as they're about to bury her, he jumps into the grave to say good-bye to her for the last time. Hamlet jumps out from behind the tombstone and slings himself into the grave also saying, "Me, I'm Hamlet, the sane Dane, and I was really cuckoo about Ophelia." Laertes is really steamed up over Hamlet and starts fighting with him. When the court-guys finally break it up, Laertes challenges Hamlet to a duel the next day.

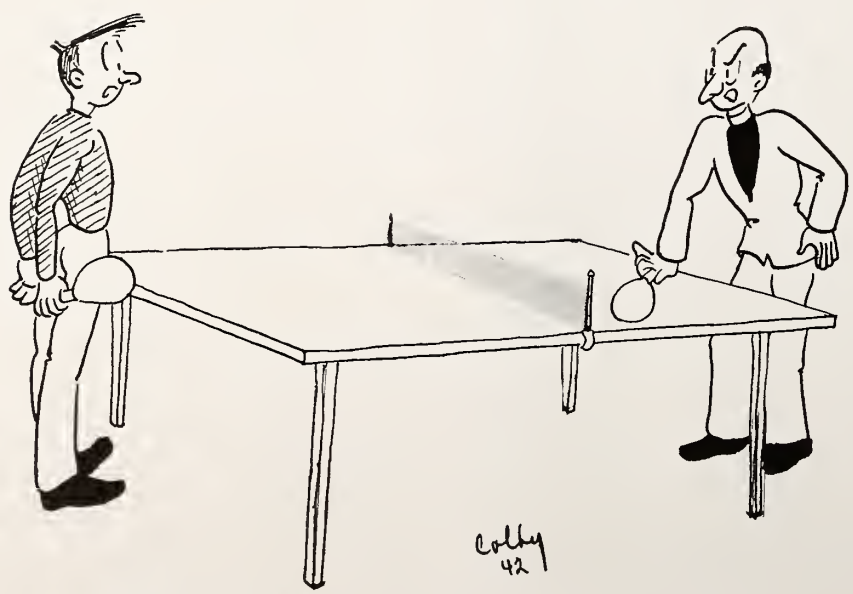
"You hoid me. I said 'prune souffle' a' la pierre."

King Claudius is getting a little tired of having Hamlet on the loose and he figures this would be a good time to get rid of him, so before the duel he puts some poison on the end of Laertes' sword. Ordinarily Laertes wouldn't have gone through with this dirty trick, but he's damn sore at Hamlet on account of the death of his father and sister, so he lets the poison be put on the sword. But the king still isn't taking any chances, so he plops a little poison into Hamlet's glass of wine, just in case.

Soon they start the sword-fighting and Hamlet is doing pretty good for himself although he doesn't know that with the poison on Laertes' blade, the odds are 100 to 1 against him. The king is getting a little worried by now, because Hamlet is still up and kicking, so he tells Hamlet to take a snort of his wine, but Hamlet is in no mood for this now and refuses. Queen Gertrude takes Hamlet's glass, and before Claudius can stop her, drinks to Hamlet's health thus finishing hers, but permanently.

Well, Hamlet turns around a second to see her passing out, and Laertes comes in and slices him in the shoulder. They start fighting in a clinch and in the fight, they change swords. This time Hamlet's got the poisoned sword and he stabs Laertes who squeals about the king's plan and then dies too. The poison is having its effect on Hamlet and he drops to the floor, but with his last bit of energy crawls over to Claudius and says to him, "Say your prayers but quick, big boy, this is the end of the line for you." And without even giving him time to regret, he jabs the sword between his ribs and then dies himself. Naturally the court people are sorta upset because of all this blood that's been gushing all over the place, but Hamlet's friend Horatio, the only main character that gets away without murder, calms them down and finishes off with: "Really folks, this Hamlet was a good guy."

Finis



"Another like that, and I'll preach another sermon against paddling."

Nora

A Short Story

John Roeder

AS HE stood in front of the red metal door, waiting for someone to come and open it he thought of Nora. He remembered her so well. It was as though he had just seen her the day before yesterday. It was amazing.

He saw her as she was when she was first hired. Nora was a sweet little Irish girl who didn't have too much brains. He could hear his mother saying that now.

Then, after school one day his mother called for him and took him home. The first thing he did was to look into the kitchen. There she was, standing over the stove. Her hair was stiff and wavy and shingled as all the girls of that time wore it. But she was pretty, he thought.

His mother said to Nora, "This is my baby."

"Why he's quite a big boy." Then she looked at him and her smile broadened. "Sure, and Edward and I are going to get along fine, aren't we?" But he remembered that he was too shy, and that he turned away. Nora said, "Mrs. Hartin, that's a fine boy you have, but he's in need of a little fattening."

He knocked at the door again.

After a while, when Edward got to know Nora better he asked her a lot of questions. Somehow, Edward thought, I never went to mother any more. I always went to Nora for help, solace, and even for knowledge.

It seemed that he was always asking questions. If it was not about one thing, it was about another.

One day Nora was lying down on the bed in her room. She was looking at a magazine with pictures of babies in it. When she saw Edward come into the room she asked, "Look at the pretty babies. Aren't they cute?" It was asked in her low, musical brogue.

"Tired?"
"Naw. Just retreaded."

Edward remembered that he thought for a minute. "Nora, how do babies have the blood of both their mother and their father?"

Edward looked at the dirty red door and smiled.

Nora sat up on her bed for a moment did not know what to say. "Why," she paused, trying to think of something, "I don't know. It just happens that way."

"Aw, Nora, come on and tell me. Please." Then he continued. "I guess they use a hyperdermic needle and take some of the blood out of the father's arm and inject it into the mother's arm. Is that right?"

Edward still loved her for the way she lied, then. "Yes. Oh, you're a bright lad, you are. You're so smart. Now let me hear you recite that poem you have to know for tomorrow."

"I wandered lonely as a cloud that floats on high o'er . . ."

It all seemed so close to him, now. Yet it was years ago. It was years ago that he used to sit on the windowsill of the kitchen and watch Nora's back as she shelled the peas to be cooked for dinner. "Nora, I bet you can't guess the word that I'm going to write on your back." Edward then spelled out *Mississippi* with his finger on Nora's back. Every once in a while she would giggle for he tickled her. Then Edward would laugh too. It was all great fun. They enjoyed those hours that were spent in the kitchen while Nora worked and Edward played with her.

"Let me see. I'm not sure that I can get that one. Do it again."

"I knew you wouldn't be able to." And he wrote out the word on the red and green Hoover apron again.

"Mississippi." Nora laughed her soft, mature, musical laugh.

"Aw, gee, you got it. Well, I got another one." But Nora had to get up and put the peas on to boil. Edward protested, but Nora insisted that she had work to do.

Edward remembered all those times they spent together and how much he liked them.

His mother was not sure she liked his being in the kitchen so much, but only once did she say anything. "Edward, I don't like the idea of your being in there. You're getting to be a big boy. That's not the way men act."

He ran to Nora and cried.

"Now don't you bother. Mother didn't really mean it." That's all that happened. And Edward's mother never said anything about it again.

But then it had to end. Four years passed and the love created between Nora and Edward grew. In almost all things Nora was to Edward everything that surrounds youth. He did not bother to make close friends with other boys in school or outside. When he went out into the street to play handball during the evening, he waited until he got back to Nora. When she went out he missed her.

But Nora was going to be married.

It was not the first time that she left the Hartins. Once she had gone back to Ireland. Edward waited until she came back, fearing all the time that she was gone that she never would return. But that time she did.

Four years ago Edward stood just where he was standing now, waiting for Nora to open the door. He had come to see her just the same way that he came now. But he remembered that then the door was a bright red. Not the darkened, dusty shade that had come to be.

Nora left. Mrs. Hartin made her a present of a wedding dress and the bird which she had taken care of for years.

Every Christmas Edward received a card signed with the name written in sprawling lines, "Nora."

Four years ago Nora came to the door and saw him standing outside. For a moment she stood there and looked. Her lips were about to form the words, "Who is it," when suddenly she burst out, "Edward. Oh, Edward Hartin." She kissed him.

He went into the apartment and looked at the pretty yellow cream stippled walls on which hung pictures of sail boats, flowers and above the radio, a picture of the *Bleeding Christ*.

Edward sat in a brown and white salt and pepper chair and looked at Nora. She was older and a little heavier. "Nora, you let your hair grow!"

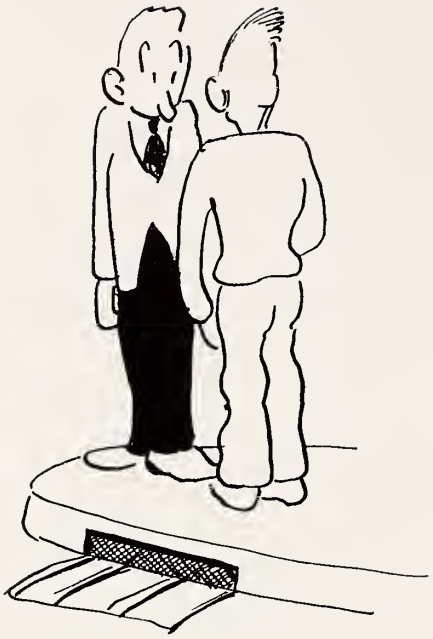
Nora smiled. "You remember how your dear mother tried to make me let it get longer. Well, I did it."

"Nora, are you happy?"

The glow in her eye quieted as she said, "Happy," and with a soft smile, "Sure I'm happy." Then without taking a breath, "Let me show you my William."

Nora led Edward into the bedroom and there was her baby. He was in a crib, playing and humming and crying. Trying to keep up with the canary in the cage hanging beside him.

Edward stayed there a long time. He stayed and talked to Nora all afternoon. Everything was almost the same as it had been, except that Nora was away from him. She was William's mother, now. Edward left at about five o'clock that afternoon with some dishes which Nora said her husband picked up at a brewery where



"When's it coming out?"

he worked. "Come up again," Nora spoke softly, "we might move soon. I'll write to you and tell you if we do."

But all she sent were the Christmas cards.

* * * * *

The door was opened slowly. A large, dirty man with bloodshot eyes stood before him. He coughed once or twice and then asked Edward who he was.

Edward looked into the musty room which he had seen four years ago. It had been clean and comfortable then. But he only saw a little of it. "Edward Hartin."

"Who?" The man spoke to Edward as though he were not wanted.

"You know. Nora—. You're Mr. Reilly aren't you?"

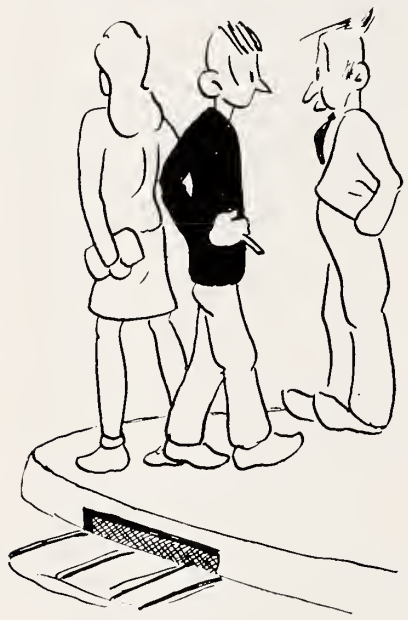
"Yeah." He pulled his dirty brown flannel bathrobe tightly around his thin body.

"Nora used to work for us. I'm Edward Hartin."

Mr. Reilly walked away from the door slothfully. "Come in if you want to. Nora expecting you?"

"No." Edward entered and saw that the place had changed since he was here last. The walls were no longer light and cheerful, but they were dirty and the brown and white peppered chair was torn. The only picture left on the wall was the *Bleeding Christ.*

"I don't expect she does, or she wouldn't have let you come. Well, you've seen what we are. Look at the place." Reilly turned away and walked toward the window. "I guess I shouldn't say that to you when you just come in. But as soon as you came in the door I got what you wanted. Nora wouldn't want you here."



"Oughta be out soon."

Edward didn't understand. It was sudden and not at all what he expected.

"Sit down."

He sat in the same chair as when he was last here. "Will she be home soon?"

"I guess so. She only works till three."

Why wasn't Reilly at work instead of Nora. He couldn't understand this. "Do you still work at the brewery? On the night shift now?"

"No. I can't find no work." Suddenly Mr. Reilly threw open the window and yelled out. "Casy. Hey, Casy."

Another voice called back, "Yeah."

"How about a game of poker?"

"Sure. Coming right up."

Reilly pulled his head in and looked at Edward. "Nora'll be back in a few minutes. How about getting into our game?"

Edward wanted to get out. Everything was different from what he expected. Nora could no longer be the same. She no longer could be the woman he had come to see. "No. No thank you, I don't think I will." He walked to the door and as he opened it, he turned to Reilly and said, "Tell Nora I came and couldn't wait for her."

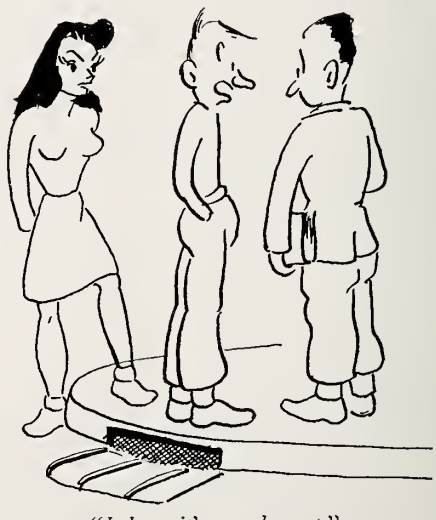
He left.

STATE

(From page 11)

male. At the last count the State female population consisted of 15 lone coeds. These tend generally to major in weaving and designing or some kindred courses, but the campus is still rocking with the tale of the courageous coed who last June graduated with a degree in Aeronautical Engineering. Present indications are that the increasing need of American industry for women to replace inducted male workers may lead to a rapid advance in the number of girls enrolled in mechanical curricula.

The outstanding feature of a survey of State College today is the tremendous defense program being carried out in the rapidly expanding Raleigh plant. The College administration is cooperating with the nation-wide call for a more rapid training of youth by swinging wholeheartedly into an all-out all-year program. The summer sessions, always an integral part of the College, will offer a complete list of courses this year. As a further aid, and as a special gesture towards R. O. T. C. members, all seniors will be permitted to slash four weeks from their spring quarter, receiving their diplomas on May 8. This will entail the elimination of spring final exams for the affected students. Following the lead of Chapel Hill, freshmen have been



"I hear it's nearly out."

permitted to enter on February 2, the select group taking special courses which will permit its members to finish two full quarters' work by June.

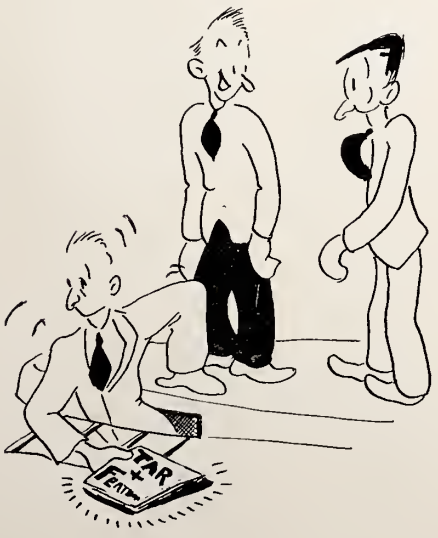
In addition to the extensive undergraduate defense training program being carried on at present, the College has undertaken the presentation of a diversified group of concentrated courses designed to train highly-specialized workers for the defense plants of the nation. The courses, taught by the personnel of the engineering schools, are free, all costs being in-

curred by the Federal government. Most have no other prerequisite than the completion of a high school education, and offer intensive training in such pursuits as Aircraft Inspection, Architectural Engineering and Drawing, Electrical Distribution, Fabric Inspection and Testing, and High Temperature Measurements and Heat Treating, to name a few. These courses extend over periods of 10-15 weeks, with an average of 20-40 hours per week of work on each. The College is graduating at present 100 trained workers a month, thereby creating a large reservoir of skilled personnel for vital defense industries.

A special feature of the defense training program is a 16-week course in Diesel Engineering, designed to meet Navy Department requirements. Each 90 days 25 ensigns of the Naval Reserve are sent to State to take the course. The subject matter is especially arranged to meet Naval requisites for line officers, skilled for combat work. In addition to the many courses conducted within the campus limits an extensive training program is being carried out at points throughout the state.

Although the future of State College, typical of rapidly advancing agricultural and engineering schools throughout the nation, is hard to view with accuracy, it seems safe to predict that the close of the present conflict will find the school in a position better than its pre-war status. The administrative officials of the institution are quick to admit that it is lacking several things, chief of which are recreational facilities, typified by our own Graham Memorial. Construction is underway at present on a huge new armory-gym and ground is being cleared for an extensive building program. Things may be looking glum for a host of American educational centers, but for North Carolina State College they are definitely looking up.

—Stuart Cahn



"It's out."

CARO

(From page 9)

underlying the collegiate torpor of Chapel Hill, a steadiness that is proof that something has indeed penetrated.

"Oh happy, *carefree* college days!" That statement was the epitome of the retort sarcastic. I first heard it when the boy beside me opened the first quiz he had flunked because he worked cross-word puzzles during each lecture. I wondered idly then what he would do if he were put irrevocably on his own outside the state of North Carolina. Today that boy is at Parris Island, most irrevocably on his own. But people still flunk tests, and Carolina does not change. There are dance weekends, and basketball games, and Sunday afternoon movies, reserve books, *Tar Heels*, and visiting South Americans.

I gathered with my friends after Christmas vacation. They had been home to Chicago, Baltimore, New York, Miami. They had seen their fathers made air-raid wardens, their huge dailies screaming about torpedoed battleships. They were full of theories, of espionage stories, of damning evidence that insidious propaganda was rampant in the U. S. Today at dusk I walked home from lab with one of those friends. She it was who had been the most rabid on the subject of defense, of informing the public, of getting out and *doing* something. Today she took six minutes to walk to the library, seven to walk to the gym; today she had a test, a shake at the Book Ex, three meetings scheduled for the same hour, a book to read, a date to keep from seven until ten-thirty. Today as always, a squirrel scampered out of the arboretum and peered at us from behind a tree. Dan the dog followed faithfully but independently in our footsteps as he follows in any footsteps which have a friendly stride. The sky in the west was a greying lavendar, and a star shone beside the steeple of the Chapel of the Cross. Above the slow ringing of the tower carillon she said, with all the fervor that she had previously put into her schemes for *doing* something, "Thank God for a place like Chapel Hill." In her excitement she dropped her knitting. And we laughed—for happiness.

I know now that Carolina is doing something. I would fight for what I have found at Carolina, fight not only my elders' kindly, indulgent laughter at my happy carefree college days, but fight any force which would destroy the "unconcern" that is tradition here.

●

Advertisement on a movie marquee:

I WAKE UP SCREAMING
with
Betty Grable

• Hmmmmm. . . .

Book Notes

Pearl Buck's Dragon Seed, February Book of the Month Selection.

Dragon Seed is a novel of invasion. First, it is the story of the invasion of Nanking by the little men from the island of Japan. Second, it is the invasion by Pearl Buck of a new realm of literature: the portrayal of tragedy that is entirely man-made.

There were no plagues of grasshoppers, no floods, no famine to trouble the family of Ling Tan. His was the homely, happy existence of a village farmer with sons and grandsons, an obedient household, and the promise of a dignified and placid old-age. Just as effectively as they gutted his neighboring Nanking with their bombs, the Japanese tore the present and future of Ling Tan's family to tatters, sent his sons to the hills, his women to mission shelters, made of his simple, storekeeper uncle a fawning puppet, of his cousin an opium fiend, taught him to lie and to hide, taught his sons to kill. Dragon Seed is the story of the adjustment of that family to a life of submission and suffering. " . . . And yet changeless were the skies above all their trouble, the sun shone the same, the moon rose and set, the stars were there, and clouds and rain, and the seasons passed as always from winter to early spring, and life went on, and even their life."

As in all of Pearl Buck's novels, there is sensitiveness in Dragon Seed. Everywhere there is the convincingness that comes of simple description, of superb characterization, of detail that makes color and climate as important as dialogue. But this is a brutal book. There is no happiness in it, and nothing of beauty that is lasting. Dragon Seed is 378 pages of blood and lust, unrelieved by moral or ideal, intensified by a final thrust of propaganda that has the same saccharine effect as would an improbable happy ending. The sordidness of The Good Earth had a dignity in keeping with its characters and its situation. It captured something of the quality of fineness which makes the peasant the backbone of a nation. There is no breath of idealism in Dragon Seed. There is endurance, and determination. There is no hope. Pearl Buck has written a tabloid novel, and one which has not the stuff of which Good Earth classics are made.

—Ann Seeley

(The John Day Company, New York; 378 pages; price, $2.50.)

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A Mile and a Half Out on the Raleigh Highway

Light Brown and Blue

AN EARLY deadline for Mag material makes writing up to date stuff rather difficult, but read on, jazzmen. You may find a few items of interest in this dirth of good music.

Whenceward Blues?

The blues dead? This unfortunate era of novelty-swing, sprouting such commercialized monstrocities as Miller, Monroe, Bradley, etc., seems a far listen from the old times of blues, pure and simple. The small combination, playing blues with feeling, each individual expressing his own ideas, but all ideas clicking in a unit,—this brand seems to have flickered into obscurity. Have cheer, jazzmen; wax is our preservative. Try some of these at your next listen.

For white combinations, playing light and clear in the best Chicago tradition, hear: *Friar Point Shuffle* by Eddie Condon; *Tin Roof Blues* by New Orleans Rhythm Kings; *Davenport Blues* by Adrian Rollini; *Featherbed Lament* by Joe Marsala; *The Eel* by Bud Freeman; *Sister Kate* by George Wettling; *Mournin' Blues* by Bob Crosby; *Comin' On with the Come On* by Mezz Mezzrow.

For colored work, hot and from New Orleans, try *Wild Man Blues* by "Pops" Bechet; *Four Day Creep* by Ida Cox; *Lucille* by Art Tatum (really Kansas City); *West End Blues* by Cootie Williams; *Church Street Sobbin' Blues* by Claude Hopkins; and *Canal Street Blues* by Red Allen.

Most Under-rated

Who do they like up-town? Mary Lou, sweetheart of the solid section. Playing with Andy Kirk, Mary Lou Williams and her boss are probably the most under-rated combination in the business. A style as individual as Lunceford's, precision and musicianship unexcelled, and fine Williams' arrangements make Kirk's group one of the best. Williams plays piano straight from the west; half musical Harlem sits back and listens. Try these records: *Big Jim Blues, Close to Five, Froggy Bottom; Little Joe From Chicago; Messa Stomp;* and *Mary's Idea.*

Amid the Money-Boys

New York's so called swing belt,—a five block radius around the Famous Door—sports some loud and racous noise, plenty of novelty and gag, but hardly a note of good jazz. Through the mad scramble, however, faintly rises the sound of fine music. The Hickory House (52 Street), built only for listening, has been held down by Joe Marsala et crew since t. immemorial. Nightly playing one of the best clarinets in the east, Joe offers one of the few good ear-fulls north of the Village. With white jazzmen leaving for Chi in droves, it's heartening to us easterners to know the Marsala outfit is a permanent fixture. Such outstanding ones as Dean Kincaide shiver the bandstand for admiring listeners.

Hail the Commodore

Down the road a few doors (ha!) a man named Joe keeps the counter of the Commodore music shop. For those jazzmen stranded south of Philly this is unimportant, but Joe's boss is important to all. The Commodore label, famous over the jazz world, will now be available here. Rumor stalks that both local wax shops will stock Commodore permanently.

See that you hear, at least, some of these from the 42 Street home: *Ec-Stacy* by Jess Stacy; *Blue Room* and *Exactly Like You* by Bud Freeman Trio; *Tea for Two* by Willie "The Lion" Smith; and best of all the late releases, *A Good Man is Hard to Find* under Eddie Condon. This last is two twelve inch records—that's four sides—of improvisation, coming as close to a real recorded jam session as any ever waxed. Bud Freeman, Jess Stacy, Max Kaminsky, Mugsy Spanier, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Miff Mole, Brad Gowans, Eddie Condon, Artie Shapiro, and George Wettling make up the cast.

Some Commodore re-issues you would like: *I've Found a New Baby* by Chicago Rhythm Kings; *Young Woman's Blues* by Bessie Smith; *Panama* by Red Nichols; *Ol' Man River* by Bix Beiderbecke; *Riverboat Shuffle* by Frankie Trumbaur; *Sugar Foot Stomp* by King Oliver; *Jazz Me Blues* by Frank Teschmaker; *Canal Street Blues* by King Oliver; *Dear Old Southland* by Original Wolverines; *Beale Street Blues* by Venuti-Lang All Stars. All these are peopled with names now big in the jazz whirl. Note for Boogie-Woogie fans: the best of Ammons, Lewis, Johnson, Yancy, Pine Top Smith, Hodes and the rest are on Commodore labels; at least the old ones are.

—Hayden Carruth

•

Boston Evening Herald:

Soil Erosion, which has been destroying farm areas at a fast rate, until the south has a territory as large as South Carolina which is useless, was given last night in a Cambridge address as the reason for birth control. . . .

• Would you repeat that again, please?

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THE NEW CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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HUMOR
MORTON CANTOR
HARLEY MOORE

MARCH, 1942

REVIEWS
SYLVAN MEYER

WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—

She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."

Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.

She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.

Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's strictly Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

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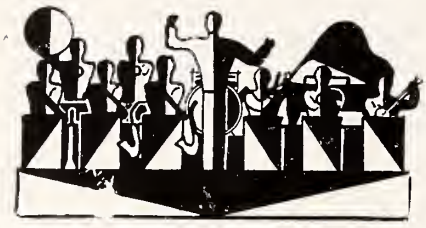
...fresh as ocean spray...

Light Brown and Blue



LET'S TALK about jazz some more this month.

Kirby Nominated

One of the major characteristics of the negro musician, his nomadic quality, is reversed in two bands and a few individuals. The Duke and Kirby break the rule. Kirby, who graduated from the original of the modern negro jump bands, Fletcher Henderson, entered the jazz world with ideas of his own. A small unit, solid but quiet music, the best in performance, top-flight arrangements, and men who can all sprout a fine idea when the going gets rough—that's the Kirby outfit. The best colored men, technically and naturally, spark the outfit: Charlie Shaver, Buster Bailey, O'Neill Spenser, Billy Kyle, et al. Kirby represents the best in clever, colorful, precision arrangements on most of his records, and the best in individual and collective musicianship and improvisation on the stand. Mainspring of *Duffy's Tavern* for a year and a half, Kirby has been replaced by Waller and no longer has radio time. But try some of these records: *Coquette, St. Louis Blues, Blue Room, Rose Room, Sweet Georgia Brown.*

Single-Man Sides

Get these (old, new, and re-issue) for solos only: Cootie Williams and Louis Armstrong, each in their own *West End Blues;* Max Kaminsky in Eddie Condon's *Tennessee Twilight;* Benny Carter in his own *Bugle Call Rag;* Venuti and Goodman in Venuti's *In De Ruff.*

Low Priced Jazz

Cheapest way to get jazz these days, if it is the least bearable, is through the radio. At least you can keep up with the latest arrangements. Note these broadcast spots: Bob Crosby, NBC, Friday 8:30 and Mutual, Sundays-Thursdays at 1; Goodman, Columbia, Tuesday, 11:30, Wednesday, 12:05, Saturday, 12:30; Lucky Millinder (pulling a comeback with Sister Roseta Tharpe), NBC, Tuesday, Friday, 11:30 and Saturday, 5:30 in the afternoon; Muggsy Spanier (watch a really fine new band by an old time jazzman by Dean Kincaide arranging), NBC, Wednesday, 7:30 pm and Saturday, 6 pm; Les Paul (penetrating heat from a crinkling trio) CBS, Sunday, Friday, 7:30 pm, Wednesday, 6 pm.

BITN

Most recorded tune and not a good one in the crowd: *Blues in the Night.* B. G. comes closest except for Red McKenzie's chorus that worries the hell out of Goodman fans. Lunceford cops close second on first side.

Okay, commercialists, here's your bit. Miller's *Skylark* looks like it might be popular even if it is no good. Better get it.

—Hayden Carruth

—Bill Taylor

In Spring a Young Man's Fancy

Also turns to clothes with color for outdoor capers and campus wear. See Bill Reavis with his sport jacket of herring bone worn with flannel slacks of tan, even his silk tie fits the season well. In fact he and Janie Putnam are both adorned anew for the Pinehurst and Chapel Hill spring frolicking. For the brightest array of spring outfits for men see our selections.

PRITCHARD-BRIGHT CO.
Fine Furnishings for College Men
• DURHAM •

ODE TO INFIRMARY PATIENT

By Gyre and Gimble

If you're as ill as you can be,
And still you fear you're getting worse,
Merely read our poetry,
And then you'll go from bed to verse.

FOR
Spring Clothes
Carolina
MEN'S SHOP

Dear Student:-

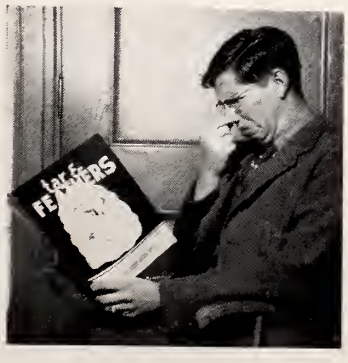
Have You Heard?

. . . here on this campus are published two of the nation's outstanding literary and humor magazines. The old Carolina Magazine (above) offers endless hours of intellectual relaxation and at a minimum expense. Millions* of readers throughout the country turned to the old Carolina Magazine. Don't flunk out on this sensational opportunity for educational stimulation . . . !

In another field, Tar & Feathers features the best in consumers humor. The very latest styles in puns and gags are gathered for your entertainment in this outstanding mag. Subscribe early and avoid the rush!

Your friends,
THE PU BOARD

* Typographical Error.



Trend

DAILY TAR HEEL

● Let us just ask the budget committees to forget about "Name Bands" and the superuous dances and, on the other hand, to provide an amount much smaller—even the present sum reduced three-fourths—for the junior senior dances and entertainments. . . .—edit, Dec. 3 (before Pearl Harbor)

● . . . Dance expenses can be drastically cut and cut immediately. . . . Nothing has been done.
—edit, Jan. 14

● BRADLEY AND BOOGIE WOOGIE
MOVE INTO CAROLINA SATURDAY
—headline, Feb. 1

● . . . Does entertainment and having a good time mean for you having a 'NAME BAND' and fancy decorations and millions of figures? Can you not have a good time among yourselves. Does the spirit lie only in money? —edit, same day

● . . . When Will Bradley and the boys start giving out with some of that "boogie-woogie," it will be a sight not soon forgotten. So make plans to attend the concert.
—edit, same day, same page, same column

● GET A TICKET AND A DATE
FOR THE BRADLEY CONCERT SATURDAY
—headline, Feb. 6

● BRADLEY'S BAND HIGHLIGHTS WEEKEND
—headline, Feb. 7

● . . . The band (Spivak) will play for a public concert and three dances in its first engagement on the campus. —newsstory, Feb. 11

● I'll See you at the Concert with
CHARLEY SPIVAK
—ad, same day

● . . . Wear your blinders and your rose-colored glasses. Think only of your name bands at Junior-Seniors; continue to waste your food and money; preserve the same uncharitable attitudes toward organizations which solicit your support.
—edit, same day

● . . . we have got to wake up. Now. We have got to stop saying that this is our last year to have a good time. We have got to stop spending $3000 for dances. Our good times for the present should have stopped on December 7, 1941.—edit, Feb. 21

● LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE DRAFTS
BILL TO CUT DANCE EXPENSES
Expense Ceiling
Fixed at $2,200
For Dance Sets —headline, Feb. 22

● LEGISLATURE CUTS DANCE EXPENDITURES TO $750
THREE HOUR SESSION APPROVES
CRISIS BILL; OPPOSITION HEAVY
—headline, Feb. 26

● The campus has taken back its lead in the war effort. The fingers can wag no longer.
—edit, Feb. 28

● DANCE LEGISLATURE FACES REFERENDUM
Opposition Forces
Collect Petitions
For Amendment
—headline, March 3

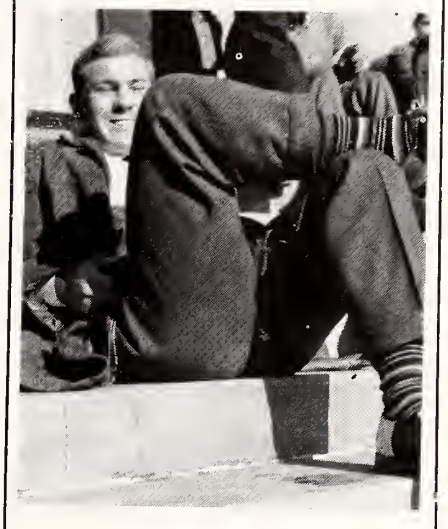
● MASS MEETING CALLED ON DANCE CUT REFERENDUM
Students Convene Tomorrow
To Discuss Dance Question
—headline, March 8

● . . . I don't think my personality, or anybody's here, is bound up in a tin horn from New York City," Ferebee Taylor, speaker of the Legislature asserted at the mass meeting. . . .
—newsstory, March 10

● STUDENTS VOTE ON DANCE BILL REFERENDUM TODAY —headline, March 11

● DANCE REFERENDUM FAILS TO GET QUORUM
Legislature's $750 Limit
Maintained in Campus Vote
Despite 7 to 5 Opposition
—headline, March 24

For the Smile of Beauty



It's Ibana 2 to 1

"Listen fella, you can take my word for it. These modern, delectable foods keep the teeth from getting all the vigorous exercise they need. Prevent them from getting tough. Take me now. I'm tough. Lots of exercise. I use

IBANA TOOTHPASTE»

If your fancy turns so your appearance must

Let us polish you up for your spring capers.

Graham Memorial Barber Shop

Of the Month

The Ivory Mischief *by Arthur Meeker, Jr.*

Theocritus once said that beauty is "an ivory mischief." Arthur Meeker's novel proves the Greeks really had a word for it. *The Ivory Mischief* is a modern novel of the too-historical era of Louis XIV. It moves as fast as the blade of a guillotine.

Completely devoid of plot, *The Ivory Mischief* is at once strange and fascinating. A novel of character, not one of the persons in its countless incidents is imaginary. It is a picture of the France of the seventeenth century, as carefully and brilliantly done as a Watteau painting. It is the story of the lives of two sisters, Cateau and Magdelon La Louppe—Cateau the golden beauty, the ever perfect, poised and cool; Magdelon her younger sister, jet-haired, naive, but equally exquisite. Their first major problem in life was to find a husband. After that, the only problem was to find diversion—so easily found, after one was safely married—and at the same time to keep the husband—guessing! The dashing diversions in the lives of the sisters La Louppe manage to become at times remarkably confusing (Cateau and Magdelon thought so too), but never dull. No proper young lady of seventeenth century France *ever* had a lover before she was married. It was Cateau who undertook to find a husband for her little sister. Schooled in the ways of the most amorous, brilliant, outrageously ornate court of all ages, pampered by the idleness of aristocracy, riches, extravagance, and feigned boredom, Cateau introduced her sister to the fastest, most fashionable era the world has ever known.

This book is enjoyable from start to finish. It is a valuable portrait of an age. Its pages are people with the Madame de Sevigne and Madame de Rambouillet who were so much a part of French literature, with the Fouquet and Charles d'Orleans who made its history. It is a picture of the court complete from coiffures to sedan chairs. For 679 pages it is a treasury of detail and incident that makes those people and that age real to the reader. The book is written well and with restraint. It is almost diary-like in its minuteness of detail. The characters are believable, human, and exciting, the situations convincing.

The wildest imaginings about the lords and ladies who rode the tumbrils to the guillotine come true in *The Ivory Mischief.*

—Ann Seeley.

STYLE LEADER

—Bill Taylor

GUSTUH WYND, the Fashion Champion, knows that to be well dressed, it's not the number of suits but the cut and fit that make the man. As Gust strolls down the University path he wears a well draped Priority Sack suit in over-all blue. For perfect styling and good fitting clothes select from our Priority Sack and Eskie-Weskie attire.

Carrboro Men's Shop

"Across from the Mill"
CARRBORO

No Longer

is it necessary to stay at home. For that reassuring sense of SAFETY try PAL Garter Supports. Have fun! Go to parties! Go to the Arboretum! You'll always know you can join in the most vigorous of sports and not have "fallen sockosis."

Buy PAL Garters.

Star

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.

I used to think you were a hole
In the bottom of a bowl
Which every night was set upon us
By the guys in heaven . . . honest.

Then I came away to college,
Gathered lots and lots of knollege,
Learned you're nothing more or less
Than another sun at best.

Hypothesis on theorem
(Tangent x plus cosine m)—
Every star is thus explained,
Is in a formula contained.

So now my lovely evening sky
Is filled with countless nebulae,
With cosmic dust and planetoid,
With meteorite and asteroid,
With galaxy and isobar.—
Forever gone, my twinkle-star.

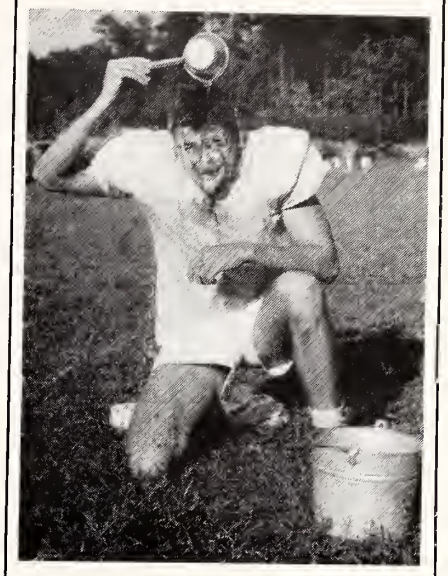
So give me back my little hole
In the night's inverted bowl.
For though astronomers refuse it,
And with hypotheses confuse it,
I still support my first contention—
That "star" is not a man's invention;
My idea is nothing radical,
It's not a formula mathmadical,
It's merely that a star's a hole
In the night's inverted bowl.

For this belief I've lots of proof
To show the sky's a holey roof,
'Cause anyone with any brains
Can see it leaks through when it rains.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.

—Harley Moore

Pause that Refreshes



They Call Me a «Dope»

. . . but it's just because they can't understand where on earth I get that extra stamina which I find hidden in that tantalizing refresher, "Benzadrola."

Benzadrola Bottling Company

Models Needed

Do you have talent? Do you want to embark on a new career of modeling? Do you want popularity, fame, success?

MEN! We have literally *thousands* of lovely girl models for our photographic spreads like that of the cover.

There is no necessary skill required to fulfill the job, but a nature which isn't averse to feminine companionship is desirable. If you would like to model for us please mail this ad with the body of a member from either the Old Mag or Tar an' Feathers staff.

WE NEED MODELS!
Baby-Esquire Magazine

THE BEST

Western Steaks and Chops

IN TOWN

•

Campus Cafe

BOOTS TO SOOT YOUR PERSONALITY

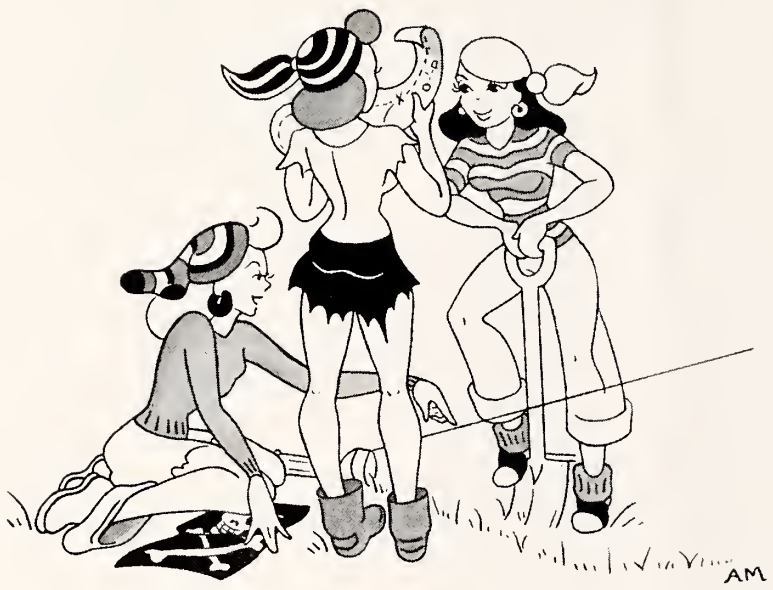
We're right in line with the latest style trends.

Carolina Footery

The Old Carolina Mag AND Graham Memorial

Announce . . .

Illustrations by Anne Montgomery



A Pirates' Ball and a Campus Treasure Hunt

BOTH OF THEM to celebrate the birth of the *Baby-Esquire* NEW Carolina Magazine . It will be a full week of treasure-hunting to be followed by a Pirate Costume Ball.

●

TREASURE HUNT will shortly be announced in the Tar Heel along with the First Clue and details to help join in the fun. Clues will be hidden all over the campus in the form of anagrams, puzzles and verses to test your ingenuity. Each solved clue leads to the location of the next, until the last which will lead to an actually buried "treasure."

●

COUPLES will find their most effective seeking of clues to be probably by night and by flashlight to let darkness cover their progress from other student "pirates."

●

THE PIRATES BALL will be held at weekend after Treasure Hunt. Winners of hunt will be announced, prizes for best costumes will be given, and a campus figure symbolizing Baby Esquire will be baptized by Godfathers Bill Cochrane and Henry Moll while parents Moore and Meyer look on.

NEW CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Sample «Baby Esquire»

HARLEY MOORE, the genius-incarnate on the staff, just as easily turns out everything from Gyre and Gimble verses to the most serious prose and fiction. He is one third of the triumvirate which ground out this issue, slaving whole nights on makeup.

STAFF

Richard Adler, Hugh Morton, Bill Taylor, Jack Field, Stud Gleicher, Jane Ruggles, James Pace, Jeff Hill, Charles Colby, Matt McDade, Tom Biebigheiser, Walter Klein, Bucky Harward, Mike Beam, Bob Levin, Dick Goldsmith, Julius Oringer, Mary Lib Nash, Dot Cutting, Billy Pearson, Harrison Symmes, Paul Komisaruk, Betty Perry, Hayden Carruth, Ann Seeley, John Roeder, Henry Zaytoun, Ernie Frankel and anyone else that may have been overlooked.

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CO-EDITORS
HARLEY MOORE, SYLVAN MEYER
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
ELSIE LYON, MORTON CANTOR
BUSINESS MANAGERS
JACK HOLLAND, ARDIS KIPP

SYLVAN MEYER was early named "old reliable" among staff members. A worthy and capable member of the Moll-Meyer-Moore threesome, his range runs from layout to fiction and fast-moving campus reporting. Responsible for the "Hill Review" section, the Tar Heel's M. E. proved his capabilities by working with Moore and Editor Moll on the New-Mag's "Baby Esquire" issue.

The editors would like to clearly state that Baby Esquire was designed mainly to demonstrate the practicability of blending material of different natures into one magazine. It is realized that this mag probably contains more pages, printing, and engraving than would be possible next year. We believe we have accomplished our purpose, and have demonstrated a definite answer.

¶ Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. ¶ Material appearing in the columns of THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶ Address all communications to the Editor,* THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, *Chapel Hill North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. ¶ Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶ Subscription price of $1.50 per year. ¶ Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

FUTILITY

TRYING TO PUT A CALL THROUGH TO ONE OF THE WOMEN'S DORMS

TRYING TO BUY THAT 10:30 COKE

TRYING TO DATE A B. W. O. C.

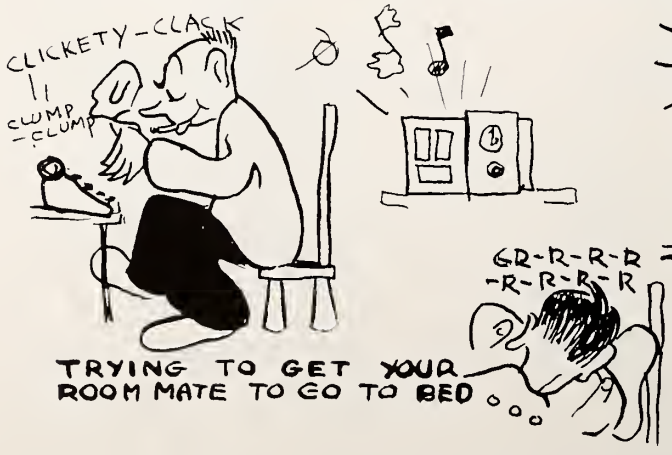
TRYING TO KEEP AWAKE IN AN 8:30

TRYING TO DRINK ONE MORE BEER THAN YOUR ROOMATE CAN

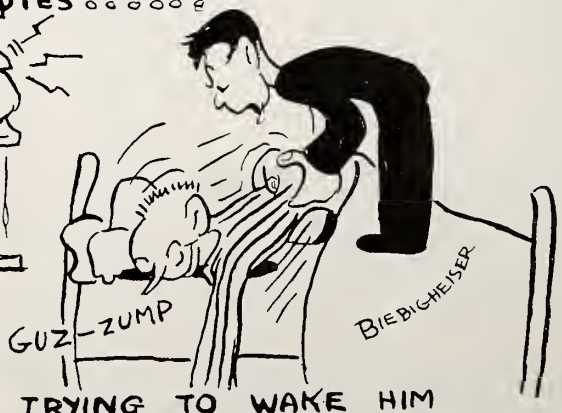
TRYING TO GET A SMOKE WHEN YOU'VE RUN OUT

OR

TRYING TO KEEP A PACK OF YOUR OWN FOR 10 MINUTES



TRYING TO GET YOUR ROOM MATE TO GO TO BED



TRYING TO WAKE HIM UP IN THE MORNING

10°30' SOUTH

WE FOUND the following note inscribed on one of the trees in Battle park:

"Blessings on thee, little Nell
With athletes' feet that look like Hell,
Blemished cheeks and rosy eyes,
A look that never satisfies;
With thy filmy-colored fangs,
And thy frowsy unkempt bangs,
Sagging muscles, dish-pan mitts,
You don't use Lux, I bet two bits;
You even got that painted look,
I'd hate to be the man you hook.
Now don't start pushing, for she's all mine;
The reason's very simple — I'm Frankenstein."

RECENTLY there's been an outbreak of literary groups on the campus that get together and read serious creations. At one such meeting, conversation lagged until an old issue of Astounding Science magazine depicting a peculiar operation in which a man's senses got hooked up wrong. Among other things, his auditory nerves were connected with his taste buds, so that when bells rang, they tasted like steak, and his sense of feeling was hooked up with his visual sense, so that when he felt red cloth, he saw fire. Bright lights felt like tacks, and soft lights were slimy. When he drank whiskey, he heard New Years' Bells ring. Literary lights went on from there. An apple when eaten would have a sound as insipid as a dead body falling. Lettuce would sound like rain. They put their heads together and evolved a cocktail that would sound like a Chopin nocturne!

RECENT disputes which have come up between members of the Carolina Magazine and Tar an' Feathers staffs over who wrote what where first with which "subconscious inspiration" gives us an idea for a method which would iron out all these difficulties. Whenever any person on either of the staffs gets an idea, he should immediately run down to the Student Honor Council and patent the idea swearing by the Pledge. Of course, there is still that difficulty that the "originator" might have seen it somewhere before and it could have stuck in some subconscious corner of his brain, having it pop out when the moment was ripe. The only solution we can see for that is a thorough psychoanalysis.

"Now I'll never be able to get married!"

MR. SMITH of Chapel Hill (he of cinematic fame) would doubtless be surprised at the way in which discussions of his features enter countless lecture rooms. Take the case of Karl Fussler, physics instructor. When the mention of an incident in the then-current "Hellzapoppin" seemed appropriate to the otherwise unintelligible lecture, he jokingly advised all of his sixty-odd students to cut their afternoon classes to see the picture. Several alert members of the class reminded him that their physics lab was scheduled for that very afternoon. Fussler reflected a moment and added, "Of course, I HAVE seen better pictures."

SOME time ago we delivered several copies of our magazine to one of the more prominent women's dormitories. We were greeted by a co-ed who said "Oh, do come inside to our tea. We are supposed to invite guests, and I don't have anyone to bring. You must come. Think of the effect of two men." Naturally we couldn't refuse, so we entered.

There before us sat the prim dormitory girls, straight-backed, sipping tea, or trying to knit. As these charming young ladies sat there in the prudish ecstasy of the Mid-Victorian era, some gazed longingly out of the window at the fertile (naughty!) sun. There was radiance in their eyes, a timid tittering, and an ever-so-slight sigh as we came in.

We had tea, orange sticks, and only with the utmost use of our defensive

mechanisms did we avoid having the tea with curdled cream. Time passed langorously. We admit having a strong desire to burp, but from our reading of Jane Austen, we remembered that this was not done in the politer Victorian society.

The house-mother entered the room, and we were cautiously presented to her. She muttered something like "Pleasure," smiled, and left. Soon after, we too left, having really enjoyed the tea, but feeling rather musty, dusty, and rusty.

Dating Bureau . . .

SITUATED between Bingham and the Bell Tower, directly opposite South Building, is an edifice which has never been fully appreciated by anyone. The library, often maligned as serving no more useful purpose than that of being campus dating bureau, recreation center, dog sanctuary, and, more recently, smoking-room, has at last become of some practical use. Inspired no doubt by Daily Tar Heel editorials on the sufferings of the CVTC boys, several of our more socially-conscious co-eds have found broad tables, comfortable chairs, and congenial atmosphere of the library ideal incentives for carrying on their knitting activities. Always present is some kind soul who will help pick up a dropped stitch, a maneuver much more difficult than picking up a dropped book, but a lot less noisy. There are even books to look at when their eyes get tired from counting rows. Truly, the library has come into its own at last.

Capricious Cochrane

GRAHAM Memorial loses another of its outstanding directors when Bill Cochrane takes his own "Sailboat Shuffle" and leaves Chapel Hill in May for a future position in the Navy. Bill leaves us some of the most talked-about names for dances, such as the Jim Jam Jap Jump, the Toenail Tickle, the Shrapnel Scamper, and the Doughboy Drag. Transcending these one-night ideas is the Air-Raid shelter which will serve as a continual reminder of Bill to all those enjoying the comfortable refuge throughout the duration.

Calling Betty Perry

SPEAKING of knits and purls, the war seems to have brought about a revival of knitting needles on the campus. Not only are there co-eds doing fine work for the Red Cross, but they are also knitting socks and sweaters for themselves. One student's explanation for this sudden rush of the art is that knitting helps soothe jittery nerves.

But there is the co-ed who brings little pink or yellow things to class and knits furiously through the second Punic War in Latin class. Heaven help the unfortunate who meets her between classes as she barges down the hall, wicked gleaming needles bristling on all sides. Some co-eds knit in the dark, and boys must take dates along with their knitting to the movies. How can she knit through the moment when Clark Gable takes Hedy into his arms is beyond . . . . or can she?

Four-Legged . . .

WE'RE beginning to have our doubts about Dan. For some time now it's become almost universal to credit Lee Wiley's dynamic Dalmatian with the possession of a great variety of human traits, so numerous and apparent as to minimize, and nearly eliminate, those qualities normal to canines. But the other day we saw something which instilled a germ of doubt in our minds. Dan wasn't pacing the track team, nor listening to a lecture with great attentiveness. He wasn't even eating a sumptuous supper in the dining-hall, napkin in collar. No, none of these. Instead, Dan was . . . chasing a cat! We know that this news will prove disheartening to the admirers of the well-known campus figure, but the truth will out. Incidentally, the cat got away.

". . . and on the Sea—whoop, Whoop, WHooop—FIRE!"

Oh Lust . . .

WHILE loafing around Sutton's the other day, we happened to sight a particularly lurid Confessions magazine which boasted on the front cover—"Bullets Freed Me From the Mad Man's Lust." Two freshmen near us also saw the magazine, for we heard one of them murmuring to himself, "Lust, lust." Then turning to the other he said, "Say, that means unlawful love." Seeing the blank look on his companion's face, he added, "You know what that is." The other nodded and both finished their cokes in smug silence.

Beer Bumper . . .

TO THOSE he-men who scornfully pass off English writers of the eighteenth century as being affected, we offer this bit written by William Congreve in his "The Way of the World" way back in 1700:

"Prithee fill me the glass
'Till it laugh in my face;
With ale that is potent and mellow,
He that whines for a lass
Is an ignorant ass,
For a bumper has not its fellow.

"We'll drink and we'll never have done, boys,
Put the glass then around with the sun, boys,
Let Apollo's example invite us;
For he's drunk every night
And that makes him so bright
That he's able, next morning, to light us."

Solution . . .

WE HEARD an interesting story about the campus radio studio the other day. It seems that one of the programs in the "Men in Action" series called for the sound of water being poured into a glass. Practically everything was tried—rag on sandpaper, sand on paper, crumpled cellophane. Then by pure accident, some one stumbled on the idea of just pouring water into a glass. . . . P.S. It sounded very realistic.

Panaceas Unbound

THE OTHER DAY while going through one of the superior pulp magazines we came across an advertisement which stated that a Detroit lady had found relief for her husband and that if you write she will tell you how it is done. Of course, this was in reference to Epilepsy and epileptics. But we thought that this woman had not been making enough out of her business. Seeing that she was so altruistic we thought that there were much more prevalent and graver matters to be considered. And because of the wording of this advertisement we were also sure that this Detroit lady could help with things like: what reading matter to give your husband when he can't sleep, how to raise your husband's salary check or even what to do in case of a rupture. We are sure that she was definitely limiting her field.

"Nothing like being prepared in case they decide to move in here . . ."

Oil Change . . .

ALONG with other things we came across an advertisement which stated that if you have grey hair and don't like a messy mixture you should write to this certain company and they would send a trail bottle of their special dye. We thought that a number of the male bleach blonds on campus who are considering the value of darker hair, or even those with darker hair who were considering a lighter color for spring and summer wear would be interested. The mag will be glad to divulge this information and have you a special bottle of dye or bleach sent to you in a plain envelope.

Trigger Trickery . . .

JUST a few days ago we were told that the uncanny desire of a certain male student was to attach a blank pistol to the statue of the confederate soldier, and when some sweet and kindly matron walked by, to pull the trigger. Although we acclaim this as a noble experiment, we are inclined to believe that it would be better applied to some of our co-eds; it might do much in the edification and changing the ideas of the more puerile and saggy amongst us.

—Photo by Hugh Morton

"No one hesitates to ask for doubles—and doubles are to be had."

Adventure in Living

Cooperatives Are an Answer

Paul Komisaruk

TWENTY-ONE boys moved out to a little brown house on Mallett Street last October, and made a success of living. Bag and baggage, 15 of them moved into the eight bedrooms, fixed up the kitchen, the two baths and shower, and the basement. They bought eight dollars worth of lumber for a dining room table and a wall partition and with the lumber left over built themselves a ping-pong table. For seven dollars they built four double-decker beds. For ten dollars they found a lucky buy and obtained an electric stove. Of the 21 boys, all but four were self-help students. All of them were looking for a better way to live—cheaply. All of them, hard-workers themselves, had long-dreamed of the day when they could eat three square meals a day, seven days a week for five dollars, and live well, for five dollars a month.

When the 21 boys, the 15 who lived there, and the six who just took meals, began their undertaking, co-op housing at Carolina was something new. That there was a fertile field in co-op housing, almost anywhere, is undeniable. That the field had been almost completely unexploited here was equally true. That the 21 boys had nothing to lose and everything to gain by just "trying the thing out" brought an immediate response from the experimenters.

Back of the co-op movement here were Maury Kershaw and Dan Martin. The war, rising prices, and subsequent turning over of University dormitories to naval cadets made co-ops first desirable, then necessary. This has become all-too apparent. The rush of students in recent months to join the cooperative movement has created a situation that Kershaw and Martin had not thought would have existed for years to come.

One feature, as Kershaw and Martin explain it, stands out. "If we weren't doing the things we set out to do (provide food and living at the cheapest possible cost and live congenially in a cooperative atmosphere) we could liquidate the organization immediately, without any debts or obligations." The co-ops ordinarily are for students who are struggling along on marginal purse strings. They fulfill a need for a definite group of students. With the naval cadets in 10 University dormitories, a need must be met for a greater number of students. Kershaw with his vast cooperative movement experience, and Martin, with his cooperative work in Chicago's Consumer's Co-op Service of the University of Chicago, have their hands full today with students with "no place to go."

When the 21 boys moved to Mallett street they destroyed an illusion that those living in cooperatives did so because they "wanted to be alone." They were the boys who couldn't pay the prices and rising war costs demanded. They were seeking a means to finish as much of their college career as possible, and they included among them Frank Alspaugh, nominated by both parties as head cheerleader, Billy Britt, outstanding sophomore member of the CPU, and Dan Martin, one of the Emergency committee leaders.

On the five dollars a week they pay for food, the co-op boys are saving about half of what the dormitory student would pay for three meals a day, seven days a week. But the point is that not many dorm residents eat three meals a day, seven times a week. Outside of this expenditure, and the five dollars a month for lodging, there are no dues, no assessments, no other costs.

Another salient point is this: the three meals a day are meals. Manager Dan Martin reports the average day's menu: Breakfast, orange juice, scrambled eggs, buttered grits, toast and butter and coffee; Lunch, vegetable soup, tuna fish salad, sweet potatoes with marshmallows, rolls, biscuits or bread and butter and milk; Dinner, fresh pork roast, mashed potatoes, buttered peas, bread and butter, cocoanut pie and milk. Martin adds, "No one hesitates to ask for doubles—and doubles are to be had."

Reports drawn up weekly prove conclusively that Martin's budget (he is co-op manager) operates on a hair string, is easily adequate to meet all expenses. There are weeks when the expense account shows the group to be operating at a slight loss. But over a period of months the records further show a steady surplus gain of between $20-$30 a month, that the group falls back upon to pay for electricity, water, coal and other household expenses. Out of this surplus too, come occasional "treats" of fried chicken, or expensive steaks—this, when Martin examines the budget, and makes the menu up, deciding that the budget can stand the strain.

Buying three gallons of milk a day at 11 cents a quart the co-op's average a bill of $36 a month for milk, more than adequate to meet the needs of "the 21 growing boys." Dorm residents desiring their quart of milk a day would find themselves paying 24 cents for four glasses—à la carte.

Their bread, rolls and cake bill comes to $16 a month, while electricity and water average $18.50, meat and groceries $160 a month, and the phone $2.15 a month.

Cooperating with the co-op boys are local tradespeople who give them a percentage discount on their purchases. So today, the kitchen at 120 Mallett street is stocked with foods that most dorm students either never get around to eating or can not afford to buy. Crates of oranges, of apples, hundred pound sacks of potatoes, crates of fresh country eggs (which they purchase at 28 cents a dozen) are neatly stacked in one corner of the cellar, together with the always present crates of bottled cokes.

The diet is not haphazard or thrown together. Joe Corcoran and "Auntie" Dan Martin make out the day's menu the night before and place it in the kitchen for the cook to follow. Between them Martin and Corcoran discuss the menu, figure up calories, are careful to see that enough green vegetables, starches, proteins and vitamins are included. Then they try to arrange the meal so that it will look attractive. The color scheme is important. Martin's dietary knowledge comes from months of work in

(See next page)

(From opposite page)

a Walgreen's lunch counter in Florida. Corcoran's knowledge was amassed during a period of employment in a swanky New England restaurant. Menu suggestions are also picked up from newspapers and periodicals that find their way into the co-op kitchen.

The menu, once checked with provisions on hand, is placed in the kitchen and from there on it is up to Leslie Gunn, the cook, and the house's only wage earner. "Leslie Gunn is a really fine cook," the boys declare. His soups, it seems, can not be equaled. Twenty-one boys attest to it. In the co-op kitchen at 7:15 in the morning, he prepares breakfast, and then lunch. He leaves at 2 o'clock, returns between 4 and 4:30 to prepare the evening dinner—and leaves after dinner about 6:30.

The time-taking and bothersome task of waiting on tables has been eliminated in favor of a smoothly operating cafeteria system. The boys come into the kitchen, pick-up their individual meals from the slim Mr. Gunn and proceed downstairs to their specially built dining hall. Milk, butter, bread, etc. have already been placed on the table by the cook.

And, as they pitch in with the housework, the boys pitch in with the after dinner dishes. Working in shifts of two, the boys devote one hour a week after dinner to the dishes, cleaning the table and setting it up for the morning meal—Mr. Gunn's breakfast specials. As long as the table is set, the next morning Manager Martin reports, no one seems to care just when the boys go about their task—but every morning invariably finds the table set, the dishes clean. The boys have at times rushed out after the evening meal, and postponed the dishes job until their return, but whether it is done at eight at night, or three in the morning—it is done, and done well, and there have been no complaints.

Housecleaning, always a domestic problem, has been solved simply by the co-op boys. Each boy makes his own bed and sweeps his own room every morning, while the cook sweeps the living room and cleans the halls. Sunday is housecleaning day. On a purely volunteer basis, the boys are assigned tasks around the house and "they do 'em." And the whole unpleasant job "becomes as simple as all that."

Shopping for the 21 hungry mouths is left to Martin who after a few weeks of experience can quote prices on anything and everything from split-pea soup to cauliflower. While ordering is done in the morning, two afternoons a week are devoted to "shopping." Here, prices are studied, compared, thoroughly thought over. There are no hasty purchases, and none that are regretted. The budget is ample, but will not allow for careless or regretted buys. Twice a month a wholesale order is delivered from Durham, and fruit juices, cereals, canned vegetables and other non-perishables are delivered to replenish the fast-disappearing supplies.

CHEAPER LIVING—Dan Martin, buyer for [illegible] the 21 boys to save money for [illegible] quantity. The clerk at Pender's takes [illegible]

That merely eating and living together in itself did not prove sufficient to meet the needs of the co-op house soon became apparent. There followed then—government—on a democratic and cooperative basis. A six-man executive committee makes decisions regarding policy and conduct in the house, and decisions relative to the house's operation.

In addition, a three-man complaint committee was established that handles all complaints of all sorts, and issues reports to the group at regular weekly meetings. These complaints may range from personal conduct of members to the type of food served—and all are handled in the same way, with the same consideration.

These two committees, together with the co-op manager make up the nucleus of the "governing body"—if such it need be called.

The organization, essentially dependent on the complete cooperation of all its members, has been able to get to its feet, weather the first hard months, and establish itself firmly.

Twenty-one boys have made a success of living. They have shown the thousands in the dormitories how it can be done. And the thousands in the dormitories, out of necessity alone, now may have to learn how themselves.

CHAPEL HILL and its WAR JOB

CAA

40 STUDENTS LEARN TO FLY AT HORACE WILLIAMS AIR PORT - 317 ARE ALREADY PILOTS

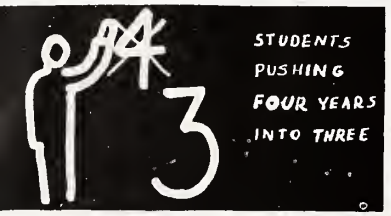
CVTC

400 STUDENTS DRILLING IN CAROLINA VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS UNDER U.S. ARMY OFFICER & FACULTY

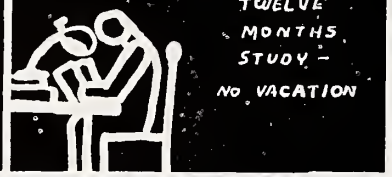
NROTC

200 STUDENTS IN U.S. NAVY UNIT - STUDENTS WILL HAVE ENSIGN'S COMMISSION

SPEED UP



STUDENTS PUSHING FOUR YEARS INTO THREE



TWELVE MONTHS STUDY - NO VACATION

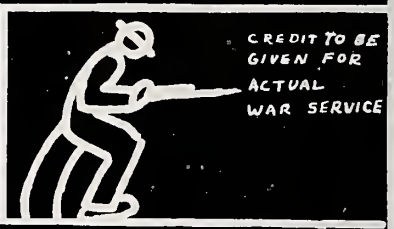
JAN		SEPT
FEB	JUNE	
MAR		

FRESHMEN CAN ENTER ANY OF FIVE TIMES DURING YEAR

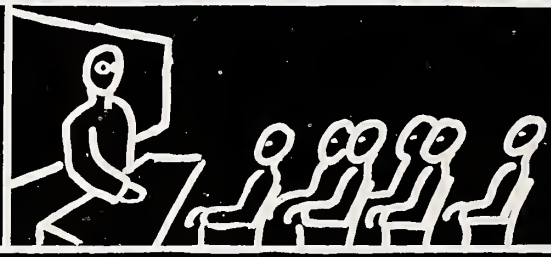
DEGREE AWARDED ON COMPLETION OF COURSES NO WAITING UNTIL NEXT COMMENCEMENT

CREDITS

BRIGHT BOY DOESN'T HAVE TO WAIT. RECEIVES ADVANCED STANDING ON BASIS OF EXAMINATION



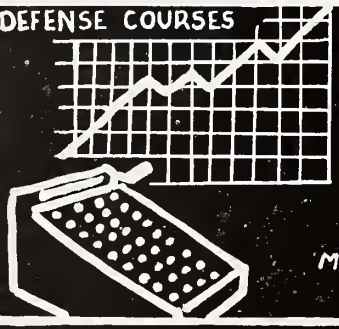
CREDIT TO BE GIVEN FOR ACTUAL WAR SERVICE



NEW COURSES
MILITARY SCIENCE 41 + 51
MAP READING
METEOROLOGY
CONVERSATIONAL LANGUAGES

OFF CAMPUS AIDS

DEFENSE COURSES



ACCOUNTING, CHEMICAL ANALYSIS, PRODUCTION PLANNING & CONTROL MANAGEMENT

CIVILIAN MORALE

LIBRARY PACKAGES,
FORUMS AND SPEAKERS
RADIO PROGRAMS
TRAINING INSTITUTES
VISUAL AIDS

"INFORMATION CENTER"

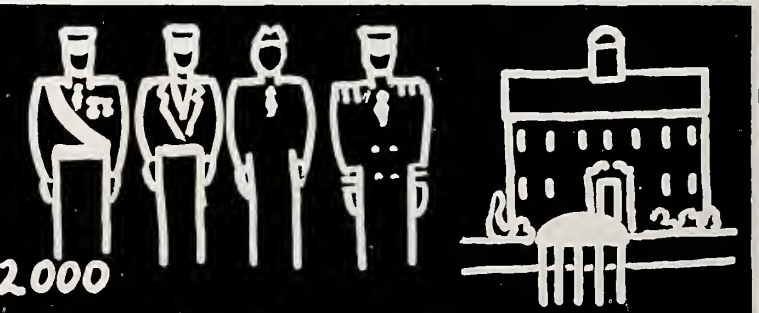
RESEARCH

CHEMISTRY
PHYSICS
MEDICINE
PUBLIC HEALTH
SOCIAL PLANNING
TAXATION
PROBLEMS
PHARMACY

OCD

NUTRITION COURSES, RED CROSS COURSES, DISCUSSION GROUPS — FACULTY & STUDENTS

ALUMNI



2000

PERHAPS 2000 ALUMNI IN THE ARMED FORCES

POST-WAR PLANNING: SPEAKERS, FORUMS, DISCUSSIONS

What Goes On Behind These Doors ?

COCHRANE CASTLE. Graham Memorial, completed in 1931 as a memorial to eighth UNC president Edward Kidder Graham and for the purpose of housing the Student Union of the University of North Carolina, is today the home of nearly every activity conceivable for a college campus. Bossed by Director William McWhorter Cochrane, who insists on insisting he's Irish, G. Mem. collects within its walls such varied organizations as the Quaker Friends' Society, The Student Council, Ballet Dancing Classes, and the Grail.

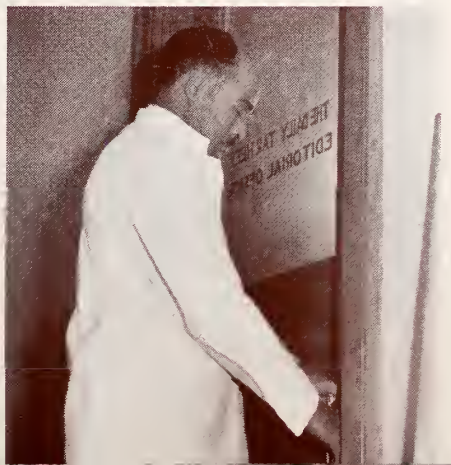
In seven rooms in the southwest corner of its second floor dwells the most powerful totality of campus power—publications.

Incessantly quibbling with each other from their pigeon-hole offices are the old Carolina Magazine and Tar an' Feathers, rightfully and respectively described as "dull" and "purposeless."

Spending a year of labor on a souvenir of the good old college days is the Yackety Yack.

Occupying three and one-half of the copy-filled rooms is the most active, most hated, most respected, most accused, most praised, most paradoxical of all campus activities—the Daily Tar Heel, "—THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN THE SOUTH—."

(Covered by Richard Adler, technical, and Bill Taylor, photography)



NOW OPEN THE DOOR

Gene Smith and Walter (Benzedrine) Klein enter news department.

Editor Orville "Scoop" Campbell dishes dictation to Ardis "Smile-gal" Kipp.

M. E. Sylvan Meyer explains "bite" system to G. Mem. Head Bill Cochrane.

M. E. Meyer tosses jobs to waiting reporters, ready to dash zestfully off to work.

Bill Schwartz, seated left, heads the Business Board. Business offices are the gravy pots of publications.

"Most paradoxical" of the campus publications, the Daily Tar Heel will one week find itself riding happily on the wave of favorable campus opinion, the next week struggling amidst a deluge of criticism.

For lacking an editorial policy, the Tar Heel cannot be condemned because it is ready to take a stand on any campus issue that arises. Of lacking consistency in this policy . . . Tar Heel is plagued with a worry common to many newspapers—conflict between the news and the editorial departments. Greater coordination between these two departments might have prevented some of the major faux-pas committed by the DTH concerning the dance question. (See TREND, page 5.)

Editor Campbell, right, has just conceived a marvelous plan. Humor of situation strikes other members of editorial board.

The Zaytoun Brothers (Henry, left; Joe, right) head circulation department. With the upper quad shifted elsewhere, the Brothers Zaytoun are trying to satisfy annoyed customers.

in dubious prattle . . .

By Jagg Boob

Impressionisms: Tide belt quacks flung Marj Midgeson six pens t'other eve, but rumor has it the model wives telegraphed 40 seeds ninety by open letters . . . last year's goats, says we. . . . Right side foursomes reveal Randy's quip-strung heather shows matches in between, and, for mats under, little hash circulates throughout . . . noise says no, but who are we to buck campus opinion.

Out of the mass of shades and bucklings: "Cider paper, tear!" cried Flozzan Jib from midsection ganders, whilst onlookers shuffled chortles under fans. . . . Sparked from underbrush on Tuesday, despite flues deranged and garbled nests, "Prints of Dosamantes, like Caesar, flit frothlessly!" . . . "Bagdad Daddy paints wash slightly under no cover, trux?" queries A. Montgomery.

Caught to put you to sleep scrappy: Five runs twice but little Herbie missed by aforementioned tubers. Jitterbugs et al, might clang the rusty bell. Just then over the hill came an underestimated postage stamp perniciously braying numbers out loud. Segmented wolves cry to the night. . . . Good, huh?

Sageroo: Byrophites lit mangey rumbas Royal crammed Mebane. Soskin-Combs duo fights clear hazes for Montparnasse. By men for whom the angles toll, Ebud! Sleep in peace . . .

CAMPBELL AND BUCKY HARWARD check editorial copy. Harward so far is the most likely heir-apparent to the editor's chair. Campbell says he doesn't envy the next editor.

Gyre and Gimble spend their time
Formulating clever rhyme.
H. Carruth and Harley Moore
Manufacture rhymes galore,
"To answer any need, we've got 'em."
(Carruth on top; Moore on bottom.)

"POOH" LIPPINCOTT, author of "Friday's Child," bats out her weekly column. Few DTH columnists delve in serious subjects, mostly play with humor-gossip.

"GEORGE," custodian of Graham Memorial, sweeps up after busy day.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

Life is real! Life is earnest!
—LONGFELLOW

Students awake! National solipsism must quit! The world as it is now constituted stenches. Now is the winter of our discontent made e'en more unbearable by the approach of a new season—a season of folderol and twiddle-twaddle, one of simpering coeds and possessive males.

We ask you: what is the purpose of life? Is it to waste the day in vain pursuit of this sensation and that feeling? Is it to persuade ourselves to the untruth that LOVE is all there is in life? NO! The purpose of life is to glorify our holy name and get one of our proposals put across.

But spring is coming—that period when no one is interested in things other than physical, and we don't mean the gym. Spring is upon us and already we have waited too long. National solipsism is luring our students to sleep, lulling them in seas of sweet untruth. No longer is there to be anyone to carry the flaming cross we toss to the student body. The one who would have caught and held it high is now himself caught in the clutches of a twentieth century siren. Cassandra-like we warn, but to no avail, Why? Spring is the answer.

Yes, we can lament; we have excuse enough. Spring in all its fetid empty glory is subtly taking from us all the ready audience upon which we have tested our propaganda. No longer will the truth about politics, money, dances, the war, and hazing find absorbent believers. The campus is being perverted to a second and inconsequential purpose. Truth is gone; sensual satisfaction is come. The birds the bees the air the night the touch of your lips upon my brow. Bah!

Students awake! National Solipsism must cease!

Meyer watches linotype operator Ford set up copy. Story goes from linotype to proof-reader, to make-up man, and then to press. Printers work from 6 to one at night, six nights a week.

Night Foreman "Shorty" Hoenig cleans bottom of "chased" page before setting it in press. The "chase" is the frame in which all the type is set for printing. Black areas are cuts and headlines, rest is body type.

Unprecedented Announcements Reveal Spring Here

Chapel Hill, March 30.—Officially accompanied by what was termed as "spring weather" and "strange natural phenomena characteristic to the season," Spring was announced officially yesterday by a high official in South Building, who insisted that he remain undisclosed, to be approaching "with startling, unprecedented speed."

This sudden statement, verified authoritatively, followed swiftly a series of unprecedented unconfirmed rumors, manifest in student circles, of certain changes, reported from several campus areas, which, under ordinary circumstances, would be indicative of the onset of the spring season. However, such rumors went unheeded in official eyes until yesterday's unprecedented announcement.

Students Deserve

"We in South Building believe that the student body of the University of North Carolina deserves to be advised fully of the transfiguration—namely the instigation of spring—contemplated early this quarter and approved Wednesday at a meeting of the Board of Trustees in Raleigh," the official revealed. "We believe this mitigation will find immense commendation among students, faculty, and townspeople alike."

Applications of the university's unprecedented ruling were not immediately apparent yesterday. One student testified by signed affidavit that he had witnessed the full blossoming of a single horseradish plant last week.

New Association

Students who see Spring is coming are cordially invited to attend a meeting of the newly-organized Spring Appreciators Alliance to be held Friday at 6:30 in the main lounge of Gerrard Hall. Students are cordially invited to attend to attend cordially invited students to attend cordially etaoin shrdlu cmfwyp vx.

"Shorty" planes the page on the bed of the press prior to running off a proof. Press is a Premier. Pressman runs off the DTH between one and 5:30 A.M.

Night Editor Bob Hoke gets first paper run off press for proofing.

In Harry's, the night men view their midnight masterpiece.

The Hick from Hickory didn't turn out to be such a hick after all. At this point in the story Editor Campbell is probably having nightmares about the repercussions his editorials will bring down around his head.

Hated . . .

The most hated publication. Amusing fact of last quarter CPU poll was the number of votes for "abolishment of the Daily Tar Heel." Not so much for newspaper abolishment as an opinion for abolishment of "Soup" Campbell and his 57 variety of editorials was the inference of poll.

Certainly, the Tar Heel cannot be accused of ostrichitis, a disease often common to college publications which renders the victim useless, makes active editorial policy nil.

What are the facts? Is the Tar Heel worthless? Generally despised by a vigorous minority on this campus, it is paradoxically rated extremely high on the U. S. Campus. Paradoxical too is the criticism from the majority bloc who support the DTH. They give criticism on minor issues, support the major DTH stands. In between these two, stands Editor Campbell, torn apart by the campus tug-of-war and unhappy about it all.

Least respected editor was Campbell when he rode into office: "weak," "vascillating," "uninformed" were the epithets thrown at his head. Unknown to many was the bitter antagonism between Campbell and his managing editor, Sylvan Meyer, which held forth in early fall.

In a short eight months, Campbell has turned the tables on practically everyone, gained the confidence and support of all his staff, of everyone who determinedly worked against him last year.

Uncapitulated as yet is the minority bloc scattered throughout the campus

(See HATED, next page)

Eggs and bacon form "Lefty" Morgan's pre-delivery meal. "Never work on an empty stomach," says Lefty.

The dorms are asleep when Lefty makes his way from home to the Orange Printshop, where he picks up his papers.

Delivery boy's sleep is shattered by 4:15 alarm. It is time to begin his route.

my bray . . .

By Elsie Fie-on

Spring? SPRING? *You* might think it's Spring, but that's because you're an imbecile in the pay of Mary Scaldwell and the Valkyries—and *you* know what the *Valkyries* are. Well . . . after all. Huh! The Debate Council are a bunch of little angels compared to them. So remember: Mary Scaldwell may say it's Spring, that little unattending-to-Legislature-meetings coed with the initials Jane Ricketson may think it's Spring, and the whole Debate Council may think it's Spring—but I, I do NOT think it's Spring.

Let's look at it coolly so we can't be accused of being sour grapes. We all *know* (or you *should* know, you dumb bunny) that the weather change is nothing but a superficial proof of weather conditions. It's just as superficial as spending money for keys. I can prove it. Ask me! The buds in the Arboretum have been trampled to death, thus you cannot prove that it is Spring.

May Queen. Who ever heard of anything more ridiculous. It's all politics, as is this column being printed. Editor Scramble only prints it because it is a dare to a Free Press. But where were we? Let me get myself together. Oh, yes. They never picked a beautiful May Queen and those that do pick them are a bunch of hags. Hags! Hags! Hags! If I were doing it, *(Thank God, not. Ed. Note.)* I would have a May King. After all, if a coed is picked as May Queen then she should be beautiful all the time, and I never saw a beautiful coed before breakfast. She can't live up to her name. Thus we eliminate May Queen. Whereas a May King would be beautiful all the time, especially before breakfast.

Spring — hah! Listen instead to the music in Graham Memorial than that of the tweeting birds. Listen, sometime. Listen to those insidious strains—Wagner! *Do you know what that means?* Ride of the Valkyries, tommyrot! Who the heck do they think they're riding over—not me certainly!

SUNRISE greets Lefty Morgan as he wends behind the campus on his way to the Printshop.

Lefty picks up papers at the Orange Printshop, starts his route. He carries an average of 250 papers.

Through the dorms on every floor
Leave just two at every door.
Gets to be an awful bore.

"hated" . . .

(from page 21)

who sincerely differ with Campbell's editorial stands, but no longer is the epithet of "weak" or "insincere" used. Whatever Campbell's position, and however stormily differed with, it is wholeheartedly accepted as a sincere one. Least respected editor, he has now become "most respected."

Most amusing to DTH staff is the accusation of "South Building Policy-Control" often directed at Campbell. From office-telephone calls, the Staff alone well-knows that South Building big-wigs themselves don't know what the "hick from Hickory" will be up to next.

His delivery job done, Lefty slumbers happily in class. College students are now working cross-words in the papers he delivered.

RECIPIENT. Cold floors tickle toes of DTH enthusiast. He reads headline of Jarboe trial. This particular reader jumped back beneath the covers, spent a half-hour perusing the paper, missed his 8:30.

THE NEW CAROLINA MAGAZINE

Presents

"Miami Highway 321 Over Our Heads"

By Cindy Loo Calhoon

The latest work from our most talented and prolific writer, Miss Calhoon, the winner of last year's "Holler Wolf!" Award

AS THE trench-mouth god spit blood into a far corner of the sky, the primitive face of Rebecca Savage gazed at the god-like Jim Turner. "Shall we tell him now?" Rebecca laughed, she always laughed like the stream in the valley which chuckled quietly over constantly wading rocks.

"Now laugh," Jim spoke pontifically, "now laugh and it can climb all over the high heavens and not hurt a g-dd----d soul."

And Rebecca laughed again as the cabin, which stood in the background, fell,—as it simply sat down like a circus horse.

"Oh look, it fell," Mandy suggested from behind the cabin.

"It fell," repeated Gerry Meyer. "Our whole cooperative effort has collapsed. Each of our responsibilities has collapsed like a fallen woman beneath the shade of honeysuckles of Democracy."

"Don't be obnoxious," Mandy was perturbed. "It's indecent to say things like that."

"Democracy, bah, Democracy," whispered Jim Turner as he tickled Rebecca's ear.

"Mandy, Mandy," called Gerry. "I've got to go to Miami and marry that wench. Everything else is gone, my Democracy, my Rebecca. I even said I'd share her with the rest of the guys. I told her I'd give her to Mont on Tuesday night, Husk Wednesday night, me Thursday night, Jim Monday night."

"What does she do on weekends?" asked Mandy, feeling slighted.

Just as Jim was about to kiss Rebecca so deeply that they would seem to be drinking from the same fountain, she picked up a sandwich which she had let fall on the dry-smelling grass a few moments before. "Masticating. I feel like I've been masticating for the last two months."

When she had eaten a bite of the sandwich, two mounds of marble separated by the softest, silken flesh, Jim bent over and kissed her.

"Jim, I'm getting claustrophobia. I want a wide hill, a hill wide as hell for one thing."

"Rebecca, we better tell Gerry about our love now."

She laughed, "It's Monday night." She laughed until she bit into her sandwich again. "Masticating. Jim, please stop my masticating."

Suddenly Gerry and Mandy came up to them. The wind was making too much noise. Jim waited till it quieted. "Gerry, Rebecca and I are in—" he stopped a moment for he hated to use the word "—have a Freudian complex about each other."

"I knew it, Turner. I knew it when the cabin collapsed."

"Yes," answered Mandy.

"I'm glad I've got Flossie. She may be a blonde little thing,—a little two-butt chain smoker who has bummed from every kid around here, and you know it. She may be a little you-know-what. But we'll do great things together."

Mandy was scared. It was the first time that she realized that she loved Gerry ever since she saw him that day on Highway 321. "You'll do great things. The same things she does with every other fellow, bum cigarettes."

Rebecca laughed again, rippling gently like the water passing over the wading rocks. "Turner, let's be funny, let's be very *funny*. It's Monday *night*, Turner."

"And just after a weekend." Mandy was furious. "Gerry, I've got to change your mind about Flossie."

"Never. Lend me seven bucks."

"Why?"

"I've got to go to Miami. That's where I met her. It happened—it happened like this: I was a bell hop, but one night I was walking along to the patio listening to the soft music of a Cuban rumba band. I saw the silver moon shining like a floodlight over the night games of the women who hadn't had time to get drunk yet."

"Gerry, do you like my dress." Mandy wanted to interest him.

"What dress?"

Then Mandy looked at him and saw he wasn't looking at her dress, but right through it. "Yeah," he said.

Then, howling at them, came Rebecca's voice, "Jim take this damn sandwich away from me, I'm driving myself crazy. I can't stop masticating." Then Jim must have put his fist in her mouth, for all she said was, "Jim, Monday. Your—."

"Darling, when I saw you plowing the field, before you became cooperative, and when I saw your big and muscle-bound body roasted by the sun 'til you looked the color of the orange-brown dust you worked in, I knew that it was time that your eyes ran over me like a tractor."

"You did, huh."

The gurgling stream blobbered in the distance, and Rebecca yelled out, "I need a cigarette," and laughed.

Jim spoke loud, oratorically, with the husky resonance he used when he was excited. "Love is like a mule, incapable of propagation of itself, requiring both a horse and an ass."

Rebecca laughed. "You say the funniest things sometimes. I say, you're awfully clever." And she bombarded the atmosphere with her guffawing.

"Kiss me, Gerry," demanded Mandy.

Then he came to her and it almost tore her strength apart. At first she didn't resist, but then, "Not now, Gerry. It's too sexy."

"It's real, isn't it. I'm not doing this for notoriety, it's for you. I'm being honest. You make a pass at me and then you don't expect me to be honest?"

"That's the way I feel, I was just testing you out."

He kissed her again.

(See SEX, page 47)

Crime and Punishment

«Dreamed I Woke Up»

Billy Pearson

THE THING about it was that it was so real. It could have actually happened, which is really a peculiar experience for a naturally normal person. I dreamed I woke up in the morning and got out of bed. It was just as usual; I didn't want to get up, and in my dream both the beer I'd had the night before and the sleep I'd lost left me with a definite taste in the mouth.

The funny thing about it and the only thing dreamlike about it was the fact that in the first class I went to I got a peculiar feeling that something was wrong. You know how it is—there's something in the back of your mind that you feel that you're forgetting or have done wrong or should or shouldn't do. Well, I felt that way in the first class. And everything looked distorted, and the teacher's voice came as from a distance, so that your perspective was hazy. I couldn't hear what he said, but I didn't care. There was a girl beside me and I made a date. Everyone but me and the girl was all excited and asking questions and I couldn't hear what it was all about.

Then the class was over, and I heard the teacher assigning us some work in The Decline of the West Spenglar. He said it over and over: decline and fall of the roman west spenglar decline of spenglar, which was a funny assignment for a music appreciation class. But then I recalled that I didn't have a music appreciation class; that was last quarter. And I couldn't remember whether I was taking archaeology or marriage.

I didn't seem to have another class then, and I felt like something was wrong and went outside. I went to the Y and got a coke, and then I was talking to a bunch of fellows and they were BMOCs. We talked about student government and what to do about fraternities and about dormitories, and whether we ought to kill the Germans or save them, and who was really the best dressed man on the campus. Then a fellow wanted to talk about the war and I started talking about the picture show, which must have interested everybody. For they all got animated and then one told us all about he got elected to his campus office last spring.

Then somebody said that if democracy was ever going to work then the place for us to make it work was right here on the campus. And I said yes we ought to prepare ourselves to take over the reins of government when we graduated so the country could get the most from its college youth. And everyone was listening to me real close, thinking of something to say next, and I felt good. After all, I said, this is the finest country in the world, and we're the best educated youth in the world, so we ought to be able to run the world better. And somebody said that's why he was going to get in a defense industry and not the draft, because if he got killed in the war, the country would be without the help he could give it when the time came for America to make the peace for the world. And everyone said he was right.

And I felt like something was wrong somewhere and was in another class. The instructor was talking about business cycles or something, and I wasn't listening very closely. I thought about my date for tomorrow night until I found a Tar Heel and started to work the cross-word puzzle. But I couldn't think of a word meaning slacker beginning with T, and besides I felt awfully peculiar, as if I was all wrong somewhere, and I couldn't think of what it was.

Then all of a sudden I was in the picture show, and they had a good comedy and a news reel with some tennis matches, and the main feature was real good. One of these Jekyll and Hyde things with psychology and clinches. And Nancy was there with me and we liked it because, as Mr. Hemingway says, it was good. Then we left and went across the street and had a beer and talked. Nancy was going to reorganize the Women's Council on a streamlined basis she said so there wouldn't be so much work to do and so it would be a part of Civilian Defense. And we wondered if we'd ever get the class budget passed if we got a sound and fury skit and put it on. But it didn't matter; if we didn't get it passed the first three times a quorum would show up for the fourth. Besides you get a lot of publicity trying to get a quorum. But I was feeling funny still and couldn't forget that I should remember something or other; so I took Nancy home. She had to go to a Steering Committee or something meeting and I had to meet a group to work on a campus constitution.

We didn't get much done on the constitution because we got to talking about who was going to be tapped by the Grail and the Fleece this year. And then somebody said something about the citizenship award and we got in an argument over which was the best constitution Joe's or Hank's.

I couldn't think of anything to get rid of that damned feeling and I wasn't enjoying myself; so I went out to the KKK house and got in a poker game and won a lot of chips and then lost them all. So I went back to town and decided that maybe if I got drunk I would get rid of this I'm

(See CRIME, page 43)

Thoughts

My thoughts are like the sand.
Caught by the wind,
In tiny whirls they spiral
Upward and around,
And then are scattered.
Like the desert,
They stretch out
In folds of changing color,
And are lost.
Fleeing
Like the wind
They hurry over the desert.
Changing new sand
For old.

—Franklin Overcarsh

—Hugh Morton

It Can't Happen Here!

MATT McDADE

—photo by Hugh Borton

Eleanor and Lou, seen coming out of the "Y" during First Lady's visit as they chatted amiably and discussed social consciousness over a coke.

Me, Sistie and Buzzie

By Louis Harassed Told to Gleicher and Moll

Photo-Sketches by Earl Kastner

LIFE isn't so bad. You know, sometimes I sit here in my Civilian Defense Office and I let all the little things worry me. Last quarter it was Sound and Fury raising the roof downstairs during their rehearsals, then again, other times it's the Safety Council, Social Significance or the Legislature. But am I one to stick my neck out on a limb? No, for after all, are they not part of the People? For all I know, that cute little chorine last quarter probably came from a farm with a cow on it.

The People. Sometimes I wonder what we would do without the People. Just imagine what an awful world it would be without the People, and what a swell one without Hitler.

But I haven't a kick coming or going. I look outside on a limb over the campus and I see Spring is flying in the window. I thing of Spring and the rain and I think of the Nazi bombs raining all over the hell over the People. But, as I said, I haven't a kick coming.

I think of the First Spring that day in Washington. After I had finished talking to the Senate in what had been termed "the most extraordinary session of all time," I went over to the Hotel Congress to enjoy some of their chef's famous *shrimp supreme*. That, by the way, is the favorite of several Supreme Court Justices and the janitor of the Smithsonian Institute, who *often* sticks his neck out on a limb.

I had just about settled down to my shrimp and *New Republic*, when in walked the lady of my life. Her radiant personality filled every little corner of the room, and even without gaposis she was the center of attraction. Casually dusting off a few Girl Scouts of America, she made her way over to my table. I beamed. She apparently had forgotten my refusal to go swimming the past summer.

"Louis," (Eleanor always calls me Louis) "you are the most important cog in UNC's machine of Civilian Defense at Chapel College. Your work down there will be of utmost importance to the powers that be in Washington." She laughed. "At least that is what they will be saying Louis—isn't it too bad we really haven't got the mythical pipeline where you get your orders from?"

I was a little saddened by this, because having a mind of my own, I preferred no pipelines, if any. But then using one's reason seems synonymous with using a pipeline, but maybe that's sticking my neck out on (*DELETED. Editor's note.*) Eleanor seemed to notice my saddened visage, so she hid the volume of Keats she had walked in with, and proceeded.

"Louis," (Eleanor always calls me Louis) "I've been thinking if you do a good job I might even get to appoint Stirling Hayden and Lana Turner to assist Melvyn Douglas to assist you down in Chapel College."

"Hill," I corrected.

"Hell, what?" she said.

"Just Hill," I said, "Hill."

She looked down the limb at me. "Don't be so profane."

"Profane, hill—I mean, hell," I said.

She looked annoyed. "This is getting us nowhere."

"Well, then let's get back to the Hill," I said.

She couldn't answer for a moment, but then she made the best of it and laughed a ghastly laugh. "Heaven's *my* destination," she said.

"Predestination who?" I said. We both laughed and Eleanor (she always calls me Louis) patted my head.

The conversation lagged.

"Dr. Odum has a cow," I said brightly.

She looked puzzled.

"And Mr. Vance is o.k. too," I elucidated.

She avoided the subject.

"Louis," (Eleanor always calls me Louis) "I'll have to be going. Civilian Defense, you know." I *well* knew, having had depleted Mr. Sutton of benzedrine tablets, my bed of an occupant, and Dr. Hedgpeth of patience and hope. We parted amicably, Eleanor reaching over and patting my head on a limb.

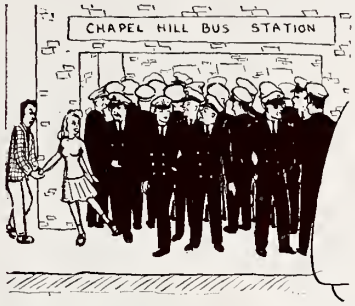
I thought over Eleanor's statement and reflected on my work of the past week. Pouring the oil on, as is my usual custom, I soon had my salad ready and began to nibble on the *New Republic*. I reflected on my work of the past week as Junior President of America. F.D. (F.D. always calls me Eleanor) had been called out of town on an important fishing trip in the middle of Great Salt Lake (which may become a priority, from latest reports).

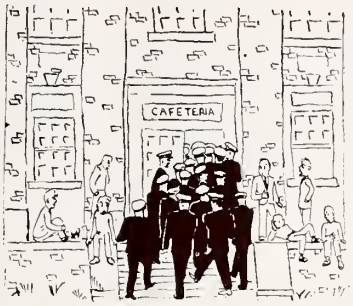
(See MOO, page 44)

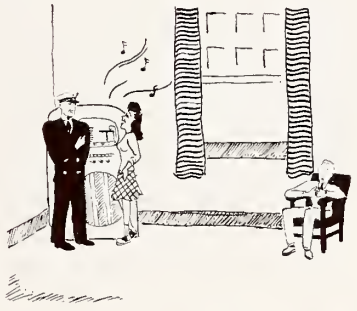
—photo by Hugh Borton

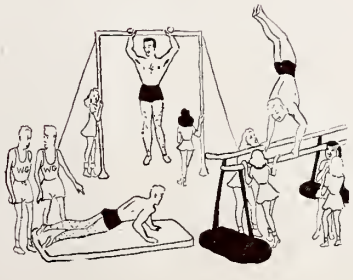
"Naw, it's too cold!" said Louis Harrassed shyly this summer at Mrs. Roosevelt's CampobelloEstate when she invited him in for a swim. However, the acquaintance ripened into a beautiful friendship and they made a date to have Lou show her Washington.

It Can Happen Here!









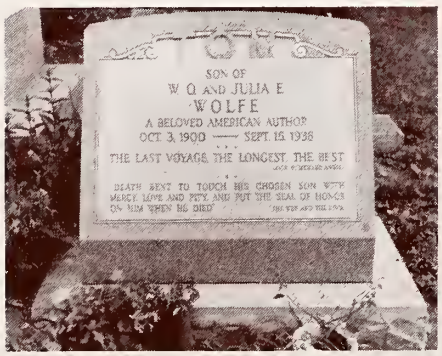
MATT McDADE

Tom Wolfe, Student. The photograph above shows Tom during his school BMOC days when he was editor of the Tar Heel and Carolina Magazine. Present day controversies such as hazing, student government and publications are also mentioned in the campus life which he describes.

Tom Wolfe, Author. The writer of "Look Homeward, Angel" and the succeeding novels as he looked shortly before his untimely death. The library reports a renewed interest and popularity in Wolfe and his novels lately.

Both Wolfe's and our generations were at college when a war was in progress. Similarities can easily be drawn between the 1918 UNC students and those present on campus now.

Thomas Wolfe



"Last Voyage." Wolfe died in Baltimore four years ago, was buried in Asheville. Asheville disclaimed him as a son when "Look Homeward" was published.

THERE was nowhere a shred of evidence of collegiate mischief in the room of Thomas Wolfe one night more than twenty-two years ago when he loped into his fraternity house quarters in the early morning hours. He prepared for bed unmindful of the diligence of his fraternity brothers in arranging his iron bed for a collapse the moment its six-feet-three occupant touched it. The house and room were quiet as Wolfe knelt beside his bed and began his prayer, but suddenly in midsentence, as the bed crashed downward under his weight as though it were the original one horse shay, he volleyed a shower of oaths to finish his words of reverence.

This outburst was the signal for the other members of Pi Kappa Phi fraternity to rush in and have a good laugh at the expense of their prize "Big Man on the Campus": Thomas Wolfe, editor of the *Tar Heel*, the student weekly newspaper; associate editor of the *Magazine*, the publication for literary men; and pioneer member of the Carolina Playmakers, since a world-reputed dramatics organization.

Half a decade later, when he was writing *Look Homeward, Angel*, had he chosen to use this incident in his semi-autobiographical novel, he would have pictured himself as a tormented and lonely fellow, mercilessly gibed by his closest "friends," and grossly misunderstood by all.

He would have used the practical joke of his fraternity brothers as an example of the misery of his life in the state university of Old Catawba, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. In writing his novels he did just this, seizing upon some memory of discomfort or embarrassment and magnifying it to the gargantuan proportions of the

character Eugene Gant. That was his method: to use an incident of his college days, but to twist it to fit his outlook five years later, after he had experienced bitter years at Harvard University in fruitless search for a career as a playwright; after he had found Paris too distracting for creative work; after he had suffered alone in New York City. Thomas Wolfe made himself Eugene Gant in *Look Homeward, Angel* and *Of Time and the River*, and George Webber in *The Web and the Rock* and *You Can't Go Home Again*. As he wrote each book he became the major character in each. The tortures of his heroes, the hunger for life of each, became a written account of the daily events of the life of the author. But he went further than this: he saw himself ten, fifteen or more years ago just as he pictured himself at the moment of writing. Wolfe the child and college student was the same as Wolfe the man of the world who was then discovering that he could not discover his place in society and in the world's ways. In his books he drew no line between his old and new personalities. He did not relate the true incidents of the four college years of conformity.

"He had come silently from the mountains . . . found his way about the scholastic labyrinth . . . emerged with the fruits of the struggle."

Tom Wolfe as a student

by

Don Bishop

The truth is that Wolfe spent those four years at the University, from his sixteenth to his nineteenth year, observing and being a contented part of a small world. He sought the pleasures and honors that college life could give a youngster with a lively personality and a keen intelligence. He revelled in the joys of being editor of the paper and handing down the Mount Sinaic word to students and professors; he joined organizations and reached for the titles that rewarded hard work and a jovial manner. Wolfe was a conformist; and he acquired all the fruits of temporary pleasure that conformity could bring him. Then, disillusioned as he scrutinized this kind of life, he broke away from the rut that would have carried him back to the small town for small town success. His restless soul, born hungry and not appeased by the ointment of undergraduate attainment, turned to the new, the different, and the far away life of other lands and localities.

II

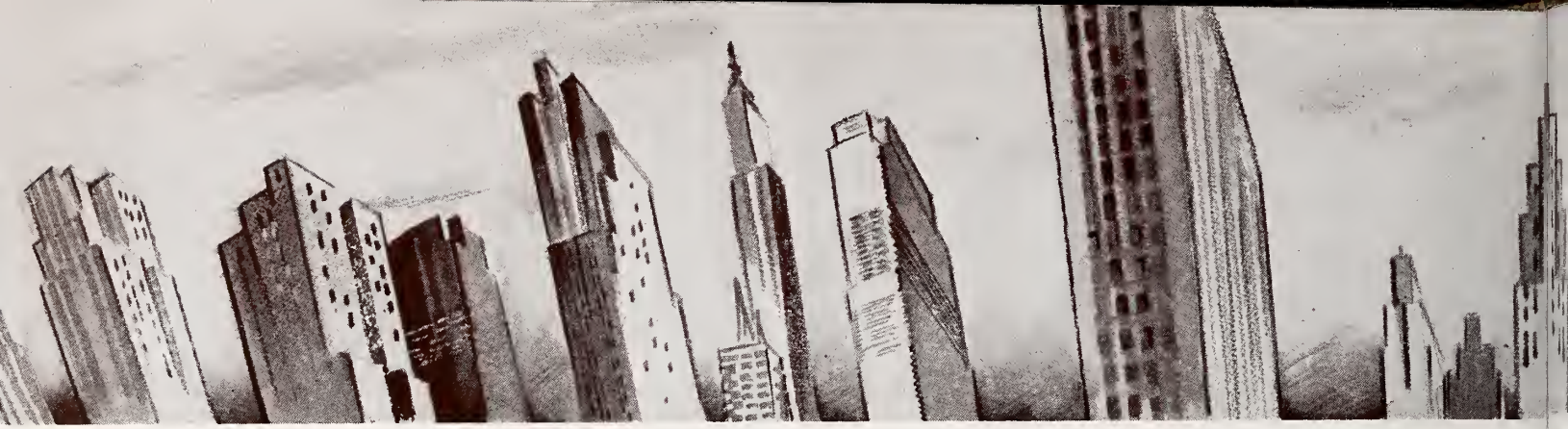
Thomas Wolfe cursed volubly as he fell victim to the humor of the fraternity funmakers, but there was no real rancor in his expletives, for would not come shortly his turn to have a laugh? He could always be relied on to father a practical joke at the expense of a college mate; so it followed

(See CAROLINA STUDENT, page 35)

HOME. Wolfe was born in 1900 in this house on an off-street of Asheville, North Carolina. Stories of his home and town life fill the pages of his books.

MRS. WOLFE, the author's mother, still lives in Asheville. Visitors to Wolfe's home are surprised to see his fiction turn to reality as they recognize characters and surroundings from his books.

VISITING PHOTOGRAPHER was Hugh Morton, especially sent to Asheville on this assignment for the New-Mag. Returning with more photographs than could fill these pages, our staff-photographer confirmed the amazing similarity between parts of "Look Homeward" and parts of Asheville itself. Mrs. Wolfe generously took out all of Tom's photos she possessed and permitted Morton to take the picture above.



The Spare Room

PAUL turned the page. How strange, he thought, Aeschylus in a subway, singing.

Suddenly, shuttled sound drowned into roared up ears, head drumming subterraneanly with compactal noise. Thought in abeyance, the senseless print was ineptal to images, exiting in the allroar. The book focused out to the red hat bending into newssheet, detoured around. Then anchored to windowed, shuttering light.

The flickered form of the Lenox express, in a gray film of volleying posts, shattered speed on the other rails with shaking, rivetal thunder. Then unexpectedly, the senses vibrated in the engulfing suck of empty and tunnelled darkness. In the wake, the thin humming of rails faded again to the even clack of the Local stroking in his mind. He turned once more to the King of Argos.

Therefore of all the lands of earth, on this most gladly stepped he forth. It fitted well for all of them, for the feeling they had had around the van. He saw it drawn up to the curb in Long Island, his mother and Dora in the hot September sun, watching the crates go in. The picture frames and books left behind by the moving-men had grown heavy since the suburbs so he had opened the thickest book and placed the others on the subway-seat beside him. It hadn't been the story that had held him, but rather the sweeping imagery. Mac read the book like a Baedeker into the remote metropolis, trusting to preludes at 5 o'clock and possible myths in drugstores or behind neon-lights. It was a land called Crete in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair, rich land begirt with water surrounding the five city boroughs of which this now was Manhattan. (Change at West 96th). It seemed that the legend lost for eighteen years and an hour ago now flourished with promise in all the canyons, tunnels, and pavements. Paul heard the slender flutelings of spires across curving bodies of land, space, and water, calling to high intent and glory at the end. Seeing the Phrygian bark cut before the sun with Phaestus in sight, or the Pacific's three-master with the figure high in the rigging, hands shading the eyes. He saw the Polack boy in the close, briny-smelling hold with his vision of towers against the sky, the kid from Idaho riding the rails to the big-city and staring ahead with the weary, cindered face, waiting for the Golden Age.

110th Street. The passing scene of the station became permanent outside the windows. He left the subway and passed through the turnstile realizing how fortunately near the city had always been. Now they had packed their last belongings, left the two-story suburban house for the city apartment, and entered a new room in their lives simply by taking an hour subway ride into a new world. Paul stood on the corner of Broadway, feeling the slight coolness from the wealthy Drive, the glint in the afternoon of the Hudson River. It was Friday and late afternoon. He stopped briefly by a moving-van in the middle of the block. Furniture littered the sidewalk and the men continued to empty some apartment in the huge building. The incongruity of the furniture on the sidewalk raised a small unrest in his chest, he saw the natural light of day revealing the threadbare upholstery, the chipping varnish on a small table. A little Irish woman with a worried frown wandered distractedly about the crates and chairs, making sure of all her possessions as they were taken into the dusty and cumbersome van. She looked up for a moment, catching the gaze of the boy before she turned away. He looked up the street wondering about the address. And then walked rapidly up the street, looking at the numbers.

It seemed that the city was inhabited by outsiders, no one raised their birth-cry in it. Foreigners, they reached their age, and decided to come seeking their success or failure, then strangely, moved out again years later. September was the city's moving month. It was the time when want-ads burgeoned with promises and rooms, it was the time of the "I just saw the cutest little apartment in Brooklyn, and only a dime fare to work"; the time of beliefs and beginnings. It was the month when empty rooms opened new doors again.

His new address was a few doors further down, and standing near the sidewalk, he looked up toward the sky. The fifth floor, the window to the right of the fire-escape. Home. Paul went in and took the elevator. His sister opened the door.

"How is it, Dora?"

"Well . . . it's not all that it's cracked up to be. You know that Mama has a strong imagination—but don't let on—I think she already suspects I don't like it. . . . Oh, but I'm unfair, it *is* a *nice* place, it's the best Mama can afford."

He closed the door behind him.

"How're the rooms?"

"Well, you can see how dark this hall is, the rooms on the street get some light; there's a little parlor on the ventilator shaft that'll be my room. Your room is big enough for all your junk."

"Met any people yet?"

"Yes, and make a damn fool of yourself like I did. Talked with a Mrs. Brown this afternoon—she lives next door—you know, just a hello. Well she gave me a stare like I was crazy or something."

"What do you mean?"

"People don't like you here, you're not supposed to know who your next door neighbor is."

"Where's Mama?"

"Oh, she's all excited about the place, goes about smiling at every room, planning where the chairs go, or where you have to hang up the pictures."

(I know. The creativeness of empty rooms and their deceptive space.) The boy and girl walked up the hall. She stopped him at the end.

"This is the parlor. She did it all herself."

He was struck silent. It was the only settled room in the entire house and it had a friendly air of being occupied. The mark of their mother was on everything. The bareness of windows was covered by newly ironed pink curtains, some faintly Chinese cushions set off the sofa, and table cloths of the same motif covered the Da-

—Illustration by James Pa

vega radio and the small coffee table. All the care that had been put into it was evident at first sight.

"She got those cushions down at Woolwor—"

"*Pan!*"

"Thats' Mama, she needs me, let's go tell her you're here."

Dora and her brother walked into the smaller parlor that their mother was remaking into a bedroom. His mother smiled at him secretly, nodding her head shortly.

"Did you see the parlor?"

"Yes, Mama, it's *nice*—begins to feel like home already."

She smiled broadly, pleased. As long as they liked it, that's all that matters. She dismissed the pleasure of thinking about her handiwork.

"Pan, go down to the corner and get some sandwich bread and liverwurst—we've got some milk from this afternoon. The house is too upset to make any supper."

"Mama, tell Paul about the table he's going to make for my room. Tell Paul—"

"Oh hurry off—get the bread. I'll tell him." The girl hurried off with the money.

"What table's this Dora's talking about, Mama?"

"Nothing—she just thinks she's going to have this room—she was planning a litthe book table for you to build."

"Do you mean she's not going to have this room?"

"No."

"Mama . . ."

"I know, I know—she's planning on it. I've figured it out and figured it out but Pan can't have her own room."

"Mama—everyone's got to have a room of one's own, it's the first important thing even if you haven't got anything else. She's fifteen now, she needs the privacy—"

His mother's voice was very small.

"What can I do—I *know* what it means to her, but she'll have to sleep with me. This will be the spare room. We'll rent it to some nice girl from the Columbia University. We need it for the rent."

"Well give her my room."

"There are two of us, Pan and me, you're just one. You're the only one that can have a room to yourself."

He was silent a moment, frustrated.

"Have you told Dora yet?"

"No. You're older so I can tell you. But I have to take her aside when she gets back and explain it to her. Make her understand. Son, you don't blame me?"

"No, Mama." They began unpacking silently.

She stopped.

"I'm going to fix up our room so Pan and I have somewhere to sleep tonight. Send her to me when she comes in, will you?"

"Yes, Mama."

He walked over to the desk. It was a writing desk but Dora kept her personal belongings in the bottom four drawers. He opened the top one. It contained a dress, a housecoat, and some other things. Thinking that he could help his sister, Paul pulled an empty crate over and began to empty the drawers so that it would be easier to transfer Pan's clothes to her mother's room. When he got to the third drawer, he began to vaguely regret his good intentions. Everything was folded carefully to her set personal sense of order. Then there were the intimacy of the underclothes. The pink gauziness of lingerie and the privacy of other sets of clothing. He overcame his feeling and finally finished, closing the cover of the crate to hide his sister's belongings.

Shortly after, while he was working on some of the larger crates, his sister came in. She was full of packages and smiling sunnily.

"Paul—the *funniest* thing happened to me in the store—there was a little old man and he kep—"

Her eye had caught the open desk drawer. Dora dropped her bags on a chair, then was looking at the empty drawer.

". . . Dora, I have to tell you that Mam—"

"*My clothes, my clothes—*" She had looked swiftly through all the drawers. Dora looked resentfully and indignantly at him.

"Did Mama—"

"No, I did it. . . ."

"You!" Her face flushed. Betrayal from the brother.

"Yes, you see—"

"Where, where are they?"

"Right there in the crate."

She swung back the wooden cover of the box, furious, then let it fall back as she emited a low wail. She lowered herself to the floor of the empty room, slowly shaking her head. He knelt beside her.

"Dora, I didn't mean it, it's just that—." He explained about the spare room, how they were going to live. Towards the end she began weeping softly, trying to speak. ". . . Paul, you don't think I care . . . why I don't care where I sleep . . . it's just that my drawers are personal . . . why, I know what Mama thought . . . but she could have told me, I don't care where she puts me. . . . I really don't care. . . ."

Dora began crying softly again.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Dora." He was furtive and ashamed, feeling as if he were knifing into the grief of the young girl that honorably demanded an outlet, yet fearful whether they should be heard.

"Dora, don't go on—suppose Mother should hear us—she mustn't know, please stop. . . ."

They were suddenly conscious of a third person in the room and they both stopped automatically. Guilty. Their mother was framed in the silent doorway and they stared uncomprehendingly at the empty threshold. The split second of the everyday face suddenly caught inside their heads, but their eyes lying. The known, and humorously stupid blank face, the quizzical uncomprehension of an animal at something it couldn't put together. The doorway was empty. Just seen, ago, right now, this minute. Past and present. Their mother hadn't been there.

An afternoon of guilt snapped through them.

Time conveniently stopped and speed exploded in him. The white face of the sister was no longer before him. He had

(See STORY, page 42)

A Short Story

By Henry Moll

We two had whispered many things that night
In slow, sustained, and twisted tones of grief
Which stirred sobs sleeping underneath our hearts,
Two hearts devoid of love, stout-shielded, mantled
Falsely with our bitter ironies;
For sobs seemed but a lingering liaison
With sentiments which we had learned of late
We must disdain. Dulled, then, our senses were
And heavy-laden with our listlessness.
The day is far away when either shall forget
My charge to you in tones I thought sincere:
"Let no man place his foot
Upon your trusting heart,
For he will laugh and turn his heel
And grind your heart apart."

". . . beyond these college walls . . . a world . . ."

Student Scapegoat

War Comes to Joe College

Tom Hammond

WHAT'S all this stuff about the college student not being aware of the war? People are saying these days that youth is neglecting its responsibilities, that college life is continuing on its wild and carefree way in blind disregard of events which are blowing up the world about them. They say that college students aren't concerned about the seriousness of the situation. Poor college students! Always being the scapegoat for somebody, always going to the dogs in one way or another. This time the critics seem to be part right and part wrong.

"Awareness" on the part of college students is not necessarily desirable. To some, becoming "aware" of the war means getting excited about it, and to others it means using the war as an avenue of escape from the boredom of every day life.

Better for Carolina students to be totally indifferent to the war than for them to be swept away in the wave of war hysteria, lose the ability to think calmly, and destroy any usefulness they may have by becoming emotional tornadoes. Some of those who consider themselves admirably "aware" of the war have actually done nothing more than find an outlet for pent up emotions.

There are armchair philosophers who find in the war an escape from the reality of little day-by-day matters to the superficial solving of all the world problems they know nothing about. Super-patriotism acts as another emotional outlet. How nice it is to feel that you are one of the few who are really concerned about the war and ready to sacrifice for your country. How patriotic to grit your teeth and tell about all the Japs you'd like to kill. How admirable to write glowing articles for the campus publications on theoretical abstractions

Becoming "aware" of the war won't help where that means getting excited or using the war as an escape. It is important, however, to be "aware" of the war in other ways. Sane "awareness" may bring more reality to the lives of students than they have ever known before.

First of all, the war has shown up more clearly something we really knew all the time—that for most students college is a four year playground. The emergency has demonstrated the need in this country for trained leaders, for men who have learned how to do something useful. Although college is the place where these things are supposed to be learned, most students don't come to college for preparation at all. Learning how to play overshadows learning how to work. Students don't get much out of college because they don't try to.

Now that many boys are being taken out of Carolina by the draft, and many more face the prospect of never being able to finish their college course, the privilege of going to school here may appear more valuable than before. Rather than letting up because of the excitement, we should concentrate harder on getting all possible training out of whatever time we may be allowed to stay here. And that doesn't mean studying only those things which are immediately connected with winning the war. The problems of war are no more hectic than will be the whole multitude of post-war problems we'll have to help figure out.

Joe College has a duty to be sanely aware of the war for the very reason that most people are going to have their feelings and ideas distorted. Until he has a chance to exhibit his patriotism by actual fighting, he can at least keep up with what is going on, try to see clearly through all the smoke,

The war can serve students as an opportunity for expressions of unselfishness. So far, we at Chapel Hill don't know what that means. A few old books given to the army or a dollar to the Red Cross, and we think we have adequately demonstrated our patriotism. For one or two such acts we clear our consciences of all feelings of uneasiness for a horde of selfish acts.

A large bloc of the student body have shown an absolute lack of feeling for the misfortunes of others, and indifference to anything but themselves and their trivial little world, by their attitude toward cutting dance expenses. Some students apparently have such an exaggerated idea of their own importance as to sincerely feel that the money could not be used in any better way than in getting a name band and thereby maintaining the "morale" of the student body.

We can hope that the war forces upon such students the realization that beyond these college walls exists a world bigger and more important than themselves. We can hope that in the war they will be forced to do something which teaches them what sacrifice and unselfishness really are. Giving up Tommy Dorsey can hardly be considered a sacrifice when every day thousands of people are sacrificing their very lives.

Lastly, the war should lead us to be "aware" for the first time of the America and the Democracy for which we are fighting. Those of us who are called to the army must face the question sooner or later of what it is that makes this country worth dying for. We must realize that this country holds to certain ideals which promise to be the best way yet found for the government of man. In this time of war we must fulfill the *duties* to American democracy if we are to continue to enjoy its *liberties*.

←

Photo on opposite page by Jack Field. Model, Peggy Rice.

I Was a Member of the ASU!

A Radical Reveals ALL

Told to Morton Cantor

WHEN I came to college I was young and innocent. My parents had always told me about all the evil influences which I must avoid, so for the first two months at school I acted like a perfect gentleman, drinking nothing stronger than cokes and visiting the Arboretum only during the day. And then it happened. One night, in spite of my parents' warnings, all the bonds which had held me to my happy-go-lucky, naive childhood were broken as I succumbed to a momentary desire—and became a member of the ASU.

It all began when I got up in my English class a month ago and announced that I didn't like the movie "Gone With the Wind." The class was astounded; I heard howls of "Radical, pervert, and scalawag." But I couldn't help it, I thought the picture downright immoral.

Later a kid with thick glasses came up to me and said, "Hmm, you've got a social conscience. Come with me."

He left me in the Freshman council room of the YMCA. (To think that a room of the Young Men's Christian Association was the first scene of my downfall!) He soon returned with a coke for me and said, "Ever hear of the American Students Union?"

"You mean the Comm- . . .?"

"Shhh," he cautioned, and then, "ASU, CPU, IRC—just letters in the alphabet. It docsn't mean anything." Then he gave me instructions about how I could get into the next meeting, and we separated.

A week later, feeling reckless, I decided to go to the meeting. After all, there was never much excitement in the two-street town, and I wanted excitement, thrills, I wanted LIFE.

It was a beautiful night. The stars scemed even brighter in the cool blue of the sky and the moon lit up the walks over the campus. As I approached Graham Memorial, it seemed to me that the stars were gradually getting fainter and fainter. When I stepped to the door of the lobby, an enormous cloud covered the moon leaving everything in total darkness. Was this a foreboding of my future?

Now I remembered the instructions more clearly. I went over to the fireplace of the main room and knocked five times whispering "Dialectic materialism" *three* times. I heard a creaking, and the brick wall to the left moved aside slightly letting in a crack of light. I put my face to the opening.

"Benny sent me."

The door opened and I squeezed through. It slammed behind me, shutting me out from the world of carefree joy I had once known. I was alone with—I wondered.

The room was very small and had spider webs hanging from the ceiling. A huge red light disclosed a long, narrow table. Seated around it were students wrapped in dark cloaks. They were murmuring in some code language about Ycl's and Ypsl's. The president, a heavy-set Senior who wore a blouse which buttoned up the side to the neck and had a red arm-band, was pointing to an immense chart on the wall, which, to my horror, turned out to be an enlarged Book Exchange map of the campus. "This is our first objective," he said pointing to South Building, and then pulled out a blueprint of the building. When I moved closer, he looked up quickly at me, his sleepless eyes shooting fiery glances which flattened me back against the wall.

I heaved a deep sigh of relief when he returned to his code language.

In one corner I saw some co-eds furiously knitting large red flags with hammers and round knives in the middle of them. The way they indiscriminately pulled at their girdles before my very eyes made me blush to the roots of my hair, for I had never before seen such flagrant immorality.

Looking past the black bombs in the far corner of the room, I saw a huge mimeograph machine worked fiendishly by a blonde, long-haired boy with blood-shot eyes who stopped every fifteen minutes to munch a Benzedrine tablet.

Suddenly three sonorous chimes rang out and the leader held up his fist and solemnly said, "Time out for refreshment!" A panel door slid open, and out came three red-bloused waiters carrying trays of some kind of RED soup they called "borscht."

When they had finished drinking the soup, the president approached me accompanied by a Philosophy major who had a shaven head, which, I later found out, had been done by Duke students under direct orders from Chesterfields and Duke Power and Light Company capitalists.

"First of all," said the president calmly, "let me warn you that you are seeing things many would give their right arm to see. So you'd better keep all this to yourself. By entering this room you have accepted the oath of secrecy. Remember the Honor Code,—or else."

Honestly, I wasn't going to tell all this, but when I'm in danger now of having my whole life disrupted, I just had to. I'm really a good American citizen, and I believe in the Honor System too, really I do. But let me finish telling you what happened:

"Have you ever been to Russia?" the leader queried.

I thought fast. "I've been to the summer dances at Rocky Mount."

"What do you know about Karl Marx?"

"I didn't see their last picture."

"Ever hear of Trotzky?" he whipped out at me.

"Trosky? The first baseman on the Cleveland Indians?"

The president seemed non-plussed, but the Philosophy major motioned him aside and I heard him say, "This fellow's really clever. See how well he evades the answers. He's just what we need." After a few seconds of conference, the president motioned for the leader of the girls to approach.

She led me into a dark corner.

"Hello, Comrade." She had a pretty face. "You look like a very nice boy," she said in a husky voice.

"I'd like to see more of you," she whispered, opening her eyes still wider and bringing her face close to mine. I could feel my blood burning through every part of my body and gulped.

"Won't you join our little group? We have dances and little parties ever so often." I felt her warm breath over my hot cheeks and could hardly breathe. She came closer. I couldn't stand it any more. "All right," I screamed, "I'll join, I'll join!"

"Congratulations," said the president, shaking my hand in a vise-like grip, "we've decided to accept you as a member."

(See RADICAL, page 46)

«Y» 10:30 A. M.

—Hugh Morton

In the morning, to the "Y"
Campus politicians hie;
A smile, a joke, a shake, a coke,
And "Heaven bless the voting folk!"

Carolina Student

(from page 29)

naturally that he likewise must feel the brunt of raw student humor.

On another occasion, when he had been tapped into the Golden Fleece, the highest honor society, Wolfe was notified by the initiators to be in his room every night at nine o'clock. This regulation was extremenly irksome to one accustomed to roaming the campus until two or three in the morning, but he surrendered to the rule and was in bed by the appointed hour, even though there was no certainty that the initiation crew would arrive on that particular night. Fraternity brothers took advantage of the situation, cloaked themselves in sheets, and submitted him to initiation ceremonies of their own creation. As usual, he fumed at length over this maltreatment.

But Wolfe could not hold a grudge. He liked too well to be in the center of life to think of breaking with the humor perpetrators. He would sometimes become irritated while arguing with a fraternity brother and would get up and stalk away. But his real inclination was to remain in the circle, survive the thrusts of humor, and retaliate. It had to be this way with a man of his position. Known and liked by all, he must necessarily remain a part of the body of students, and must master them with his own jokes, not run from theirs.

"In a broad sense, Wolfe was one of the most sociable persons I have ever seen," a fraternity brother declares. "He enjoyed meeting and being with people and talking with them. He liked to join organizations and be a part of them. If you read his editorials in the *Tar Heel* you will see Tom written into them."

Correctly, the fraternity brother probably should have said Wolfe enjoyed "talking *to*" people. He would drop into a friend's room, halt all activity, and launch a conversation that soon narrowed to a monologue from Wolfe. Driven away by the sleepy occupants of the room, he would wander on to an all-night cafe and there corner a jitney driver, an itinerant bum, or a cafe waiter who would listen to his interesting, but lengthy, discussion of any subject that seized him. In this fashion Thomas Wolfe was experiencing and enjoying the life that tumbled by him. His steel trap memory was storing up the million scenes and faces that he later was to call part of his lost youth, but at this time he knew and appreciated them as links in the happy chain of collegiate camaraderie.

"My impression of him as a student after these years is that he was usually in a happy, jovial frame of mind, the center of every small group in which he happened to be for the moment," says LeGette Blythe, author and journalist, who was a schoolmate of Wolfe. He remembers the "long, gangling, awkward, stammering, grinning, lovable fellow with the mountains written all over him." Like so many others who knew Wolfe the collegian, Mr. Blythe loved him for himself, regardless of what crowns the future might lay upon his brow.

Wolfe's contemporaries loved him for the fellowship that he spread upon the campus. If they needed a humorous speech at a class smoker, a talk at a football pep rally, or a poem to be read at some special ceremony, the call went out to Tom Wolfe to fill the bill. His quick, ready wit was certain to respond. He "fitted in" and his fellow students looked up to him. Even in his freshman year, before he had blossomed as a writer, he was elected president of the Boo Loo Club, a group of freshmen whose wit and sharply defined personalities had singled them out for special honor by the sophomores.

In this and all organizations Wolfe followed the accepted pattern. He may have been conscious that he was forcing himself into the undergraduate straitjacket. If so, he was too engrossed in living with and as his fellows ever to desire a change. In after-college years he found the life of unorthodoxy most satisfying to his creative soul, but in the younger years, when he was a campus leader and sophomoric genius, he thrived on his daily experiences as a political wirepuller, happy-go-lucky friend of all, and practical joker extraordinary. He was harnessed to collegiate ways, but of his own volition.

His successor as editor of the *Tar Heel* says that, apart from the restraints imposed on him in his later years by his editors at Scribners and by the fact that he was teaching classes in New York University, "Tom came as near being organized and harnessed to human organization during the time he edited the *Tar Heel* as during any other period of his life." He adds that the paper was far from systematic, but that at least Wolfe strove in that direction.

III

In certain respects Eugene Gant of *Look Homeward, Angel* was minutely like Thomas Wolfe, the campus thinker and activities man. Wolfe was none too careful of his appearance: trouser knees were baggy, tie was twisted, collar was dirty, and hair was uncombed. But these are not so much signs of incipient genius as they are evidence that his intensity often blinded him to such commonplace considerations as correct apparel and appearance. When the occasion demanded it, he would dress as well as anyone else. But occasions did not often present themselves nor did he often look for them.

If anything, Wolfe was overanxious that he be regarded as a regular fellow. He desired always to be the center of the circle, to keep his listeners laughing or seriously contemplative of his philosophizing. He sought companionship and held it with his effervescent manner. Seldom was he judged eccentric because of his antics, though his first book sounds this idea as the dominant theme of his collegiate life.

Indeed, he uttered wild "goat cries" as he strode across the lonely stretches of green campus, but what student did not in that isolated college community? He was merely conforming when he gave vent to a cry, although his mountain-bred voice had more volume than most others. He disliked fraternities because of their snobbery? Hardly, for he joined one of the leading chapters of the college. He was disdainful of student politics? Not while he was part of it, for he was a powerful figure in parceling out offices, and he felt an awful jolt when his choice as his suc-

(See WOLFE, page 47)

«Y» 10:30 P. M.

—Hugh Morton

The "Y" at night's a dismal sight.
A hundred watts to make it bright.
And after dark, "Politico"
To better hunting grounds will go.

Gyre and Gimble

by

hayden carruth and harley moore

illustrations—anne montgomery

Well—
Now they innovate synthetics,
And they introduce cosmetics
Kissproof lipstick, powder, rouge, and many more;—
Through the pomp and circumstance,
Still it's woman wears the pants,
And she twists men 'round her fingers as before.

Now—
In the merry days of old
(Or at least so we've been told)
An aggressive woman was in the minority;
But we've facts that you should know,
Which will prove it wasn't so,
For a vixen's wiles were never a priority.

First—
Eve begins the woman's take
When she listens to a snake,
And for spite she bites a fruit that's tagged "Forbidden."
Adam does what any sap'll do,—
Submits, and bites the apple too,—
'Twas his downfall (if the Bible isn't kiddin').

Next—
When a tall and darkish Roman,
Known as "Mark" to high and low man,
Stops to take a spot of tea with Cleopatra.
Cleo tricks this luckless lug,
Makes her entrance in a rug,
And she takes him like the Nippon took Sumatra.

Then—
In the days of Tudor rule,
Good Queen Bess proves man a fool,
As she toys with men's affections for diversion;
Though she's called the Virgin Queen,
All the facts, as we have seen,
Lead historians to view this with aspersions.

And—
Now a prince in days gone by,
Raises taxes far too high,
So's to eat and whet the flow of his saliva;
But his wife, to change his mind,
Down the street with bare behind,
Takes a horseback ride — 'Tis blondy L. Godiva.

So—
Now they innovate synthetics,
And they introduce cosmetics,
Kissproof lipstick, powder, rouge, and many more;—
Through the pomp and circumstance,
Still it's woman wears the pants,
And she twists men 'round her fingers as before.

Gersten off tackle. Bobby Gersten (Jeff) is brought to his knees with the ball as Bob Rose (Mutt) wards off opponents in a highlight of last quarter's State game.

Carolina's Mutt and Jeff

Bob Rose and Bobby Gersten

By Orville Campbell

YOU might call them the Mutt and Jeff of Carolina basketball. That is, until you hear them talk. Then you would say they are two of those rank individualists found on every college campus. Both swell guys, and both distinctive in their actions.

Those who know the Mutt of this feature are certain that he acts differently from the funny paper character. First, it is doubtful that his wife will do all the talking. Secondly, he'll be a rip-snorting success, and not the butt of most of his friend's jokes.

Mr. Jeff will do little talking; his action will take care of his speech. He's already distinguished himself as a campus leader, doing wonders with the Monogram Club of which he is president.

Brother Mutt, or perhaps we had better start calling him Mr. Robert Rose, just led the White Phantoms to a successful season on the hardwood. We say successful—not from the won and loss viewpoint, but from what the team did and what was expected of it.

When the favorite winter sport got underway just before Christmas there was little interest in basketball. Several of the stars of last season were gone, and the campus felt that other schools in the state and the South would predominate. Then Fordham came South and went home on the short end of the score. After that the campus became over confident. Then came some setbacks, and that loss to Wake Forest in the Southern Conference tournament. Which brings us back to Captain Robert.

Rose has been called cockey, and rightly so. But he's not cockey in the way you might think. Where other guys talk more than they act, Rose acts more than he talks.

Take the night before the Goodyear All-Stars played the White Phantoms here in Chapel Hill. Rose was in the dorm store in Old East selling tickets to the game. As he approached each prospective customer he remarked that they should come out and see Captain Robert match Glamack point for point. Rose outscored the former All-American the next night, and turned in one of the best all-round performances of anyone on the court. After the game Ben Stevens, captain of the Goodyear club, stated that Rose was one of the finest college players he had ever seen. Not bad for the pride of Smithfield.

There are other stories. Bob doesn't like for anyone to mention that he sent Roy Armstrong some basketball pictures while he was still in high school. Then there was the Fordham game when he went down to help the cheerleaders.

For a little history the records say Rose prepped at Smithfield high and Riverside Military Academy. At Riverside he led the basketball team to prep school championships in Florida and Georgia. As a freshman here he was great. During his sophomore and junior years he was the power behind the throne so to speak. He fed the ball to Glamack. Glamack made the points, and got the publicity. Rose got the satisfaction of knowing he was responsible.

He's not worried about his future at the moment. Uncle Sam will take care of that. Shucks! There's something we almost forgot. When we talked to him he made one request. "Give Smithfield some publicity," he said. "My dad is the sheriff, and it's the finest county in the state."

Now let's turn to Jeff and Bobby Gersten. Bobby is a "damn yank" who has won the admiration of every one on the campus. He is president of the Monogram Club, and plays a mean game of basketball. In basketball he's that guy who takes all the balls off the backboard. On defense, he led Carolina play for two years.

He almost didn't come to Carolina. He had a scholarship to George Washington and several other schools. But he talked the matter over with his dad, and the latter told him to go where he wanted to. He came to Carolina, and says he doesn't care about leaving soon.

In the past we've heard fellows talk about Carolina, but never have we had them talk as sincerely as Bobby. "It's positively the finest school in the country," the little yank said. "I've visited most of the outstanding colleges and none can touch it. Honest."

That was not just talk. What was said a moment later proved his point. "Take the coaching staff," Gersten said. "From top to bottom it's the best. The athletes here are good fellows, but we have better teams than we should have. That is due partly to an understanding coaching staff; the rest is due to boys who give everything they have to play the game fair and square."

Since Gersten has been at the helm of the Monogram Club that organization has made definite strides for the better. Improvements have been made in scholarship. The athletes have been reminded of their

(See SPORTS, page 48)

Dusty Dramah

A Play with Social Conscience

Bill Southerland

As the curtain rises, there is seen in the background a raised stage about two feet above the regular stage. This stage has all the necessary props of a set depicting a slovenly, one room sharecropper's cabin. A stagehand is setting things in order and whistling "Blues in the Night."

In the foreground of the regular stage there are several chairs scattered about disorderly. Quisner *is seen, front right, slumped in a chair. He is, presumably, going through some mental process.*

The Stagehand *finishes arranging the stage. During this time* Quisner *shifts around in his chair and strikes several intellectual, though rather uncomfortable, poses. The* Stagehand *finishes, regards* Quisner *for a second or two, then speaks:*

Stghnd. Everything is ready for the rehearsal, Mr. Quisner.

Quis. [*Pays no attention to the* Stagehand, *but goes on thinking. Suddenly, he jumps up.*] I've got it!! Turnips!

Stghnd. You speaking to me, Sir?

Quis. No, go get me some turnips.

Stghnd. [*Puzzled.*] You mean cooked turnips?

Quis. [*Smiling tolerantly.*] Just go down to the prop room and get me a bushel of turnips.

[Stagehand *gives him a rather queer look, but exits left.*]

[*After the* Stagehand *has left the stage,* Quisner *gets up and walks up and down the stage, mumbling to himself. As he is doing this:*

Wullstein *enters left and rushes over to* Quisner. *With tones of an affected Oxford accent superimposed on a Bronx drawl.*]

Wull. Hello there, I hope I'm not late.

Quis. O, hello, Wullstein. No, I'm just getting things in order. Did I tell you? I found that Mr. Macdugan couldn't get here.

Wull. He's the one that was going to criticize it, isn't he?

Quis. Yes. And, confidentially I'm not sorry that he can't. I don't think he has the proper sort of soul to understand this sort of drama. You know you can't understand the New Drama by studying it. You can only understand it one way—and that is by feeling it with your soul.

Wull. Yes, and you know in class the other day he actually laughed at Joe Black's new play *God, Corn, and Cotton.*

Quis. [*Horrified for a second, then takes on an O-well-God-will-forgive-them-look and says*] Well, we can't expect the pedants to understand the New Drama. I and my students write for the People—not for musty professors who spend their lives with their noses in books. God forbid that the New Drama be put on the dusty library shelves to be studied. Our work must go out and reform. [*Puts his hand on* Wullstein's *shoulder.*] My boy, for a while we may be misunderstood, but soon we will take our place at the top of the dramatic profession, and that is where we belong.

[*As he finishes his speech, the* Stagehand *enters.*]

Stghnd. Here are your turnips, Mr. Quisner.

Quis. Bring them over here. Come over here, Wullstein, I want to show you what I'm going to do.

[*They go over in the corner to talk, and as they do, two actors enter. Continuing the offstage conversation the first says:*]

1st Actor. And after you get to know him better, he lets you call him uncle.

[Quisner *seems to have told* Wullstein *something very amazing, for he slaps* Quisner *on the back, and both begin to empty the turnip bag with fervor.*]

1st Actor (Bob). Hello, Uncle, everything ready?

Quis. Yes, Bob. [*Looks into the wings.*] I see the rest are on their way, let's start immediately. I want to get away so I can meet Joe Black at the Roach House and talk over his new play.

[*The actors, four boys and two girls, enter. They are made up to represent sharecroppers. Most of them are filthy and wear clothes that are caked with mud and torn almost beyond recognition. One of the boys* (Joe) *is dressed in rather clean clothes—pants and sweater with cheap jacket. The girls are in faded gingham and the other men have on overalls. One of the boys* (Bob) *is made up to represent an old man.* Bob, Paw *in the play, is seated in the center of the stage at a table on which there is a kerosene lantern. The others are sprawled about either on the floor or on chairs.* Joe *stands outside to await his entrance.* Quisner *places all of them, and when he has finished, gives each of them a handful of turnips.*]

Quis. Now, all during the play, you are to eat these turnips. Don't let me catch you without one in your hands.

Bob. What do you want us to do that for, Uncle?

Quis. Don't you know enough about local color to know that sharecroppers always eat turnips? Why do you think I got you to take all those sociology courses?

Let's get on with the rehearsal, I want everything to be in order tomorrow night. Now everybody start eating and we'll begin.

[*The play opens and* Bud *walks across the stage. He stumbles into a chair.*]

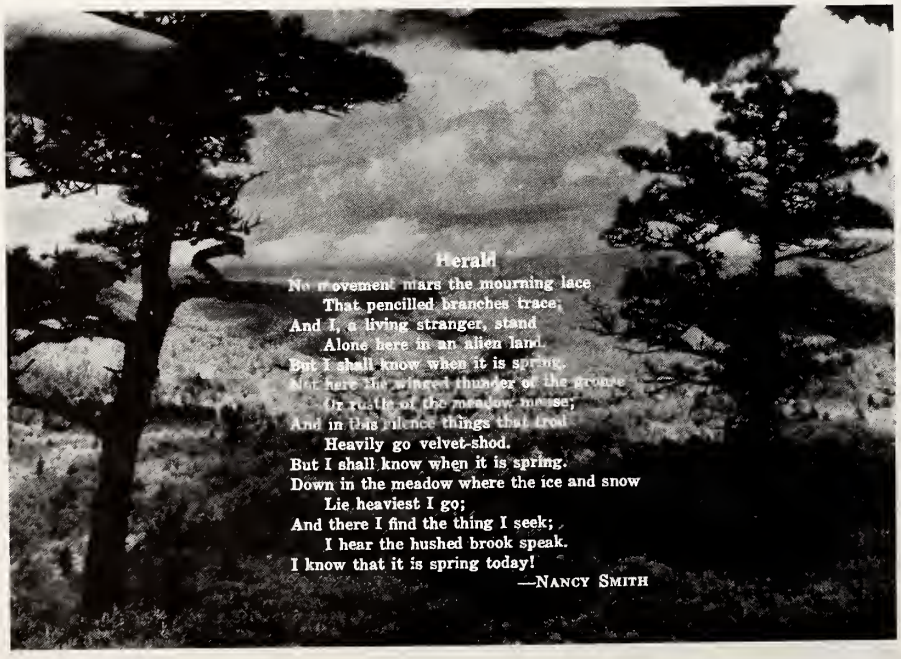
Bud. Godam, Godam, Godam. What in hell is this Godam chair doing here? [*No one pays any attention to him, and, still muttering, he seats himself in the chair.*]

Sis. Well, Paw, what we gonna do now the tobacco crop's done failed?

Paw. [*Listlessly.*] Donno.

Quis. [*Jumping out of his chair.*] No, Bob, you've got to droop, droop. Can't you see yourself? Your crops have failed, you're over your head in debt, the mortgage is due, there's no money in the house. That's enough to make any man droop. Now droop.

(See DRAMAH, page 45)


Herald
No movement mars the mourning lace
That pencilled branches trace;
And I, a living stranger, stand
Alone here in an alien land.
But I shall know when it is spring.
Not have the wildest thunder of the grouse
Or rustle of the meadow mouse;
And in this silence things that trod
Heavily go velvet-shod.
But I shall know when it is spring.
Down in the meadow where the ice and snow
Lie heaviest I go;
And there I find the thing I seek;
I hear the hushed brook speak.
I know that it is spring today!
—Nancy Smith

—Photo by Hugh Morton

THE ADMINISTRATION

Worry, Worry

Administration heads were pulling their hair out as the spring quarter opened and the pall of war drifted down to settle ominously over central records and the cashier's office.

This war meant many things that caused insomnia and indigestion for the much-worried officials of this University. It meant that enrollment would drop because of youth volunteers; it meant that income would drop because a man can't be in the army and a student of the University at the same time; it meant that income would fall to new lows and that the North Carolina legislature which holds judgment and the purse-strings next year would be disinclined to foster liberal education; it meant trouble and darkness and cold monetary blights on the Hill.

The Navy Angel flew over and marked door jambs. First Georgia did some politicking and captured a fourth of the prize. Carolina officials who that very day had been escorting Naval inspectors

AIR HEADACHE
The Navy Angel flew over.

about the huge physical education plant here beat their foreheads with their palms and littered the asphalt-tile floors of South building with cigarette butts.

But farsighted planning on the part of the first builders of our physical education system paid off. The Navy came. 1865 former everyday citizens of this nation will journey to Chapel Hill at regular intervals to have their bodies pummeled into shape; to chop cord upon cord of wood; to walk and rewalk the interminable depths of Battle Creek Park; to sleep long and deeply through the Carolina nights; to watch a college play as they slave, slave at exercises with a religious zeal, building muscles in the right places and honing nerve ends preparing for the big fight, readying to be the "toughest seahawks in the world."

There'll Be Some Changes Made. Students heard the expected news and took it passively. Then they found out what "pre-flight training center" entailed. As the quarter ended those in the upper quadrangle packed their belongings and moved. They moved everywhere. They found the true connotation of chaos and confusion. As the end of this quarter they will find it again when five more dorms must be vacated.

- In this token of cooperation in the war effort, students do not complain. They wade cheerily through discomfort.
- Next year many will not return to Carolina. They speak of Elon, Appalachian, Black Mountain, even Duke—anywhere. They are not opposed to the Navy physicals here, but they cling still to the fable of academic isolation.
- So next year perhaps the rolls will decrease. Proof that drops are expected has been the apparent disconcern of the administration about the rooming situation. Let the rolls drop. The University is secure. The walls of the exchequer are and shall be unscaled.
- Other factors find administration officials on their toes. Old dated city ordinances are blocking the formation of cooperatives on the campus, holding up housing transfers. The stigma of profiteering is to be circumvented but officials working independently of the administration are seeking checks for over-zealous businessmen.

THE PEOPLE

The Student's Prof

«Enthusiasm Begets Enthusiasm». Dr. Hugh T. Lefler doesn't teach a course. He tears right into it and spreads it wide open right in front of you. He hits every angle and he gets a great big kick out of it.

Superman of the history department, Dr. Lefler could hardly be termed a chicken. But he looks 30, keeps his mind up with the times. His courses in the

DR. HUGH T. LEFLER
". . . a character."

main are major selections but if you want to be educated, entertained and liberally treated try his History 71 and 72, or his new American Biography course—History 20.

Dr. Lefler has interfered with more cross-word puzzles than Lars Morris ever saw. When he gets wound up on a controversial lecture, his students would rather hear him than work out "remote Afghanistan horticulturist." His chats from the professorial rostrum have the punch that comes from ever alive interest in his work, from merciless but humorous sarcasm on the dainty little corruptions of government.

He's a Duke man. He was letterman in four sports in college and knows his baseball as well as his North Carolina history. He won the state tennis crown in doubles four years running and the singles twice in a row. He ranked one

of the first thirty in the nation. He started to go into professional baseball but took to his research instead.

"Students back then," he said, "sold books in the summer. One summer I made a thousand dollars selling books. Rich experience."

He taught at State College nine years and has been here seven but his outlook is as fresh as a new egg. He dotes on wholesale destruction of misinformation and has given the straight dope on more accepted historical bywords than Pee-DeeQue has on the nags at Hialeah.

State-wide stink was raised last year when Dr. Lefler's book (written with Dr. A. R. Newsome of Carolina) was rated first by the Textbook Commission and ignored by the purchasing committee. Jule Warren's text book was chosen instead and this little firecracker had over 1000 factual errors. The incident, which burned the DTH for months and the state to this day, is being patched up now and Warren's book rewritten. This trick, Dr. Lefler thinks, will backfire because the rewritten text will be a new work, will have to be reaccepted and who can prophecy its acceptance?

"Facts are worthless as facts. The emphasis must be on the why and the how of historical achievements," asserts this leading researcher. "The toughest thing in history is transmutation of the period, putting yourself under the actual conditions of the event. Too many people see history in the light of today's environment and this confuses them considerably."

Deep and lasting enthusiasm in his subject has produced the same condition in his students. If you talk to one of them, they say, "Get Lefler—he's a character."

Big Names Are Out

Juke Box Terpsichore. Violent reactions set in when the student legislature inspired by Prexy Truman Hobbs' exhortation ok'd a measure slashing allotments for dances by any campus group to $750 a set.

Jick Garland, Sam Means and crew posted petitions. Over 800 names attested to the fact that many students did not appreciate the legislature's telling them how much money they could spend.

The legislature and the remainder of the campus, weather eye cocked toward the war situation and conservation of resources not to mention rising prices and charity charges can jump to a juke-box in white tie and tails if need be.

Politics

Toward the middle of April the people will flock to the polls. The flood of posters will recede overnight, the toil will be done and the responsibility for appeasing the campus, the vitriolic Tar Heel and the politicians own conscious will shift to a new batch.

Each sun now rises and sets on Chapel Hill and sees normality on the surface. That sun goes down and blessed night falls covering the multitude of brightly-sheened apples.

Emergency Action. Conceived in intellectual desperation was the self-empowered Emergency Committee which proffered to candidates a platform of social justice, reform & improvement.

To set the campus ship of state on course, to ward it from the jagged rocks of populism, to steer it from the pounding surf of the moron ballot the emergency committee met, duly propounding its representative philosophy.

Candidates did not object but party leaders took it tough at first. Then, sensing political expediency, the parties adopted en toto all suggestions of the committee.

Mere Stimulation. Impetus to action and free discussion, the topics were labeled; the idea being that these pressing problems should be presented in platforms, openly debated & the campus could judge not on personalities but issues.

Free Stump. Tying in with the sudden awakening of social consciousness is the Carolina Political union's offer of the free stump to candidates.

Candidates, however, see this as a dilemma. Will the campus come to hear political speeches? Will a good man but a poor speaker be neglected at the polls?

An opportunity to sound off will not go by unnoticed at Carolina. With this comes also the problem of candidates' taking similar attitudes toward the measures propounded by the emergency committee. Indications point to this.

The emergency committee also proposes to sit in judgment on the worthiness of candidates as revealed in their campaign harangues. If the committee feels that certain candidates are unfit for office these unfortunates will be called upon to review their aims and ideas and policies before the committee. If the committee is still dissatisfied the candidate will be asked to withdraw from the race. This procedure is going to involve magnanimous open-mindedness, a not so rampant condition.

Assured of its intellectual integrity and political sincerity, names on the Hill

Trouble replaced the halos over the heavy heads of the OSCD and mounted as Spring progressed. Due to slow-ups, alleged inefficiency all down the line, accumulated but undistributed pamphlets and material, Chapel Hill's local office has been hampered. Corps leaders Louis Harris and his toiling typists, however, are ready to bloom into action when red-tape is eliminated in state outlets.

BOWLING ALLEY BOOK BARTERY
First day's take—two books.

are associating themselves with the organization and rapidly chasing away the bugaboo of its initiatory appelation —"the revolt of the intelligentsia."

Going Up

No Dirty Work. Although it operates one of the most modern plants in the state, the University laundry has long been the target of an attack from button-hungry students who gaze ruefully once a week on frayed cuffs & vanishing collars.

It again was subjected to blasphemy on the day that little blue slips accompanied returned laundry. The blue slip announced that prices had gone up.

Not even one small yelp went up. Students took it, blamed the rise on the war. The blame was misplaced.

Prices rose because wages went up. Wages went up because Chapel Hill's new labor front brought pressure to bear. All was very hush-hush but trickily organized.

Also attempted was a raise in the wages of carrier boys for the DTH. This has so far borne no fruit. Henry Zaytoun, circulation manager and employer of the carriers, claims they are now paid sufficiently or as much as can be afforded.

The rise-at-dawn boys claim they are underpaid in view of the hours of their work. The PU Board is excogitating the matter but indications point to no settlement and a preservation of the status quo.

Cooperatives

The Board of Aldermen meet in a little back room and huddle over a table. Snatches of their conversation sound like this: "I bump. Queens up."

The Board of Aldermen evidently don't consider the more serious aspects of our little village grown cosmopolitan. This is the reason why many boys who could attend Carolina and emerge with fewer gray hairs and better grades must remain in expensive dorms and rooming houses with high rates.

This is why the administration of the University decided to step in. When the Navy docks in the Upper Quad and runs over into the rest of the dorms on the campus, Cooperatives are the solution to the housing problem for undergraduate students.

But village zoning ordinances clip such planning in their very conception and the Aldermen show little inclination to take the necessary action.

The essence of the "working-together" Philosophy is a Nation's theme nowadays. The students and the University in countless ways have proven that they can work together. It is up to the Governmental Agencies of Chapel Hill to prove that they can join in cooperation, adjustment and improvement.

A New Balm

Cooperatives are the rage.

In the dingy remains of a bowling parlor in the basement of Graham Memorial, Curry Jones and his Co-exhorters act as bookies for hundreds of students disgusted with the Book Ex exhorbitances, with Ab's aimless meanderings.

Clearing house for tomes of knowledge and pendanticism, the Co-op Book store has arranged several juicy contracts for discounts for students, has already boosted business from the first day's take of two books—introductory Sociology and Hill and Linker math text —to a turnover and exchange of over 100 transactions a day.

To glean more use from each little copper and each wrinkled green is the objective of all Cooperatives. Students who have already received over 50% original price on second books, and who have saved on purchases acclaim the idea, want Cooperative Restaurants, Clothing Stores, unmitigated Collectivism.

Finis and Foundling

As it must to all mags, death came this month to two Campus Publications. Choking each other in a stubborn deathgrip, the old Carolina Magazine and the Tar an' Feathers, bitter enemies since the beginning of the winter quarter, have succeeded in inflicting fatal wounds upon each other. Tar an' Feathers now gasps in the last spasms of life. The old Carolina Magazine is already dead.

The battle began late in the fall quarter and each magazine was determined that if either was to pass from the scene of campus life, it would be the other.

The old Carolina Magazine, backed by its 98 years of tradition, felt that it was the stronger and more necessary of the two publications, feared little from the youngster Tar an' Feathers.

Happily finding that a large percentage of the students were on its side, Tar an' Feathers tested its strength, sneered arrogantly at its elder.

Born of this bloody battle and finding itself now laden with the weight of humor, literary, informative, mercenary, and above all, entertaining duties, a new baby squalls for recognition. Conceived in the testube of trial and error, nursed in the incubator of "what does the campus want," the Baby Esquire shoves out its chest and baby-talks "Look me over, kiddo."

Proud papas Moll, Moore and Meyer are pleased.

"Send Us More Japs!"

•

This motion picture is dedicated to the 385 U. S. Marines who, at Wake Island, wrote in blood and bravery the most glorious chapter in their 166 years of fighting history.

•

Now! the fact-and-fury-filled story of the making of the men who made the war's most ringing battle cry!

•

TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

in TECHNICOLOR!

Starring

JOHN MAUREEN
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RANDOLPH SCOTT

CAROLINA THEATRE

APRIL 5-6

STORY

(from page 31)

lurched from the room into the strange, empty house, not remembering going down the first dark hall. There was a little frenzied fear pushing itself up through his stomach. Search. Search before it was too late, knowing it was. The living room. He looked in quickly, watching it slowly turn into an empty bedroom—empty too, there had been no one in the living room. He saw both rooms before him, the double image superimposed like a bad camera negative. Memory of the empty first, the silly curtains blowing in the breeze, the orderly room with the Chinese cushions on the sofa. Both rooms yesterday, yet one movement ago. The head tricked him. Nothing in the rooms except that they were empty.

With absent surprise, Paul realized he had traveled the long length of the hall, had now reached the end. Then it hit him, and he was all lassitude, knowing. The kitchen. The focus of her life. He took the remaining two steps wearily and leaned without strength against the doorway. Thirty seconds had passed since the moment and now on the kitchen threshold, time began slowly again. Remorse was absent in his resignation, he knew without augury the future event and events that would hold the three of them to the city. It seemed he had seen it in another time, yet it had never existed within him up to the moment. All reduced to a waste and finality. The dim kitchen seemed to become a church, diminishing in proportions. Following the meagre light that entered through the dirty, paint-speckled panes, he saw the clotheslines of sheets hanging reverently in the still air of the ventilator shaft. He entered slowly with sacrilegious tread. Suddenly, his face contorted in a grimace. There was a little girl crying in the kitchen.

She had hidden herself in the darkest corner of the kitchen, behind the greasy stove. Like children who, at sorrow, instinctively turn to the mother's lap, the shoulder of security of the father, this child with a woman's face had blindly and instinctively sought the bleak protection and privacy of stove and kitchen. Back bent over, muffling the broken sobs, it was a figure that tried, by silence and obscurity, to conceal its grief from the house. It huddled itself in the dark corner, propped up like a shapeless sack, without strength, against the support of the edge of the stove. The back and shoulders hid the misery, both arms to the face, one hiding the flooded eyes, and a fist deadening the catching cries in the throat.

An enormous pity stitched him at the sight of the ignominious and controlled silence of the grief, the torn paroxysms of sobs. The low and bruised head, and the glory struck therefrom. Never, never, never.

"*Mama*—"

The back of the head and shoulders recoiled as if struck, then choking, buried itself against the wall, with the added shame of ignoble discovery.

The boy took her shoulders, but they were filled with sudden and unbelievable strength. And now as he held her figure, it still concealed its face, the glutted, choking sobs gently jerking both of them. He made inadequate reassuring explanations, incoherent words of falsely-sounding condolences, but nothing could assuage the destruction and grief that shook the foundations and life of the creature in his arms. He realized suddenly that nothing he could say or do would touch her, an invincible wall shut him out completely and made him a stranger. And realizing this he held her closer, trying physically to bring them together and make the grief their own, but there was still something between. With a gray, hopeless despair in him, he let the dead weight of the figure slip from him slowly to the linoleum floor of the kitchen. The last thing in his head was the sprawled out black dress, the meaningless and immodest puppet's leg revealed, the heavily veined and blue varicosed dead white flesh of a formless naked leg. He wass all fear hearing the strangulating sounds of the choking sobs. *Dora*, he thought.

"Help me, help me—I can't stop her, can't do anythin—"

They were back in the kitchen, he watching Dora beside his mother on the floor, his sister making little whimpering sounds and whispers, her face continuous with a warm stream of tears. What he had been unable to do, was possible for the younger girl. Bound by their own sex, the two women clung together in their grief, the young girl talking softly to the older woman whose sobs began to abate.

"I can't alone—"

"I know Mama, I know — don't talk . . ."

A fresh convolution shook the woman and subsided in hiccoughs of caught breath.

"I try to do the best I can for you . . . can't help if—"

"I know Mama — don't talk, don't talk . . ."

He looked away, trying not to hear. Then he realized he was looking at the cupboard and he saw the colorful strips of oilcloth with which his mother had decorated the shelves. A gleam of green paint, still wet, caught his eye and he saw how his mother had spent the afternoon. An open can of paint stood in the sink and the brush on the shelf was an ample explanation of the minor decorations of color throughout the kitchen. Lines, frills, handles of pots, and green matchholder, salt-cellars, and kitchen silver purposely chosen to match. He remembered the par-

lor, and now the little green lines that wavered slightly, but that had been so painstakingly done, seemed to be ironical in their futility. He saw the meaningless of these symbols and constructions, and he felt, too, the failure of the woman on the floor to have, alone, built the security, the peace, the rest, and all that the word "home" stood for.

A silence filled the kitchen, they had stopped. His mother and sister were still on the floor and Dora was helping the older woman to rise. The mother caught the empty and serious gaze of her son momentarily, then looked down with shame. No more my children now.

As she stood upright, leaning for support on Dora, a low sigh of weariness escaped her. She had suddenly grown old and the boy wondered how he hadn't noticed the many gray hairs before. The weariness of a lifetime filled her face and at this, it seemed that Paul lost one of the experiences of childhood. Patience left him, the patience of youth, the patience of the long years. And with this came the fear of Death, and particularly of death without readiness, death before time, and purpose too late. It seemed that he would thereafter be haunted by the swift passage of months and the certainty of success, but on the day after.

She leaned against the sink, her eyes filled with the sad wisdom of experience and living. She looked ahead at nothing.

"Oh my Mama. . . ." the woman murmured, more as a prayer than the silent whispered phrase it was.

Yes, he thought, you too a child. We all seek for fathers, even the long dead and forgotten ones. Was *she* like Dora, did she have that same tremulous smile you have? Was she always there when the trouble came, was there a shoulder, a roof and walls? Now I know how it is without fathers and I have lost mine here in this kitchen. We were never born till now. Finally cut is the last unseen umbilical cord: we wend alone to find the way.

He stumbled out of the kitchen and looked down the narrow, dark vestibule.

His mother was speaking to Dora and he heard.

". . . Paul must be feeling badly . . ."

The boy walked into the living room and switched on the light. It was night. He sat there alone, feeling the minutes eddy around him. The book was still on the sofa where he had dropped it when he had come in. This is the parlor, she did it all herself. She got those cushions down at Woolworth's. You're not supposed to know who your next door neighbor is 110th Street.

The imagery of Aeschylus? The high-sounding bombast of an un-understanding mortal talking about Gods? Homer and his "wine-dark" sea? No. He began to value the close-to-home Euripides and his power. A vacation folder on the table caught his eye. "The California Chamber of Commerce invites you . . ." And to the apple-bearing strand of those minstrels in the west I then would come.

Dora was at the door.

"I'm taking Mama for a walk to get some air."

"Is she all right?"

"Yes, she's all right."

Yes, she's all right because she isn't crying any more, and if she isn't crying any more, she's all right.

"Can I do anything?"

"No, everything's O. K. now, Paul."

"Need any money?"

"No, we'll be back in an hour."

She turned to go.

"Paul—"

He looked at her.

"Put out the light when you're through —I think they have the same rates in the city. You know how Mother feels when she finds lights burning."

"O. K."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

The door slammed down the hall. Paul turned out the lamp. Now all the lights in the house are out, he thought. He sat there in the dark. A faint breeze rippled the curtains in the window, and he saw it gently stir the tassels of the chinese cushion on the sofa.

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THE FAVORITE FOR FINE FOOD

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Food like Mother cooks at home

Where friends meet and fine folks eat

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Graham Memorial Grill

• IN THE COOL BASEMENT •

CRIME

(from page 24)

supposed to do something stuff. And I got in with a bunch of fellows and we drank beer and sang and told jokes. I was feeling a lot better all along. And somebody came in and said he was putting me on some committee or other so we could fix the campus up all right and I said fine and he left. Then we started talking about how we were going to fix the campus up right and make democracy a real thing. One fellow started to say we ought to write in ink now and stop driving cars

and pencil erasers and another one said the hell with that he was going to drive his car when he pleased and what good was a democracy if we didn't have freedom. Everybody got to arguing and bickering and I got to thinking it was easier to win a war than to figure out what was in the back of your own mind. So I interrupted them and said what we should do was start a campus unity drive and beat Hitler by all of us standing together. And they said that was fine and maybe we could put it in the Honor Code that it was an offense to be disunified and that we would get the *Tar Heel* behind us like they did Junior-Seniors and we would do something important for the campus. Then somebody put a nickel in the juke box and we all sang you're a sap Mr. Jap and then I drank another beer and went home.

You know, I actually dreamed that I undressed and got back in bed, still trying to figure out what it was that was wrong somewhere. I was trying to forget it and I woke up. It was the damnedest dream I ever had in my life, and there isn't anything wrong with how we try to do what's right. After all if nobody did anything, nothing would ever be done, and you can't blame anybody for trying, for trying. We try. Hell I'm just jabbering I guess. Pass me that bumper of beer; I still feel funny about it.

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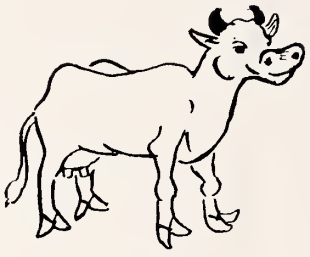

MOO

(from page 26)

The flagship of the fleet was immediately called into the president's office and he boarded it accompanied by full naval escort and the cow leading the way. Just as he grabbed his fishing rod, he called over his shoulder, "Lou, take over until I get back." And that's how it all started. My destiny was complete and Hitler and Jimmy Cox were on their way out, leaving me in full control of second-hand emotion. My dreams had come true. I had reached the zenith of my career. Why, this was even bigger than a Tar Heel editorial or a CIO assignment.

F.D. had asked me to take over. I sat back and mused over the cow. Suddenly it closed one eye seductively and winked.

"Think of the People," said Dr. Odum's cow.

"Think of Civilian Defense," I said.

"Moo!" said the cow.

"Who?"

"Moo!" said the cow.

"Move yourself," I said, "here come Sistie and Buzzie."

Sistie and Buzzie came in.

"Look at the funny cow with its neck out on a limb," said Buzzie.

"Look at the King's English," said Sistie tartly.

Dr. Odum's cow sat back on its academic breeches.

"We need better economic worlds like Dr. Zimmermann," I said, slightly huffed.

"Moo!" said Buzzie.

"Moo!" said Sistie.

Just then Betty Grable came in and we cut a birthday cake together. However, I missed Eleanor who always calls me Dr. Odum . Besides I wanted a picture taken with Falla and also hate war, but of course, that was out of the question now. Eleanor. Eleanor was more than a mere woman, she was an inspiration to the womanhood of America and its People. Besides, she believed in Youth. And looking at the cake

and Betty, I, too, believed in youth. I felt my Civilian Morale slipping.

I could see the dark outline of a pine cone as I looked up at it. The cool pained ecstasy ran down my neck out on a limb.

* * *

After leaving the office and informing Dr. Russell that he was o.k. by me too, I asked Eleanor (everybody calls her Mrs. Roosevelt) to come down to hell and inspect my work.

"Hill," said Eleanor sweetly, "but I'll go down."

I determined to finish my business as quickly as possible and hustle her off, so I dispatched a telegram to the University telling them of the importance of the First Lady's coming. I stressed the full meaning of her position, the prestige it would bring to the University, and the true worth of having her at Chapel Hill.

We arrived in Raleigh and were met by several members of the IRC, CPU, DI, PHI, MY, T, FINE and the cow. We proceeded to the University.

After the usual preliminaries, we proceeded to study the structure of Civilian Defense on the campus. During my absence, the OSCD office had taken over exclusive jurisdiction over all left-handed sparrows on E. Franklin Street during the first air-raid. Sparrows and cow had immediately proceeded in mass to Bill Cochrane's Air Raid Shelter where they were busily engrossed in Brahms' Fourth. Explaining that we were liable to have a tasty incendiary bomb for breakfast any morning, I showed her the progress we had made to save the village. At this point a fire broke out in one of the fraternity houses.

"Moo-ooo—ooo, mooo, moo!" rang the alarm.

"Moo!" shouted Dr. Odum in his excitement.

The fire quickly quenched, we proceeded.

However, Eleanor was quite pleased with my work, so we decided to go to the dance in her honor. Eleanor turned out to be quite a terpsichorean artist, which was evidenced by the full three steps she took on the dance floor before she was finally saved from the clutches of the cow, who was heartily enjoying it all. Dean House whisked her away to Greensboro and I was alone once more.

Suddenly I looked up. There was Dr. Odum's cow.

"Harrassed," said the cow, "you've had a busy day."

"Not Harrassed," I said shyly, while I demurely looked at the floor, "Eleanor *always* calls me Lou."

●

DI-PHI DEBATE OVER PU BOARD:

Sneagle.
Snotaneagle, snowl.
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In the Spring a young person's fancy turns to... pictures

Quality Photo Finishing

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DRAMAH

(from page 38)

Paw. [*In exactly the same tone of voice.*] Donno.

Quis. That's better, now let's get on. [*Sees* Sis *has stopped eating.*] Sis, eat that turnip!

Paw. I 'spect we'll have to depend on Joe.

Liz. What's wrong with Ed? [Ed *is slumped over with his head in his arms.*]

Bud. He just ain't been the same since the hawg ate his rubber ball. He's all broke up about it.

Paw. Joe oughter be back before long. He's in town tryin' to get a job. Sure is a good thing I let him go on and finish the sixth grade, it don't hurt none to have an ejicated man around.

Bud. He ain't no good on the farm anyhow, he might as well be ejicated and get a job.

Ed. [Ed *now sits up. He is obviously a bit derranged mentally. He rushes over to the table and beats it violently and sobs brokenly in a melodramatic voice.*] Here you all are worrying about Joe when I done lost my rubber ball. [*His voice breaks.*] My red rubber ball. [*He goes back to his chair, puts his head in his arms, and is again quiet. He picks up his head every now and then during the play to take a bite out of his turnip.*]

Quis. Now Wullstein, here is where I use your idea. I must say it's good, too. So original. [Wullstein *gives a ghastly sort of grin intended to convey an idea of his modesty.*]

Joe. [*Enters left on the stage and walks dejectedly into the room. He stands there and becomes more dejected by the moment.*] Ain't got a job.

Paw. No job, huh?

Joe. No. I been a thousand places and I can't get a job nowhere. I go to one place, and it's: "We don't need help." I go somewhere else and it's: No job today. [*His voice is rising.*] I go to another place and it's: We don't need nobody. [*His voice hits a crescendo.*] Everywhere it's [*To be said very rapidly.*] No job today, No job today, NO JOB TODAY, NO JOB TODAY.

Quis. Is that the way you meant to use it? I think it works fine, don't you?

Wull. That's just the way I meant. It works fine.

Quis. That certainly was a good idea, how did you happen to think of it?

Wull. I don't know, I just happened to think of it and there it was.

Quis. What a marvellous thing the creative process is!

[Joe *meanwhile has seated himself in a chair.*]

Liz. So you didn't get a job.

Joe. Nope.

Wull. How simple and to the point. Uncle, you are positively a genius.

Quis. [*Visibly pleased.*] Tut, tut, my boy, someday you'll be able to write dialogue like that.

Wull. [*Earnestly.*] Oh, I hope so!

Joe. What have we got to live for? The people with the money work the hell out of us and then won't even give us jobs. But, we won't be like this forever.

Wull. How devastating! But won't that be a bit strong for the audience?

(See top of next page)

Quis. What do I care for the audience. Besides, I give them the truth [*Rising from his chair.*] and if the truth is shocking, let them be shocked. What care I? [*Looks down at the admiring* Wullstein.] Oh, please excuse me, my boy, but when I think of the way those poor people suffer, I can't contain myself.

Paw. You other children get out. I don't want you listening to all this foolishment.

Wull. May I suggest something here, Uncle?

Quis. Of course, of course.

Wull. Don't you think it would be a good idea to have someone go crazy here? You know, Uncle, one timid moron in a family of that size is hardly true to life.

Quis. You're right! What do you say I have Joe scream and rush out?

Wull. I don't know, Uncle. Joe has on rather decent clothes, and, of course, any sharecropper who goes mad must go mad in tatters. Why not let Hat do it? He doesn't do anything but sit there and lend atmosphere, anyway.

Quis. Excellent. Hat, scream wildly and rush out.

[Hat *screams wildly and rushes out. The others, except for* Paw *and* Joe, *follow him offstage.*]

Quis. Fine, Wullstein, that was a very good idea.

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Paw. Now, Joe, I don't want you talking this way. We was born like this, we gotta stay like this. Ya can't kick against the pricks.

Quis. That's Shakespeare, you know. I think I'm terribly influenced by him.

Joe. Not me. *I* can change. I'm going out and join a labor union.

Quis. Now listen to the ineffectual protests of his father. His father is typical of the unenlightened, benighted group.

Paw. You can't. It ain't right. It ain't in the Bible. You can't. If you do, git out. You ain't no kin of mine.

Joe. All right, I'm leaving, and I'm never coming back, and I'm taking Bud with me. We ain't plannin' on bein' slaves to this decadent and outmoded system that has crushed the great peoples of this planet since time immemorial.

Wull. That last speech of Joe's was terribly effective. How in the world do you write like that?

Quis. Well, I must confess that I got the general idea from a political speech, but the real profundity, and of course, all the words are mine. Now here I bring the piece to a rapid conclusion. I think this last speech of Paw's is some of my finest and deepest work.

[*Enter* Ed.]

Ed. Paw, Sis and Liz done fell in the creek and got drowned.

[Paw *sits at the table and looks very tired.*]

Paw. [*Sits dumbfounded for a moment, then rises dramatically.*] What will I do? All my children gone except this here idiot. [*He takes a bite out of his turnip, chews and swallows.*] I ain't done nothing to deserve all this. I've been a good man, it ain't fair—all this happening to me. How can I get along without nobody to work the farm? I can't pay off my bills and I'll lose this little land I got. I'm done for. [*He throws himself into the chair dejectedly. With his head in his arms, he sobs.*] What'll I do, What'll I do, What'll I do?

Ed. [*Comes over and taps* Paw *on the shoulder.*] Paw, can I get a new red ball?

[Curtain]

Wull. [*After a short silence, and in an awestruck voice.*] Uncle, it's wonderful.

Quisner. Do you really think so? But, Wullstein, there's more to it than that. First, I want you to analyze it from an intellectual point of view.

Wullstein. Well, first, I would say it is intriguing. And, then of course it is interesting—so interesting.

Quis. Now tell me how it makes you feel emotionally.

Wullstein. It makes me feel—I don't know exactly how to say it—it makes me feel all mixed up. It makes me goo inside. I don't know, it just gets me.

Quis. Does it do that to you, really?

Wull. [*Dramatically.*] It does! It's *good!*

Quis. Good? Yes, it's good. It's bad. But it's good! I've done it! It's *good!* I'm on my way!

Curtain

●

RADICAL

(from page 34)

Just then the 10:15 bell rang for the co-eds. Everyone rose to sing the *Internationale,* and the meeting was adjourned.

Before I knew it, I was out again in the night air. Everything had disappeared and just seemed like a horrible dream. The only reminder of the meeting was the girl's breath still clinging to my nostrils, and about twenty-five pamphlets stuck in my hands and all my pockets.

From that moment on, life at Chapel Hill took on a new aspect for me. Under the president's tutelage, I began to realize how far capitalistic control had reached into the school. Now I knew why the Daily Tar Heel hadn't printed my feature on the South Americans,—they were just a capitalistic press. And the Arboretum and Sound and Fury had been tolerated by the capitalist-controlled Administration because they realized that SEX would take the students' minds off the major economic and social issues of the world. The movies too used sex as a bourgeois distraction. Why I even got to the point where I couldn't enjoy dessert with whipped cream because it was just another one of the bourgeois conventions.

Then one day in the midst of my new life, I got a special notice from the dean's office telling me that it was urgent that I report at once. On the way there I met a Playmaker who was humming, "I've got a little list." Was this a prediction of what would happen, I feared.

I gave my name to the dean's secretary who pressed a special button and whispered something into her inter-office telephone. She then led me to a small room. Without warning, two pairs of strong hands flung me onto a chair in the center of a darkened room. A brilliant white light was turned on above me, and I saw squinting eyes all around me in the darkness.

"When were you in Russia last? How many aliases have you gone under? Do you believe in free love? What do you think of Dutch dates?" they shouted at me.

"I don't know. I don't know," I cried. After a half-hour they made me recite the Pledge of Allegiance and sing the Star Spangled Banner, and then let me go.

SEX

(from page 23)

"Gerry, Gerry, you're mine now. You're mine now aren't you?"

"Go to Hell," yelled Rebecca.

"But we must do it my way. With mighty statues, à la Epstein, imitating the power that was once Christ's. We must display that power, not through democracy, but through heroes. Look at what democracy's done. Power, power, power."

"Oh, Jim, when you crush me," she laughed, "like that, I realize that you're right."

Gerry kissed Mandy again. They hung on to each other's lips.

The slim outline of a birch passed Mandy.

"I'm cold, Bill."

He grabbed more tightly.

She could see the sharp outline of a pine cone as she looked up at it.

The cool pained ecstasy ran down her spine.

Gerry looked at Mandy. "We're going to get married."

Jim looked dismally at Rebecca. "Do you think it's normal to get married?"

She laughed assent.

Mandy smiled. "Oh, good. It can be a double wedding. Let's go to South Carolina."

Gerry yawned, "Right after we're married?"

Mandy grabbed his arm. Grabbed is the word. She didn't take his arm. She grabbed it, clutched it, said, "Sure sweetheart."

But Rebecca asked "What'll we eat with."

Gerry yawned again.

Mandy repeated, "Let's get married right away and go on our honeymoon."

Both Jim and Gerry spouted, "Honeymoon, hell. We want to sleep."

The trench-mouth god took a deep breath and drew in the sun-rise blood. Then he spit it again into the center of the sky.

●

Moon

Hail! All hail the brilliant moon!
Although it's not as bright as noon
At least it sheds its silver light
When it's needed,—in the night.
The sun, however, casts its ray
When it's light out anyway.

—Harley Moore.

●

Marriage

When "he" and "she" become a unit,
"She's" the likely one to ruin it.

—Hayden Carruth

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WOLFE

(from page 35)

cessor failed to win the editorship of the *Tar Heel*. In all these things—the components of the normal student life—he lived or acted his part well. He dramatized his deeds, he saw all life centered in the college community, with himself as a prime force. It was a comforting feeling to be one of the gears in the machine of life.

Wolfe was so intense in his desire to be a popular member of the mass that he often overacted the part. Thus were born some of the stories of his eccentricity.

As editor of the newspaper he wrote, "If a man sleeps till barely time to catch an eight o'clock class when there is work to do, he is a slacker." Yet he was notoriously delinquent in turning in class assignments or copy for the week's issue of the paper. He seemed to delight in putting off work until the last minute and then furiously driving himself until his task was completed. Classmates would marvel at their superman and this pleased him no end.

He would bolt into his dormitory five minutes before meeting time of the Dialectic Society, the student debating club of which he was an influential member and "behind-the-scenes" elections manipulator. Snatching at whatever writing material that presented itself, he would dash off a poem to read at the society meeting. He would arrive fifteen minutes late and be fined twenty-five cents; whereupon he would rise and explain that his tardiness was due to his prolonged effort on the poem; and he would read the poem as proof of the alibi. A henchman would then move that Wolfe be excused from paying the fine in view of the poem's excellence.

On one occasion he was designated by the editor of the *Tar Baby*, the humor magazine, to be guest editor of the publication for one issue. The regular editor hounded Wolfe for the copy week after week, but on the day before the material must be in the hands of the printer, he had still turned in nothing. The editor cornered Wolfe and demanded action. So he sat down after supper and wrote the issue from cover to cover, forty-four pages of satire modeled after one of the newspapers in the state.

One Saturday night he and other students were in the room of the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, arguing far into the night on nearly everything. Along about three o'clock Wolfe dramatically jumped to the center of the floor.

"My God, gentlemen, I've had nothing to eat since breakfast!" he shouted, and dashed off downtown to buy a hot dog.

No one was surprised, for this was Wolfe's way, and, whether natural or affected, his friends loved him for it.

He was especialy popular with his professors. He did excellent work; in intellect he was up to many of them; and his humor won their hearts. With the late Professor Edwin Greenlaw, a noted scholar of English, he was a favorite. Invariably Wolfe would come to class late and Greenlaw would chastise him with a witty remark. But Wolfe always replied in kind.

One day he came to the classroom door and rolled in a long section of toilet tissue, letting it unfold his story as it proceeded toward Professor Greenlaw. As the class broke into an uproar, the professor calmly asked:

"Mr. Wolfe, are we to judge the quality of your story by the quality of the paper on which it is written?"

Wolfe's classmates recall particularly some of his antics in that class. When called on to read his theme, he would fumble in his pockets until he had found a sheet of paper. He would read this, run off the page in the middle of a sentence, fish into his pocket again, then locate perhaps a scrap of manilla paper on which he had scrawled some sentences. Sometimes even a matchbook cover would yield a sentence.

In his newspaper, as well as in his personal actions, Wolfe demonstrated his strong urge to be "a regular fellow." Interspersed with the usual run of news and editorials would be bits of Wolfeian humor

(See top of next page)

that portray his boundless exuberance. An uncaptioned item on the front page read:

"Of the 15 patients in the infirmary at the present time nine have influenza, five are just sick and one was carried there just after he made a 'one' on Zoology II. He will recover, says the nurse."

The newspaper contained a long article on "The Experiences of Ethical Eddie," who is trying to decide whether to satisfy himself by eating onions, or society by leaving them out of his diet. After wrestling with the elements of the problem for several hundred words, Ethical Eddie comes to this rather logical conclusion:

"So there I have it, a moral situation which is intolerable and which must be solved. I can neither eat onions and wrong society or pass them by and harm myself or do the diplomatic thing and act a lie. That is a problem which each one must work out for himself, solve it and you will be happy, fail and to hell you go."

There is no indication whether Ethical Eddie was Thomas Wolfe, but Wolfe did write about himself, seriously and in jest. Items such as this, by his own pen, refute the impression that he was unmercifully made the butt of jokes by others:

"Thomas Clayton Wolfe, editor of the *Tar Heel*, was on the Hill a few fleeting hours last Wednesday. Mr. Wolfe is taking a rest cure in Raleigh and Greensboro following a week of strenuous and nerve-racking examinations. It is thought that he is taking the Keeley cure."

A joke on the editorial page would cast doubt on whether Wolfe was really sensitive about his height:

"Fresh—It sure is a pity and loss to the varsity that Tom Wolfe doesn't play football.

"Campbell (the football coach)—Why?

"Fresh—He could fall down with the ball and make a touchdown every time."

Such tomfoolery he wrote often. Like any other normal college editor, he had frivolous as well as grandiose moments. It was all part of the process of being human and subject to the chameleon qualities of the undergraduate mind.

In his *Tar Heel* editorials, especially, he showed the sobriety and intensity characteristic of college editors. The Carolina Spirit, the disgrace of an unclean campus, and the unhealthiness of crowded dormitory rooms vied for attention from his pen. In his philosophy prize-winning essay, "The Crisis in Industry," he likewise spoke as one whose mission it is to save the world. He advocated for labor a practice of "self-determination" to decide on its "inner workings." It was unprecedented that such a commonplace subject as labor should win the Worth Prize, but Professor Horace Williams, one of Wolfe's most-admired teachers, said in a foreword:

"If Philosophy shall be able to throw any light upon the problem of Industry, or aid in advancing gentler methods of progress, the effort justifies itself."

IV

Thus to Thomas Wolfe in four years of college came all the superficial pleasure that he could aspire to. His full quota of honors was placed under his name in the 1920 yearbook, with this tribute:

"Editing the *Tar Heel*, winning Horace's philosophy prize when only a Junior, writing plays and then showing the world how they should be acted—they are all alike to this young Shakespeare. Last year he played the leading role in the 'Midnight Frolic' at 'Gooch's Winter Palace,' but this year it's the leading role on the 'Carolina Shipping Board.' But, seriously speaking, 'Buck' is a great, big fellow. He can do more between 8:25 and 8:30 than the rest of us can do all day, and it is no wonder that he is classed as a genius."

In this fashion ran the general opinion of Wolfe's classmates. They knew him as one who was extremely prolific, well informed, talented. He was genial and generous, a friend to all, and full of schoolboyish conviviality. By every standard he was a success as a college student.

Wolfe loved this life in which he was so triumphant. He basked in its spotlights and bowed gracefully to its plaudits; he was at a supreme moment as Mother Wolfe watched him dance around the ballroom floor at the final dances just before commencement. He had come silently from the mountains, a few weeks short of his sixteenth year, had found his way about the scholastic labyrinth, and had emerged with the fruits of the struggle. Book knowledge, special recognition, and thousands of opportunities to see and know people had come to him in the four years of development.

Yet he was on a plane above his fellows; he saw the shallowness of his attainment. The delight lay in the desire for recognition. In his possession the honors became tarnished and impermanent. Sooner than the usual college senior, he realized the ephemeral nature of undergraduate honors. He did not renounce them, however; he bore them bravely and marked time until June, 1920, should bring graduation. The University and his undergraduate training had given him much and he would always love the place, but when he decided upon graduate study he selected Harvard University. From there, on November 26, 1920, he wrote to Professor Frederick H. Koch, who had directed him in his dramatic work with the Carolina Playmakers:

"I yearn for Chapel Hill at times—many times—but I know my bolt there is shot—I got away at the right time. Here, as there, I am a Carolina man, learning with sorrow today that Virginia beat us. It's the greatest place in the world, prof. That sums up all my findings."

SPORTS

(from page 37)

responsibilities, and they have carried them out to the letter. The Monogram Club code means more now than words or a piece of paper. It is something the boys live by.

In high school Gersten played football, basketball, and baseball. He led his basketball league in scoring, picking up 100 points in 10 games. He thinks basketball is fine, but thinks baseball is better. This Spring he plans to try out for the pitching staff on Bunn Hearn's nine. Previously he has been an infielder.

For the last four Summers Gersten has worked in a summer boys' camp. If Uncle Sam will leave him alone he would like to come back to Carolina and do graduate work on a physical education degree.

Thats all, Folks

The cute little sea-bathing girl above, on the two-page spread in the front, promised you a change and a NEW Carolina Mag "fresh as ocean spray." Now as you reach its end, we hope she hasn't disappointed you, that she gave you a refreshing bath with a new type of publication that was neither a Humor, Literary, nor Combination magazine.

For the editors have ventured away from the campus for inspiration and created this Baby-Esquire from both commercial and other campus magazines.

Incidentally, the little girl above is *not* Henry Moll, Harley Moore, or Sylvan Meyer. She's only a friend of the Baby-Esquire editors.

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Graham Memorial

Dear Sirs: Now that the Old Carolina Magazine abolished itself to give us Baby-Esquire, please make it a complete job and abolish South Building, Tar an' Feathers, and the Infirmary.

Name .....
Dorm or Asylum .....
Favorite Beverage ..... Sex ....
Wolf Skirt

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Make your next pack Chesterfield and you too will enjoy everything you want in a cigarette...*made to your taste with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

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April 1942

The University of North Carolina Magazine of Campus Life

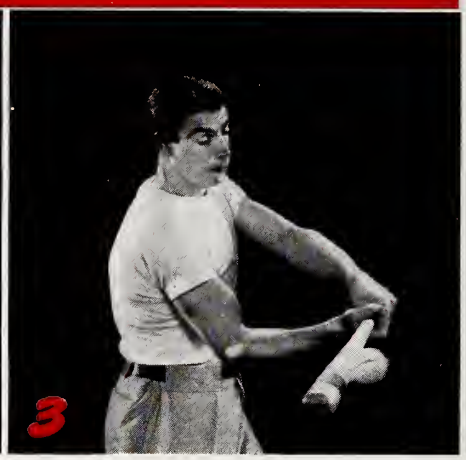
CAROLINA MAGAZINE

JOE DiMAGGIO'S MIGHTY SWING

Now for the first time the amazing stroboscopic camera analyzes the swing that made baseball history

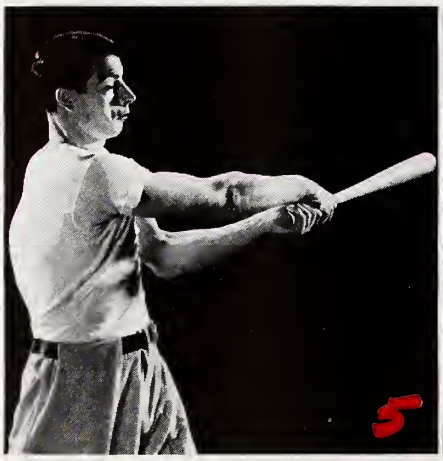
DiMaggio sizes up the pitch...

He starts that devastating swing...

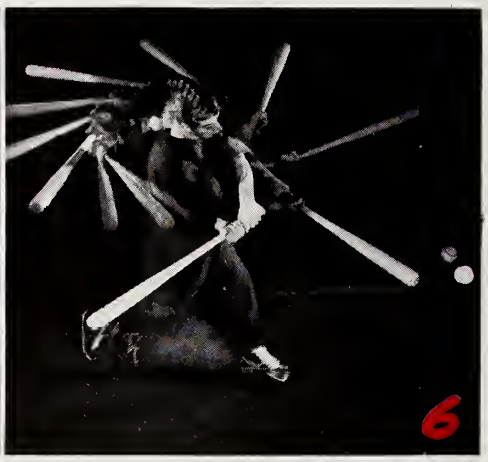


Squarely... solidly... bat meets ball.

With his eyes still focused on the batted ball...



Joe follows through in a tremendous release of driving power.



A remarkable series of repetitive flashes show you the famous DiMaggio swing and follow-through all in this one picture above. Below, at the left, you see Joe enjoying a Camel. For with Joe DiMaggio, when the game is over, it's "now for a Camel." Yes, *Camel*—the milder cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

Right off the bat, Joe DiMaggio, shown here at home, will tell you: "I find Camels easy on the throat—milder in every way. And they've got the flavor that hits the spot every time. You bet I like Camels!"

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CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

The Begats —

In the beginning there was the Carolina Magazine, conceived in the year 1844.

After a span of three score years and eleven, Carolina Magazine begat New Carolina Magazine, which in turn begat another New Carolina Magazine.

Becoming aged in a decade, the last Carolina Magazine begat yet another New Carolina Magazine during the fruitful reign of King Henry Moll.

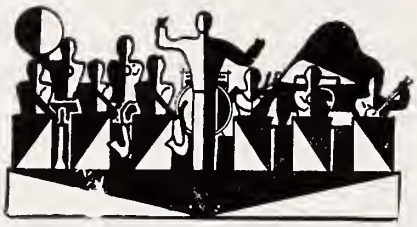
With the seventh issue, King Henry's New Carolina Magazine begat Baby Esquire.

Baby Esquire, born in an era of strife and dissension, scorned by the High Potentates of the PU Board, was googled at by a friendly world, was tickled under its chin by the amiable finger of favorable public opinion, finally declared by the Legislature to become legitimate, effective in the fall of the Year of Our Lord 1942.

* * * *

So until the era of Baby Esquire's legitimacy, we must return (for financial and other reasons) to the style of Mag previous to Baby Esquire.

Light Brown and Blue



Jazz to the fore once again, and this time nostalgia runs ripe and rampant. At the same time out goes a none too solid neck, for following are the best jazz records of the last ten years.

35th and Calumet ranks there. Personnel: Mezz Mezzrow, Clarinet; Benny Carter, alto; Bud Freeman, tenor; Max Kaminsky, Renald Jones, Chelsea Quealey, trumpets; Floyd O'Brien, trombone; John Kirby, bass; Willie "The Lion" Smith, piano; Chick Webb, drums. None but the best. Freeman, undisputed best white jazz tenor man, takes the most outstanding chorus of his outstanding career on this side. Mezzrow's name fronts the record.

On the Sunnyside of the Street, a Lionel Hampton side, may not stick to the time-tested jazz combination, but the spirit's there. Johnny Hodges, alto; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Allen Reuss, guitar; Jess Stacy, piano; Cozy Cole, drums; and John Kirby, bass—that's the cast.

Rosetta, issued by Frankie Newton. The most amazing alto chorus ever heard is that of Pete Brown on this side. Johnson's piano is tops. The cast: Frankie Newton, trumpet; Mezz Mezzrow, clarinet; Pete Brown, alto; Alber Casey, guitar; John Kirby, bass; James Johnson, piano; Cozy Cole, drums.

One Hour, by the Mound City Blue-Blowers. The greatest tenor man in all the world, Coleman Hawkins, takes his greatest chorus in this, and in my opinion, it ranks higher even than his *Body and Soul.* McKenzie's blue-blowing may be weird to the fastidious, but the record's worth it. Coleman Hawkins, tenor; Peewee Russell, clarinet; Jack Bland, guitar; Eddie Condon, banjo; Gene Krupa, drums; Glenn Miller, trombone; and Al Morgan, bass. Recorded 1929.

I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate, by George Whettling. No record conquers the spirit and mode of white, Chicago jazz like this product of the Windy City itself. Not a note is off; the best jazzmen in the world participate, but not an individual stands out. Wettling, Condon, Kaminsky, and Stacy have more than ever subdued the individual to the unit.

Other jazz records that we don't have space to praise but which are in the best are *Friar Point Shuffle,* by Eddie Condon; *Featherbed Lament,* by Joe Marsala; *Tin Roof Blues,* by New Orleans Rhythm Kings.

Those are the most outstanding jazz records of the last ten years. Mail complaints to the Mag. To end the column, other than jazz records that are best for ten years are:

Count Basie's piano in *Red Wagon;* Goodman's *King Porter,* back in the time of real swing; Lunceford's *Cheatin' On Me* and *Margie;* Bunny Berrigan's *Livery Stable Blues;* Mary Lou Williams' *Froggy Bottom;* Eddie South's *Dark Angel of Harlem,* an album; Bob Crosby's *Skater's Waltz;* John Kirby's *Rose Room;* and, of course, Ellington's *Mood Indigo, Black and Tan Fantasy, No Papa, Shout 'Em Aunt Tillie.*

—HAYDEN CARRUTH.

Dear Coed

WOULD you like to go to Danziger's?" he says.

"If you like," she says.

"How about the movie?" he says.

"If you like," she says.

"Let's go to hell."

"If you like."

And so conversation at the beginning of almost any Carolina date begins. Is it any wonder that every once in a while some Spartan male solemnly resolves that he is not going to date another co-ed.

No fellow likes a date who's going to turn out to be an ingrown toenail and cripple him for the evening. The co-eds who find that they follow the line of least resistance as demonstrated above, better watch out or their house of cokes will crash around their heads and they will be drowned in an ocean of soda water without the Scotch, figuratively speaking.

No, and it isn't all the time that the Carolina Gentleman is headed straight for the arboretum. Sometimes he merely wants to take a walk, or sit and talk. At these moments there is nothing that makes him more disgusted with the coed than her languorous posing as though she were open to a pass at all times. Then when he finally decides that he would like to do some necking she turns around to him with an innocent stare and shows him that she really doesn't do such things, at all. And that if her mama knew that she went out with a young man who even as much as thought such things about her, her mama would not like him.

And there is the co-ed who, when she has found out that there is a dance on campus, insists that her date take her. She, sure thing, has not even bothered to find out whether he dances or not. For all she knows "Arthur Murray taught him dancing in a hurry" and he knows it. Thus another date has splashed into the soda water.

Every day there are oo's, ah's, ouches. Spring has come. The weather is warm. Think of the possibilities in a tennis date or a swimming date. But no—the sweet little coed is either afraid that she is not tanned enough for such, or that she is

tanned too much and had better stay out of the sun. But as soon as the stars appear, or it starts to rain, she is ready—ready for anything that won't give her any trouble.

The coed who is wined and dined by a gentleman only to send the bids for her dorm dance to another Adonis should be given a lesson in etiquette. I am sure that Emily would have something to say about this. That little number doesn't realize by sending her bids to other guys she has deflated an ego to the point at which a pin couldn't prick it.

Dear co-ed. Don't let this really disturb you. But, for goodness sake think up some way by which you will keep from boring your date. After all, it's the Carolina gentleman who pays the bills.

By HIM.

Next Month

we shall hear from

"HER"

on

This Same Subject

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Magazine of Campus Life

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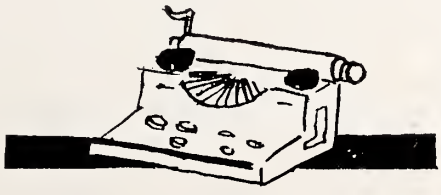

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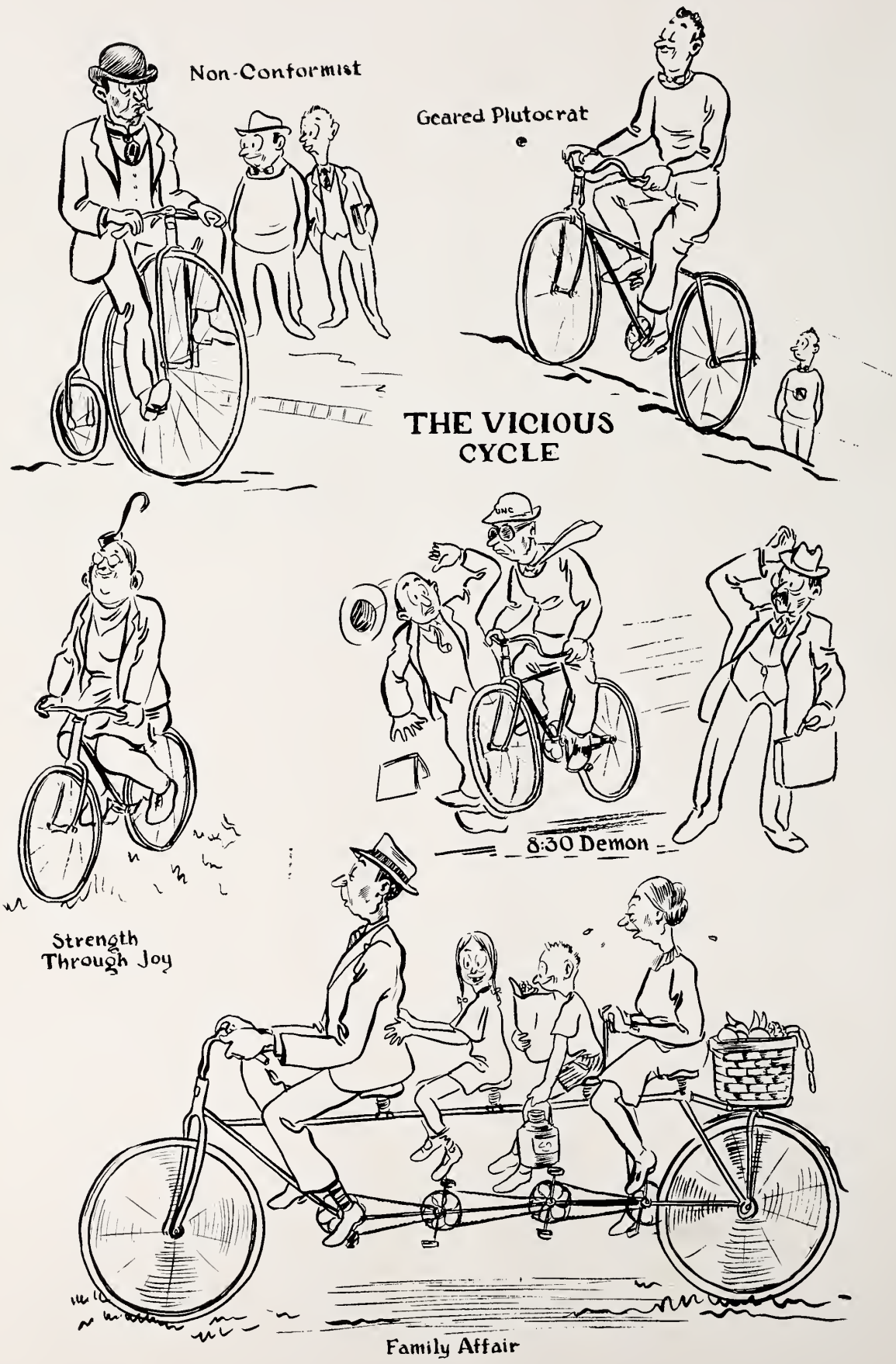
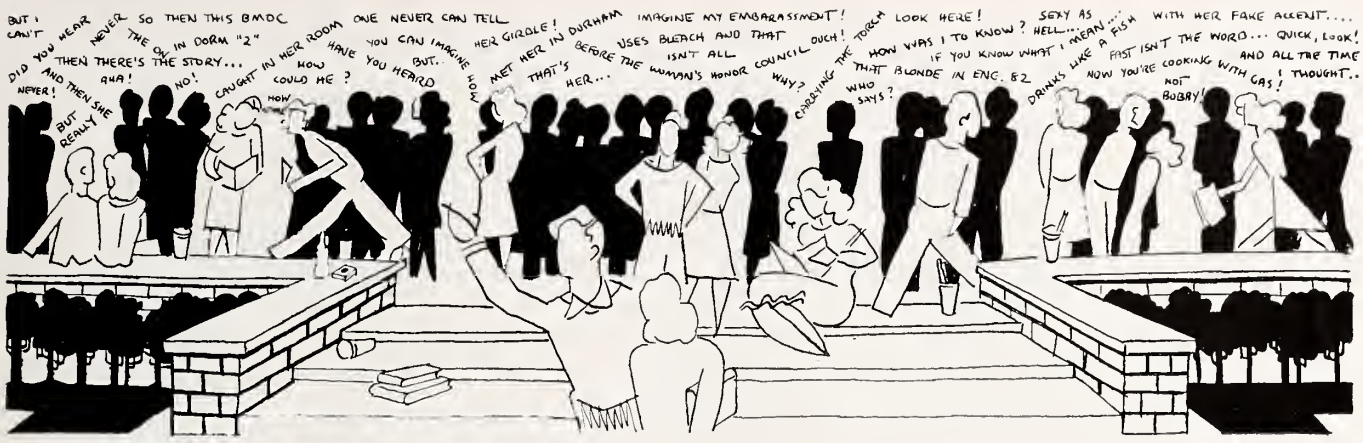


. . . and lo, there shall occur a cycle in human events, and the world shall return to previous days . . .



JABBERWOCKY

HANDICAPPED by crowded rooms and coeds anxiously awaiting an enlarged entourage of handsomely-uniformed naval air cadets, the Carolina gentleman has yet two more sacrifices to make for the defense program. We have been informed that the wilds of Battle Park will reach a civilized state by the time the cadets will have completed their daily exercise programs, chopping trees, etc. That means no more pine needle and soft grass floors to dark nights. And also, it seems that our own Arboretum will be guarded nightly by sentries. The question "Friend or foe?" will give the coed an opportunity to reconsider and answering as to the purpose of passing through the laboratory will doubtlessly cause much discomfort to all parties concerned.

IT IS very amusing to see how the new regime of the University Cafe uses gustatory epithets as well as olfactory previews to excite the appetites of its customers. The student rushing to eat in between classes, studying, and dates has not much time to think up a good appetite, so we think an item like "A Delicious, Delightful Salad with Choice Dressing" saves much time and accomplishes much the same purpose.

Next door is also an interesting type of literary statement about food. The Campus Cafe has printed on the cellophane-wrapped pies it sells the following curious statement: "Recleaned by Hand." This lends a peculiar effect to one's digestive system and as one gourmet said, "I wonder who dirtied it in the first place."

WHAT with the University becoming Navy-minded now that the advent of the air cadets is so close at hand, the CVTC is playing a bad second in student and faculty attention. The fertile brains of Messrs. Raborg and Wisebram are hard at work to restore the unit to prominence, however. Prompted by reports that Jim Crowley plans to take a cadet-composed pigskin squad to New York next year to oppose his Fordham Rams, and encouraged by the recent departure of Wallace Wade from Duke, thereby leaving the Gothic quadrangles comparatively undefended, proposals are in view to form a C.E.F. (Carolina Expeditionary Force) with the purpose of invading the Duke campus. Once bridgeheads are established, the superiority of Carolina over Duke will attain an undisputed permanency.

PEOPLE don't get red very easily in Chapel Hill. Sound and Fury, Tar an' Feathers, and Sociology 62 have taken care of that in the past, but there is one student whose vermilion here is not entirely the result of early-Spring sunbathing. Informed some weeks ago that his mother and father were coming to spend a week-end with him, a student engaged a room for them in an E. Franklin Street roomery. Came the long-awaited evening of arrival, he jauntily led the proud parents into the appointed abode and marched straight up the stairs, intent upon showing them to their rooms. Ere the top was reached, however, shrill feminine screams of genuinely outraged horror froze him on the spot. Further exclamations caused mother, father, and crestfallen sonnyboy to beat a hasty retreat. We think the sororities should put a lighted sign on the front of their houses. Someone is liable to confuse it with a more transient place next door.

Vacation in Hawaii, land of peaceful beauty. Lounge langorously beside the tranquil Pacific. . . .

WHEN we were over at the Art Building the other day, we noticed a terrible STINK seeping out from under the closed doors of the studio. Holding our noses, we crept in to investigate. Delicate questioning of the unconcerned art majors produced no results. It might be those stuffed birds mounted on the background of rotting moss and wilted greenery, they said; but the odor was more distinct than that. As we turned to go we noticed a table set as if for dinner for two, which the artists were sketching. There amid the bread, fruit, bottle of milk, and dishes, were two real FISH.

Come, Dr. Jones. The students are waiting for your inspiring address.

"They've only been here a week . . ." a girl was saying. We fled.

Two days later, going by the studio, we saw the students streaming out of the place although class was far from over. And after said art inspirations had been removed, it was a full week before even the squirrels would venture near the building.

The Bell Tolls . . .

EACH QUARTER is climaxed by some sort of impressive entertainment for the student body. Of course the sponsors of the program try to have it run as smoothly as possible, "according to hoyle," but more often than not, some faux pas is committed during the evening's progress. At our last concert, which presented Ruggerio Ricci as violin soloist, a miniature Helzapopin broke loose during the second half of the program. As the violinist was about to start the second movement of Mendelssohn's concerto, an employee nonchalantly began closing the enormous and equally resonant windows of Memorial Hall. Not to be outdone by a mere human, the South building's bell began droning in the midst of one of maestro Ricci's encores. Why the bell tolls at 10:15 each night is hard to comprehend, unless Quasimodo has to get his nightly exercise. Last, but by no means least, a vigorous hammer banging started outside, but unfortunately our violinist was not playing an excerpt from the Anvil Chorus, and the aforementioned noise went unappreciated.

ONE MEMBER of the IRC has been complaining about the way ambassadors, ministers, and other assorted lily gilders that his club brings down here, go about shaking hands with him. "I step up to His Excellency with my halo polished up, boldly say, 'I am deeply honored to meet your Excellency,' and what happens? What does he do? The ambassador sticks three inches of his four fingers out, flipper-fashion, and sticks them into my gullible fist."

This IRC member is apparently mad about the now well-known Dignitary's Handshake, which not only leaves the famous hand in good shape after a hundred Glad-to-Meetcha's, but doesn't even leave any fingerprints on the palm. We've of late seen a new development of this called "deception de la main." The Famous One merely shoves his hand far beyond the other guy's hand, and the expectant one ends up shaking His Majesty's bony wrist.

Seclusion . . .

APPRECIATING the application of educational progressivism in the outdoors-on-the-turf classes, we suggest these sites, where no one can ever be found, for new highs in seclusion and atmosphere. Persons seeking inspiration note: Franklin and Columbia streets at 3 A.M. . . . the Library stacks . . . atop the belltower . . . President Graham's office . . . Harry's in the daytime . . . Tar an' Feathers office. . . .

Dammit, Witherby. Here the nation is losing a war, and you just sit there doing nothing about it.

CRIP
COURSES
SEAL
POST
POST
POST

The Middle Ground

Wall Street Was a Graveyard

Henry Moll

8:59

THERE IT was neatly stamped on the time card. Gertrude Faustmann wondered how many times she had pulled down the lever of the machine. As she placed the card in the rack, a little awareness of the amount of time the machine had eaten up grew disturbingly in her. It seemed to be an awareness that arose during beginnings of the lengthy week, but that was then temporarily lulled at the approach of freedom and the weekend. We all live for weekends, she thought furiously, Madelyn, Miss Smith, Mr. Blake, and even Lashey. She quickened her step towards the stairs and away from her own life. Unbelievable that another week had dragged itself past once more, here it was Monday and temperate rain on the *New York Times* again. A minor collision with the uniformed bank-guard had knocked it out of her hand.

"Scuse me Miss."

Go to hell. Trouble with us is we're too polite around here. She flashed a smile, nodded her forgiveness. Always scraping all the time, polite as hell, yet something unnatural about all the people in the bank. She remembered the strained stiffness of manners at her first dance. God. That had been ages ago.

Hurrying down the steps, Gertrude Faustmann mechanically avoided soiling her new gloves from Lerner's on the thin film of oil on the hand rail. It was used by the bank to preserve the facets of metal walls and fixtures in a steely sheen; many had been the pair needing a thirty-five cent cleaning because of the damn grease. The whole place was like that. She saw the get-up of the main floor, the luxurious use of clear glass partitions, the judicious wide spaces, the marble, deep rugs, and expensive walls of rare paneled woods inlaid in appropriate oily-shining designs: that hell of a bee with the pop eyes, symbolizing thrift, and the few ungrimy ducats, Waste Not, Want Not. She smiled grimly. By God, the layout—not to impress the customers so much as the vice-presidents at their desks with their fat stomachs. She'd bet it made them feel good. The high-polished aura of quiet security, the wealth, efficiency and power that the bank possessed. She began to feel uncomfortable again. Why was it she always saw Maw on the steps waiting for the milking when she thought this way. She saw the hot Wisconsin sun and the field of corn, the long line of fence leaning on the cow, and the house wading in the immense land of corn fields. Days, days, days—years ago! She wasn't no spring chicken anymore. Twenty-nine, and here it was another week at the lousy bank. (It seemed the awful and cumulative amount of days wound up to small figures on a time card.) 8:59. Gertrude remembered the French poet that Jimmy had told her to read. We have eaten out our life with coffee spoons, or something like that.

Now Jimmy, he was nice. You could talk to Jimmy and he could understand you and not think you were talking queer. All the things she felt, all the things she thought—and the poor kid was only eighteen. Smart as hell, wanting to go to college and everything like that; he had graduated from high-school. There was a kid for you. It seemed that she hadn't talked with anyone in the city until that lunch-hour at the Battery. It had been a November like the farm's, gray, and full of the coming of winter. Clouds scudded low in the bleak sky, and the air held the promise of rain for non-existent city crops. The water in the Bay had turned black and most of the other girls had begun to run back to work. But Jimmy had sat there not caring a hoot about the weather, sat there eating his lunch calmly and reading—reading something of that Willa Cather.

So it'll rain, he had said, and I'll get wet. Just like that, not caring about the weather. Then he had smiled a beautiful, friendly smile. Yes, so what, she had thought, and she had sat down not caring too. Why was it she hadn't thought about it like that before? Talking about the bishop, and then how they both wanted to go to Mexico was easy enough. It was easier to speak to Jimmy than to anyone else, even to Madelyn. Later, they walked back to work together in the first warm drops of rain, talking about Sinclair Lewis whom she had read—the book about the doctor who was Ronald Coleman. Then, later after that, they met many times for lunch. He liked her friendship, he liked to talk to her and it seemed that life between them was spent talking over sandwiches at lunch hours.

As Gertude walked to her typewriter, she remembered how she had been afraid of his mind at first. The trouble was that he was so damn smart. She remembered the time she had waited for him at the drugstore. He had caught her looking at one of the shiny books. A Guide to Civilized Conversation. Not that she had intended buying the book or anything like that. The noon traffic of clerks, secretaries, bookkeepers and secretaries had been swarming in and out of the store, from the lunch counter to the sale of books, then back again. Miss Smith had just asked her if she had read How To Make People Like You, it was a best-seller and everyone was reading it. Then after Miss Smith had left and she had picked up the damn book, only intending to flip through it or "browse around" like the sign said. But then all those god-damn titles were around her when Jimmy came in. Help Yourself to Happiness. Give Yourself a Chance. The Road to Culture. Things like that. And at the 49c counter behind her: They Sold Themselves. How to Enrich and Apply Your Background. Mind In The Making. Yours To Venture. She wished she had been standing by the 2.69 counter, beside the thick Flauberts and the illustrated Defoes.

She had laughed. They haven't got a thing here of really good literature, she had said, and out of the tail of her eye she saw the man coming with Art of Enjoying Music and the change, so then a little breathless they were outside, safely lost in the crowd on the sidewalk.

But I thought we were going to eat in there, Jimmy had said, and she said no, that she thought the day was so swell and sunshiny that they shouldn't waste it *eating*. Well, that had been the first time and she had certainly learned a lot since then, and she wasn't ashamed in front of him anymore and she didn't care how dumb he found out she was, because she knew Jimmy liked her company anyway.

Liked her company. That's just the way it was. Today was the day. He was quitting and she'd never see Jimmy again. She wondered where he was that minute; coming to work probably. She thought of the narrow streets around Wall Street, the counterparts of Jimmy and his office life; the bookkeepers, clerks, runners, account-

Song

When first I saw the fireflies this year,
I thought they were livid firesparks;
But though a thousand hesitant lights appear
To pierce the pattern of the shades and darks,
There is not one among the embers strong
Enough to foster sparks against the skies.
Nobody knows and nobody cares how long
A firefly may live; but everything dies
When the bridge between the day before and the day
Beyond that glinters in the fireflies' light is gone.

Envoi

This is a song for the insignificant men who sway
No nightly realms. Do you think the world goes on
When the beings that guard the light of a day before
And the little men who hold up the world are no more?

—NANCY SMITH

" . . . damn Lou Harris, damn Ferebee Taylor, damn Orville Campbell, damn Lou Harris . . ."

ants, and the still-unbeaten faces of the young page boys that flickered like small flames to cigarettes at concerts. Flickered in the narrow, shadowed streets of their failure-among-success in the wealthy financial district.

Gertude took the cover off her typewriter and sat down. She saw Madelyn and the other seventeen girls at their desks do the same. Miss Brown, she noticed, was late. Jimmy wouldn't be in until 12:30, she wondered what time he was quitting. His route took him past Alexander Hamilton sleeping in the Trinity churchyard, then down the narrow streets with the morning's chasmed sunlight. 60 Wall Street, then the Cities Service Building on Pine Street. Gertrude wondered why she always remembered names and numbers. Right now she thought of Bethlehem Steel, ticker tape, Standard Gas, and the gloominess always around the district of Nassau Street. There was no word for that. She thought of John Street and Maiden Lane, the jewelry district. It was funny about Wall Street, beginning in a graveyard and ending at the river.

At eleven o'clock, the work slacked up, so Gertrude took out her book. However, she didn't read. The names and numbers came back and she sat back silly; mooning, just letting them come and go. So many of them were strange, she wondered if she'd ever know them. Giorgione, she thought, Donatello, Botticelli: Durer, Turner, and the Brandenburg Concerto. . . . Beautiful Hawaii, Liszt, Miss Brown. Hokusai, John Frost, and Joan Crawford. . . . Away to Quebec, and the Book of the Symphony. She sat back and closed her eyes.

February 26 and the World's Best Essays. Thick books, Lionel Barrymore and good acting. Tobacco Road (the play) and Rye Beach. Van Gogh, the Center Theatre, and Sonny Wheatly. . . .

She came to with a start and opened her eyes.

"I say, Gertrude, did you doze off?" He was smiling.

"Hi, Jimmy, no I was just thinking, here sit down."

He put a parcel on the desk.

"I brought some sandwiches so we wouldn't have to go out."

She looked around, most of the girls had already gone to lunch.

"O. K. Say, what time do you leave this place, anyway?"

"I quit at two."

They were silent a moment.

"I'm going to be sorry to see you go," she said.

"I'll be sorry not to have lunch with you anymore."

Gertrude pecked shortly at the "R" and "O" of the typewriter.

"You don't know how I've appreciated your friendship," she said, still looking at the R and O.

"Aw — now — "

"Honest."

"I'll see you again."

"We both know different."

Jimmy didn't answer.

She looked up, he was looking intently at the desk and toying with a pencil.

"Jimmy — "

He looked up, Gertrude's gaze was open and sober. They looked at each other, it seemed for the first time.

"I want to thank you, Jimmy. Want to thank you for being kind through all the past months. Don't shake your head. I want to talk, I want to say some things so badly that I think I'll burst if I don't say them. I think back to all the times I've spoken to you and I wonder at what it is inside you that makes you waste your time on me. I think of your patience and I — well, I can't do anything except tell you how much I appreciate it."

His gaze had dropped to the pad, he appeared engrossed in the meaningless scrawls the pencil made on the paper. Gertrude looked down to the desk too.

"I want to thank you for spending your time with a stupid, uneducated woman. I want — Now please, please don't stop me, and for God's sake don't mention that I 'finished high school'—if you think a *little* bit of me. . . .

. . . oh God, why can't people talk together. I speak the truth and I don't know beans, yet you shake your head because of my precious feelings. God! Do you think I care? What do you think is better, to be like Miss Brown over there, like Madelyn —or like me? I'm glad — boy, am I glad! Yes, I wouldn't trade places for her happiness for all the dirty money in this damned bank!"

She paused out of breath, then began more softly.

"You know, Jimmy, sometimes I wonder which is better. To live like Madelyn —'happy'—not knowing, or to go through hell and feeling ashamed. To know how much I know, to come from the library packed down with lousy books that tell you who you are, and then bring them back no better off. To leave the subway and be like hypnotized when you pass the mil-

(See GROUND, page 22)

"But Comrade, don't you feel the crushing weight of your Capitalistic chains?"

POLITICS

Straight Tickets

"BennettPeckGambillGleicherMeyerWebbFrankelCarruth . . ." The student council counted the votes from the Y precinct. Straight tickets poured in . . . the same University Party names rang out and the little black marks began to spread over yellow paper. The party had held together. For the first time in several years the University Party kept faith. Its nominees assumed office in droves. Only campus office lost was senior member of the PU Board as SP's Ben Snyder, Phi Gamma Delta, split the fraternity vote from Hayden Carruth.

Phi Gams, undergoing a new experience, will not initiate a big shot this session. In fact, the party, including such diehard solidarity links as the Kappa Sigs and the Sigma Nus, believe that the party has taught the Phi Gams a lesson.

Last year the Phi Gams were a mainstay of the UP. This year they pulled out. They don't seem particularly troubled about the situation. But the party doesn't either, since the votes have been tabulated.

Coed Elections

Power was the theme in elections this year. When Carolina's coeds went to the polls to choose their leaders a new faction, organized by Elsie Lyon, supplied the coalition of power.

The Carolina Independent Coed Association bloc gave non-sorority coeds the solidarity necessary to political eminence. The Chi Omegas were not going to play sorority politics. They wound up without an office—a new experience for the politics-wise ladies whose judicious, sagacious maneuverings have always seen them encrusted with BWOC's.

Even in elections for the Queen of the May the independents wedged themselves into prominence. Rushing will be tough next fall with all the ambitious gals trying to pledge independent.

Oddities at the Polls

Ben McKinnon, gaunt humorist, plastered the campus with posters. His name was everywhere. He was running on an independent ticket. He didn't have a chance.

Ben McKinnon fooled a few people. He split Charles Colby's votes and forced him from the run-offs.

Woodrow Wilson had conceded the election. Hughes went to bed confident that he was to be the next president of the United States. Then California returns came in—when Hughes woke up he was just Hughes. Wilson was president.

When Paul Komisaruk went to sleep elections night he had a comfortable lead. He was well ahead of Ernie Frankel in every precinct. About three a.m. the Y tabulations came through. Frankel picked up 105 votes, was notified that he was now on the PU Board. Komisaruk, who had been heartily congratulated as he trundled into bed, was a little confused the next morning.

THE PEOPLE

Humanist

"A keen desire to contribute to social amelioration" has kept Dr. Erich Walter Zimmermann busy since he was born—in Mainz, Germany, in 1888.

DR. E. W. ZIMMERMANN
". . . a prophet of honor."

Founded on the best education Europe could offer, his research in social economics, resources began here in 1911 when he came here to prepare for a position in Berlin. By the time he was 19 he had devoured 9 years of Latin, 6 of Greek. Four more years saw him complete graduate work at Bonn, Munich, Berlin, and Birmingham, England.

Zimmermann had started on his way to becoming a cosmopolitan intellect—but never a bookish intellect . . . his was and is the intellect of social progress.

From his first view of America—he was working on a book dealing with the effect of the Great Lakes in the American Economy—he has contributed more in actual service to solving the resource enigma of this hemisphere than any man in the field.

His manner of passing his wide knowledge and experience on to his students is breathtaking. A course under Zimmermann (Ec. 41, 111, etc.) has long been salient among the requisites for students who take personalities and courses instead of just the course. Zimmermann is the kind of prof that proves the "man makes the course" theory.

He brooks no dilly-dallying around. Epitome of thoroughness himself, his students are allowed not even the distraction of a piece of gum or a snip of tobacco. They find the weed unnecessary. In most courses tobacco is used to dull frayed nerve ends, to placate waiting-for-the-bell jitters.

Even tyro economists in his 41 course find Zimmermann's lectures exhilirating, exciting. He knows his course, his system cold. He wrote the book (World Resources and Industries, Harper, 1933) and he knows the answers. His is a new approach—social genetics emphasizing the long run as opposed to short run private business mechanics.

When he starts belaboring "stupid Western parochialism" the class leans forward, chin in hand, elbows on knees. They watch fascinated while their diminutive prof grows in stature. Then they forget Zimmermann, hear only the words that come forth.

"Unless there's a dollar in it, the western world thinks it's not worth having," he states. "Civilizations have gone to pot for lesser misjudgments than that."

But Zimmermann wouldn't be Zimmermann without that peculiar humor he releases at unexpected moments. His pugnacious lower lip smiles while his eyes grin. He kids his students goodnaturedly and seems to get as big a kick out of doing so as the others in the class. He isn't what you would call a handsome fellow but a little coed who still can't figure the course out thinks "he's awful kind looking." Most disconcerting is his habit of explaining at length and detail a difficult point, then peering at the young man on the front seat and asking him—"that right?!" Invariably the front seat remarks that the explanation was quite correct and satisfactory. The foremost authority on Puerto Rican economy, the winner of the Mayflower cup for his work and book, the holder of four major honors and five outstanding appointments beams, goes back to his lecture and the sprawling scrawl he sprays across the blackboard.

If you want cold facts, a listing of his achievements and projects, look in "Who's Who,"—it's all there.

Hidden in these biographical notes is his keen desire to contribute to social amelioration his historical sense of change.

But Dr. Zimmermann, character among characters on the Carolina faculty leaves this spring to accept the chair of "Distinguished Professor" at the University of Texas under conditions which will give him a freer hand in his research. An obscure immigrant of 23 has become at 53 an international authority, a prophet of honor.

From a former graduate student came this tribute: "To all of us who love and have loved Chapel Hill word of your departure comes as a heavy blow. You are so much the embodiment of the spirit of the Hill that the place shall not seem the same when you go—something of its wisdom, its tolerance, its humor, its perspective, and especially its inspiration, will have gone. . . ."

RED BAITING

Browder Case

When Dr. Frank Graham, several University professors and hundreds of other educators in the country signed a petition to President Roosevelt asking that Earl Browder be extended leniency, they almost but not quite touched the old powder-keg.

Defenders of the democratic ideal that they were, their more rabid sympathizers, none of the signers themselves, believed that the petitioners were being smeared in the typical Dies Committee, Fascistic, Goering, Himmler, Mussolini fashion.

The Daily Tar Heel was blasphemed as a Davey Clark organ, a Lugenblatt, and what not. DTH editors denied that the story had any intended connotation, maintained that they leaned over backward to omit names of several people who would have been needlessly harmed by publicity.

Policy-formers for the campus daily affirm that they have no "anti-communist, nor pro-communist ideals in so so far as publication is concerned. People won't realize that the Daily Tar Heel is a newspaper. They expect it to perform functions of mercy, agent, bank, hospital, wailing wall. This editing process can be carried only so far —we gotta print something."

ART

Workshop

The Carolina Workshop Council brought art to the masses with their giant festival. Leaders in the drama, writing, art, music, theater came to Chapel Hill to help the group here, to further the ideal of bringing to the people the true connotation of the word art.

These anti-ickies discussed and viewed and rediscussed. When they finished they gave keys to the students who had done the best work in each field.

No dilletante group, the Workshop is mainly interested in—of all things—work. The fact that they have done so much of it amazed the corn lovers on the campus who mildly opposed their organization at its conception.

Richard Adler, whose pianist father, Clarence Adler, attended the Festival, was the drive that brought the proverbial wandering artists to the ground long enough to show the students what they intended to do and what they were doing already.

"The number of them already firmly on the ground astounded even me," he said shyly.

DARKNESS

Light and Shadow

For most students and townspeople the Army blackouts in Chapel Hill are unnoticed. The arboretum, the movies are unaffected, the great majority of them don't see well anyway.

Transient automobiles whizzed down Franklin street, brought the enraged citizenry scurrying to darkened windows, wondering who the privileged character was that so blythely toured around aglitter. Traffic signals flashed red and green. A plane 20,000 ft. up could cross the street without danger.

But war practice brings the front nearer home. No planes drone in Chapel Hill but in the silence and darkness people under the baby grand clavichord in the east parlor feel rather queasy. They ponder over the protection afforded by musical instruments and the ancentral dining board. They want a hole in the ground in McCorkle Court with ten feet of cement over the top, air conditioned and stocked.

SWAN SONG

Dogwood

Winter came and spring was not far behind.

Goodbyes to Chapel Hill are toughest in the springtime. They are gentle and drawn out but in view of things to come they are more difficult this year than in any since '29.

In the picture the men are playing marbles. They do not play marbles anymore. They still play games, however—games especially designed for spring which are played under slightly variant conditions unconfined to the usual circle.

Dogwood, lilac, wisteria, iris bloom rampantly in the arboretum. Even the butternut tree in McCorkle court is blossoming. Nobody notices the flowers. They are just the background. Spring itself is a background. It's a background for goodbyes, and most appropriate.

Inside John Gunther

A Brazilian Visitor Cries «Fraud»

Tavares de Sa

I AM one of those who cling to the belief that Mr. Gunther intended, in all honesty, to call his book "Outside Latin America," and that the word "Inside," suggesting a knowledge nowhere to be found throughout the 478 pages, was the sarcastic joke of an impish printer.

I also labored for a time under the fond delusion that Mr. Gunther had been particularly unlucky in his chapters on my country, and that in his references to the other nineteen nations he had managed to achieve more than a bowing acquaintance with truth, accuracy and comprehension. I was, however, to be speedily disillusioned and, as each and every one of my friends from the sister republics vented their savage contempt and indignant scorn of Mr. Gunther's brain-child, my own disapproval became, by comparison, sweet and mild.

It is this mild disapproval that I will try to put forth. And as I have insufficient knowledge or authority on the other nineteen countries, I shall limit my remarks to the part of Mr. Gunther's book dealing with Brazil.

* * *

Mr. Gunther begins his curious dissertation on my country by saying, on page 351, that one of the reasons why Brazil is friendly towards the United States is because "for one thing, Brazil subconsciously fears Argentina, and hence looks to us for protection." This imbecilic remark would be an exquisite blunder, were it not primarily a deliberate lie. It becomes moreover hilarious if one stops to wonder why, in this machine-ruled age, huge industrial Brazil should fear small agrarian Argentina. At the time Mr. Gunther uttered these comical words, one of our twenty states, Sao Paulo, threw on domestic and South American markets an industrial output not three times as big as Argentina's, but three times as big as that of the other 19 republics, Argentina included.

Incidentally, this brings us to one of the inexcusable instances of the fact that Mr. Gunther seldom knows what he is talking about. If one were to ask any schoolgirl in Brazil, or, for that matter, any college student in the United States, the one outstanding economic fact about Brazil, the eager child wouldn't fail to mention the achievement which dominates the panorama of our entire economic life in the last decade—namely, Brazil's coming of age as an industrial power. Mr. Gunther, however, in his supposedly up-to-date book, says on page 11: "Brazil lives mostly on coffee." This statement ceased to be true exactly thirteen years ago. The figures, available to anyone, are these: In the year 1940, Brazil exported to the world 110 million dollars of coffee. In that same year, we produced manufactured goods to the amount of one billion, 250 million dollars. This tremendous industrial development is centered around the city of Sao Paulo, where the visitor feels a spirit of driving enterprise, rugged energy and relentless progress that goes straight to the heart of every true American. Of all this Mr. Gunther was blandly unaware, and the most important thing he found to say about that unique city was "Sao Paulo is almost as Italian a city as Turin." This deliberate falsehood tries to distort the fact that the one fourth of paulistas of Italian descent resent being called anything but Brazilians; just as, in this country, citizens of Italian descent resent any suggestion that they are not loyal and sincere Americans.

If Mr. Gunther commits such grievous mistakes when only an almanac stands between him and the correct facts and figures, what will happen when he enters the elusive field of sociology and ethnology? This is what happens. On page 350 he says: "There are at least four Brazils, and one of the great problems of the country is national integration. The Bahia region near the Atlantic bulge, which is largely negro, differs as much from the white cattle country in Rio Grande do Sul as England differs from Egypt. The industrial nexus at Sao Paulo is as different from remote Amazonas as Chicago is from Addis Ababa." This is the facile conclusion of the superficial observer, who bases himself solely on the materialistic criterion of salaries and standard of life. It shows a hopeless failure to grasp Brazil's fundamental trait, which is the existence of a binding national integration, created and maintained by spiritual ties. The identity of language, of religion, the same structure of the family, the same attitude towards the fundamental issues of life, make a Brazilian from Sao Paulo far closer to one from Amazonas than an Englishman is to a Scot.

* * *

I have been told time and again by American friends that Mr. Gunther couldn't have written a moderately good book on Latin America for the simple reason that he didn't stay there long enough. It is common knowledge that Mr. Gunther

Sorry, international speakers are handled by the IRC.

spent only a few days in some of the countries and in others only a few hours. On the other hand, as can be inferred from the book's foreword, it never occurred to the author that it was necessary to stay in a given country more than one week in order to learn all about it. In fact, Mr. Gunther, in his foreword, dwells so lovingly on the 18,938 miles he traveled by air, and seems so utterly pleased with himself and his aeronautical feat, that one cannot but wonder why he bothered at all to spend even those few days on South American soil.

But I contend that this is only a minor reason towards explaining why Mr. Gunther's book is so shallow, misinformed, flippant and unreliable.

It is my firm conviction that, were Mr. Gunther to live thirty years in each one of the countries he scampered through, he still would write nothing better than a treatise of Continental gossip. The reason is that Mr. Gunther does not possess the cultured and intellectual background which would enable him to write a book explaining Latin America to the trusting public of this nation. Had he acquired a smattering of sociology, history, economics, politics, ethnology, psychology, he would have been rightly awed by the magnitude of the task, and probably not have dared to proceed. Being however blandly unaware of the mere existence of these sciences, he forged ahead with the blissful ignorance of the mentally simple.

And I think this is the main reason why, in my country, "Inside Latin America" raised such a wave of amused contempt. Incidentally, this will puzzle Mr. Gunther who, in his book, tries repeatedly to pat Americans on the back. Brazilians are a notoriously tolerant people, and they will let one get away with anything. But they have no patience for lack of intelligence. And "Inside Latin America" is a remarkably unintelligent book.

Still, let us refuse to be downcast. I somehow hope and suspect that Mr. Gunther's book will mark the close of an epoch —the era of impertinent books on Latin America by ill-informed, chit-chatty, harried and hurrying second-rate writers of this country, trying to cash in on the desire of the American reader to obtain reliable information on the somewhat baffling countries below the Rio Grande.

I see, nevertheless, a brilliant literary future for Mr. Gunther and his numerous colleagues. If they would but pool their experiences, a truly great book could be written on the Pan-American Airways System. Such a book would embody all the qualities their discourses on Latin America lack—first-hand knowledge, and prolonged intercourse.

* * *

I am one of those Brazilians—and you can count them by tens of millions—who believe sincerely, earnestly, in Brazilian-American friendship and in the bringing together of our two nations.

This is why I have little patience with people like John Gunther. For they are undermining, for purely mercenary reasons, the splendid work of thousands of Americans who, under the inspired and idealistic leadership of Franklin Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, Sumner Welles, Nelson Rockefeller, are striving in an intelligent, able and sincere way for an united Western Hemisphere.

Some of my more hot-headed Brazilian friends maintain that your State Department should somehow curb the irresponsible babblings of people like Mr. Gunther. I do not agree. The American way is to let everyone speak his mind. It is also the American way to give the other fellow every opportunity of speaking his. For such an opportunity, I thank you.

Rewritten by Tavares from his article published in the "Journal do Brasil."

Bat-Eyed Formula

Take Four Authors, Mix Well

Junius Davis

A weary student falls asleep at his desk, on which there is a copy of Tate's *Ode to the Confederate Dead*, Sandburg's *Grass* and *Fog*, Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, and Stein's *Four Saints in Three Acts.*

YOU, the one with the yammish look about your plucked omniscience, elevate and educate your senses. What we're recent that we're recent, and we are; elevate your negative cams, gears, pulleys, and pinwheels, and descend wholeon ruller; exit omnes.

"'Tis evening, Monsieur Walpole," said I the bell hop me; "Will you accompany Masefield or Moby Dick or Bangs or Wallace Beery to sea to tea to see the tee and par four on the fourth?"

"There's much too much too many much charoyant Chive garlic on our obsolete onion obscurity," returned he from his pit.

"Obsession," muttered I, "is quite oxytocic compared with rice and ozocerite."

"Oyster pudding," said he of the unconquerable soul, and the master of his fate, and the captain of his soul, or is it the other way around; "The double trouble cauldron or something bubble with you and the world is that you don't predominate enough," said Mr. Typing Exercise No. 341, or was it the captain. As I passed out, the flag waved a cheery good morning, and said: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of . . ." I turned ankle and fled, not wishing to know the argument.

"'Tis a subject of subjection," quoth yours, loathe to forsoothe. "We are photobiotic in our pornography, and perceive of Saint Peter, and persecute people for all their prodigious paddy-whacks." Wop, spectators, Wop. "Warped warts," warbled Walpole, "'tis winning."

Line after line with strict impunity, let us leave now the leech gatherer and the decomposing moor; the gentle serpent, red in the mulberry mint toddy, riots with his tongue, and is carried home to find that his wife has eloped with the cow: see him, what he knows—he knows it all.

We of the foggish cat feet, let us work, amen; let us work, and let us cook with grass. Lie eradically obstinate; at most, etymologically. Sweet William died for me today; pile the bodies high at Washington and Waterloo; I'll get a pension from Colombia tomorrow and then I'll sit on silent haunches and buy an assortment of green grass web-top clerk's hats to keep my hair from surrounding my collar-pin and from shoveling under my ears. Perhaps I'll push Stradivarius from the Congressional Library before two years, ten years, and people ask the plow-boy:

"Will you get me a grass of water?"

Allons, camarados, before you are shot on the deck selling peanuts by the peck to Longwell, Knopf, Flint, Schuchert, and Dunbar. Let us be off, little men; Whoever You Are Holding Me Now in Hand, Let us Turn Oh Libertad. Oh, Me, Oh Life, I will give you all the truffles you want; I, the Manhattanese will do so, and Walt always keeps his word. I hear America Singing and I am the People's Poet.

Remain to narrate two saints for saints, it makes it well fish. Saint autobiography has begun, sing and sung, act one, well finally, at least, those used to winter like winter and those used to summer like winter and summer like winter and summer. Who can know the difference between when there is a day to day to day? Fortunately interested in ordinary pigeons; intending to be intending to intending to foundationally marvelously abounding illimitable with it as a circumstance; last act, which is a fact, last act, last fact, fact last, act last, last act, which is a fact.

We have not sung, we shall not sing; Goodbye Mr. Bond, and I've broken a guitar string; no, two. Allons camarados, I saw that I am me, me am I, and then pass on. This is to impress imagination into your innermost image into impress your image innermost, inner image most: who mixes gin with old wine? Too, who sets the clock, and why is it so early in the morning and so early at night and in the morning?

South of the Border

This was Mexico---Juarez at Least

Sam Whitehall

YOU boys wanta see reel French show?" The dirty little Mexican grimaced knowingly at the two boys.

Juarez was full of this, they knew. Strictly a border town. Filth, dirt, mess, charlatans.

"How much," they asked. We won't go, their eyes told each other—but we can ask.

"Two beets."

A quarter. They were amazed. They knew things came cheap in Juarez. But—

"Jay," I said, "I have seen these shows before—last time I was here. They're revolting. They're not sexy, they're vulgar—they are just sorta quaint, that's all. Even for a quarter it's not worth it. Take it from me."

"For 'two-beets' what can we lose? Look at it from a purely anatomical viewpoint."

"You won't be able to look at it from any other viewpoint, I assure you," I said dryly.

We followed the little Mexican, our new cowboy sombreros and saddle shoes, our typical college garb, blending cacophoniously in the myriad of dusty colors that make up a small town just over the Rio Grande. We could see the grey steel of arid mountains behind the low shops. To the north we could see the modern skyline of El Paso. That was the United States.

This was Mexico. Strictly for the "agrarian touristas" we knew. But down here somewhere, somehow, was that foreign lure, that sinister Casbah tinge.

Pimps lined the streets offering "leetle seesters—she ees onder sixteen, meester—reel nize." Curio shops with wide doors displayed their big hats and carved donkeys. Ah, Mexico—the toreadores, the senoritas, the strong stench of light beer and fat-fried tacas.

The Mexican led us off the wide street of wide-eyed tourists. We entered a narrow passageway. Dust floated in the strong sun and made streaks in the shadows. The alley was lined with doors. It was like a hotel corridor, a very dusty, extremely hot, sandy hotel. He opened one of the doors. It looked like all the other doors—green, cracked paint.

The sun was 118 degrees outside. Inside, the room was about 70. It's coolness was its only asset. The Mex took us in, sat us in two wooden chairs facing an iron frame bed which was graced by a dingy chenille spread. I leaned back in my chair and the joints creaked where the glue had vanished.

The Mex clapped his hands together and disappeared almost as though the clap had summoned a genii who whisked him away.

The "girls" came in. They were young but tired. Their bodies were gaunt. They were the most unappealing women I have ever seen, and we were a full three days from New Orleans.

"We geeve you a show," they said, "then we have the date. Nice, huh?"

"Just the show," Jay said, wryly. He was from Miami. We came in contact with some pretty rough characters down there, too. You just go down Miami avenue to 6th—but that's another tale.

The girls looked at each other. Their eyes were strangely alive in contrast to the drab gloom of the place. Dried up, sleazy, stringy-haired, they unzipped their dresses.

Their hands came out. "Give us the money."

I handed them a half-dollar. "You asked for this," I told Jay. "Wait till we hit that New Mexico highway, there's five good sandwiches in that demi-rock."

But the girls were staring at the money. "The rest."

"What rest?"

"The rest," they insisted.

"But the man said a quarter. Two bits. There's no rest."

The girl went into a fury. Her provocative pose changed to one of intense anger. "How you thenk I pay for thees room? You thenk I take my pants down for a lousy two-beets? What you theenk, eh?"

"OK, lady," I said. "You give us the money back and we'll go. Give it back."

"No." She was approaching hysteria, it seemed to me. "No. You cannot jeep me. Give me the rest."

The other girl undulated over . . . like a wave breaking on a beach-head boulder. She was placating, "Nice young Americano muchachos. Give us another two beets we geeve you show then we have dates." She said it very rapidly as though she had memorized these words and no others would do.

"Eighty-six that," Jay said. "I'm getting tired of this mess. I am beginning to feel like a pervert, anyway. Hand me the dinero. We will go—vamoose, go."

The small girl walked up to him, swaying like a cootch dancer in a nigger carnival. She fingered his shirtfront. He tapped her impatiently on her knobbly sternum.

"Dame la moneda." Odd how languages come back to you. This last was from a textbook, a little yellow one. I could see its pages before me all the time.

The girl was hell-firing again. "Whatsa mattah with you—you theenk I got T. B. or sometheeng?"

Then, the plan unrolled. A burly gentleman, swarthy but short, appeared in the door. I hadn't heard it open. He rumbled in a broad voice, "Que pasa?"

"Plenty pasas," I shouted. "We been clipped."

"What did you expect," he posed. Oh, you sly little dog, you. I felt like a prime sucker.

"OK son," Jay said softly, "let's go."

"Go, nothing."

"You boys better leave," the man said.

The girl handed him our half-dollar. Dawn broke in our provincial minds. "They wouldn't give us the rest," she said.

I moved up close to the little rat and grabbed his spotty lapel.

"Dáme la moneda," I said, "Dáme or I'll break your filthy Latin schnozolla."

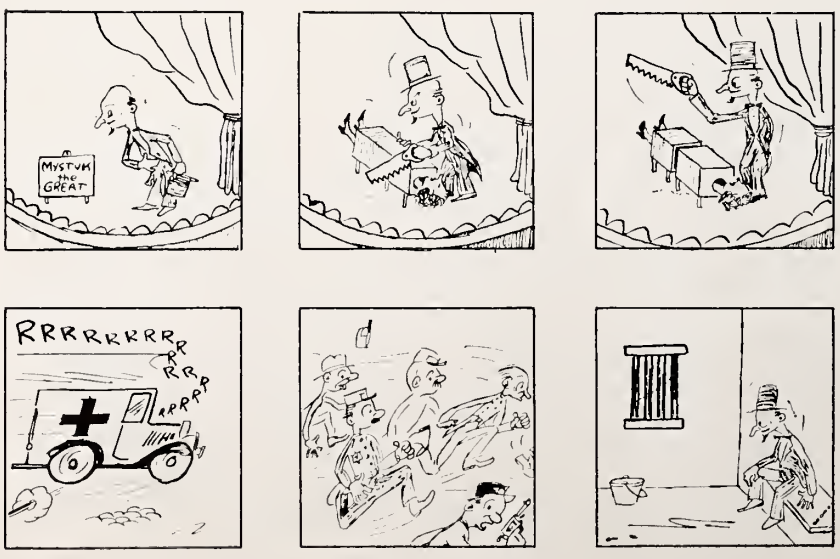
Jay took my elbow. "Come along, ol' boy," he said soothingly.

"No. I am gonna get my money back."

"It's only a quarter—forget it. Come on."

"How many quarters did you knock

(See SOUTH, page 22)



Three Ounce Phial

To Judge the Cataract

Nancy Smith

THE day after Sylvan Meyer's review of "Bagdad Daddy" appeared in the Daily Tar Heel, he was hissed by a group of students when he wandered into some fencing matches held in Graham Memorial. Why?

Probably girls at WC dream pleasant dreams of themselves, vicious knitting needles in hand, meeting Betty Perry in some shady alley. Why? And Henry Moll had no idea that so many people read the articles in the Carolina Mag until people came hunting Lou Harris' scalp after his "Academic Myth" appeared.

What's wrong with our campus criticism? Isn't it any good? What made Samuel Selden of the Playmakers say to Phillips Russell's class of embryo writers, "What this campus needs is a tradition of good criticism"?

As a general rule, criticism becomes worse and worse as it progresses from large to small towns. Travelling stock companies say they receive constructive reviews in the big cities. They get worse reviews in second-rate cities and useless criticism in the small towns. One of the most frequent criticisms of criticism is that it is written by people who do not know what they are talking about.

Let's take a look at Paul Komisaruk's classic review of "Patience" last winter. Couched in the best musical clichés, it displayed a complete lack of knowledge about opera, particularly about Gilbert and Sullivan, and most specifically about the Playmaker-Music Department production. He was at his best in his masterly finale when he not only lauded the production but conceded that the students could not give a performance with a professional Metropolitan Opera Company finish. Quote: "It was one of those things that might have been brilliant—and wasn't—one of those things that had the raw makings of four-star greatness and just missed." Unquote.

"It (criticism) tends to establish an order of ideas, if not absolutely true, yet true by comparison with that which it displaces; to make the best ideas prevail." That's what Matthew Arnold said in his "Function of Criticism." The aim of good criticism should be to evaluate, construct, improve and finally to perfect. Every organization on this campus needs constructive criticism. Criticism must necessarily tear down, but it must point out satisfactory substitutes for the things torn down.

What made Meyer's review of "Bagdad Daddy" so badly received? Sound and Fury members (we hope) and the general campus will agree that it was good destructive criticism; but it made little effort at constructive criticism. He wrote with authority but did not give much help. He says "Placing of the stage with the characters standing about woodenly at times and having to cover acres of ground to get into position at others, gave the show a ragged appearance." He might have suggested a remedy for this "ragged appearance"; he might have suggested that the painters in the first scene actually paint instead of standing around. He might have suggested that Sound and Fury give more small skits to give its members more experience in writing, directing, acting, etc. We'd like to see them ourselves.

The critic is on the spot unless he has an expert knowledge of the thing he is criticizing. It is not enough to say "This is bad." He must go on to say, "It could be good if thus and so were changed.

Meant to be wistful, Betty Perry's now famous ending to her "Needles" was interpreted as being sarcastic. Miss Perry knows WC well—she has proofs for her accusations—and she likes WC. However she has not been to WC since Pearl Harbor and was probably deeply disappointed in the reaction to national defense while she was a student there.

A similar article on UNC's defense and war effort, "There Goes Joe College," recently appeared in "This Week," a newspaper supplement. The one main difference between the two was that the latter was written by an impartial observer.

Similarly there are Dick Adler's reviews of the Playmaker productions. Adler is the first critic in years who does not try to see how many Tar Heel columns he can fill in telling how bad a play is. On the other hand he usually gives summaries of the plays and rarely criticizes production or acting.

Louis Harris might also be considered one-sided when he presents only one side of education, the wool-gathering side, in his "Academic Myth." He also fails to point out or to see the disadvantages in his practical, get-out-and-do-things method of education.

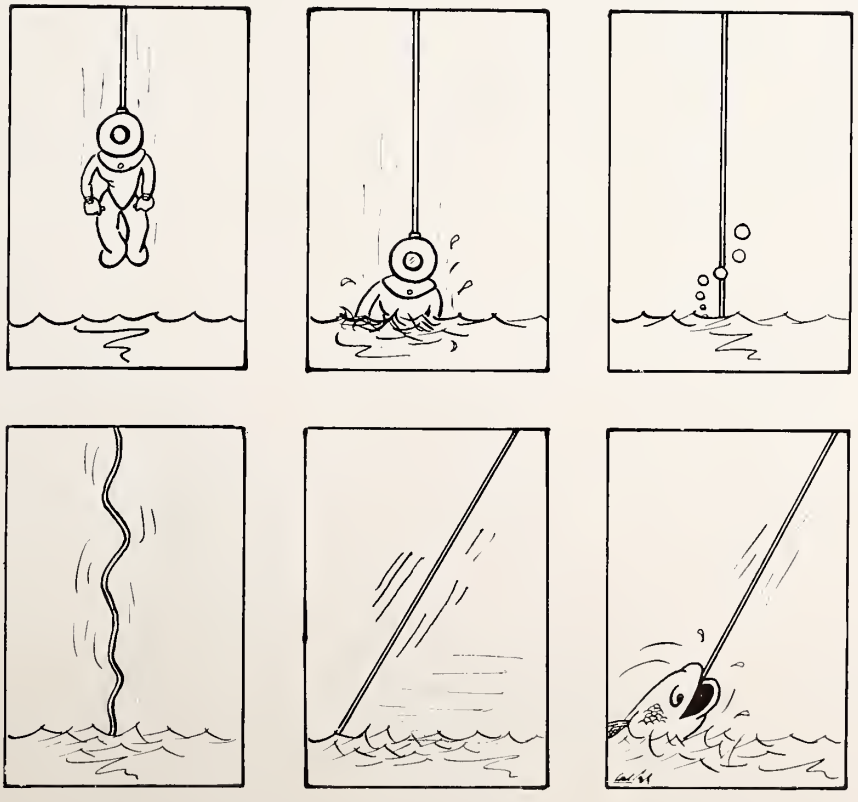
There is a large body of campus criticism we haven't touched which makes itself apparent in "Bull Sessions" and in letters to the Tar Heel. For one thing it is too shifting and hard to pin down; for another we do not know enough about the situations (the cleaning situation, the Interfraternity Council, etc.) to dare to criticize their criticisms.

James Huneker said of criticism "The naughty boy theory and practice of criticism, with its doling out of bad marks." Let's not stick just to the bad marks. Dick Adler gives plenty of credits in his criticism, and Sylvan Meyer was generous with inidividual laurels. The Carolina Mag's Campus Organization Chart balanced bad marks with good.

Lou Harris had nothing good to say about academic education; Betty Perry had no praise for WC's defense effort.

But since we don't want to stick to demerits, we must admit that Betty Perry

(See CRITICISM, page 22)



Deus Ex Machina

They Gathered in a Circle, Grinning

James Cox

THE MAIN tracks lay flat and glistening. The side tracks were dull. The station was a long flat building with a long platform along the track side. It was eleven o'clock, and hot and thick with sunlight.

The men lay on the platform. They lay close to the building in the dirty shade, which was from the heavy, over-hanging roof. Most of them lay flat on their backs. There were fourteen of them, and all lay in the dirty shade close to the building except the time-keeper. He was on a flat-car, which stood idle with some other empties in front of the station. He was stretched out in the sun, and had his shirt off.

The planer-man lay with his crippled leg cocked oddly above his body. The time-keeper noticed the large arms and hands locked about the knee, holding the leg in its wing-like position. He also noticed that the planer-man and the little one lying next to him were looking at him.

"They all like that," the planer-man said to the roller-man. They were lying so that they couldn't see each other, but both could see the time-keeper on the flat-car.

"What ya mean, they all like that?"

"What ya think I mean? They *all* like that."

"What ya mean, *all* like that?"

"All collegeboys is like that. Everone I ever seen was like that."

"Why didn ya say so?" the roller-man said. He turned his head, and looked up at the roof again.

"What ya think I said?"

"Is Timekeeper a collegeboy?" the roller-man asked.

"Sure he's a collegeboy."

"How d'ya know?"

"You ever seen anybody lay out in the sun like that?"

"No."

"Well, they all collegeboys," the planer-man said.

"Timekeeper's all right."

"Sure he's all right, but he's a collegeboy."

"An education is a good thing."

"Sure it's a good thing."

"I wouldn't be lyin heah now," the roller-man said, "if I had one."

"I reckon you'd be lyin out there in the sun with Timekeeper."

"No. I don't reckon I would."

A pick-up truck swerved into the yard, skidded up to the station, and hiccoughed to a stop. The time-keeper turned over on his stomach, and lifted his head to see. The men along close to the building lifted their heads to see.

A tall man jumped out from the pick-up, slamming the door behind him. "*Timekeeper!*" he called.

"*Yessir.*" The time-keeper hurried over to the tall man, putting on his shirt as he ran. The men began standing up.

"Timekeeper, is the stone coming in?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What ya mean, you don't know?"

"The station agent doesn't know, sir."

The tall man turned toward the station, "He'll know. He better know."

The time-keeper followed him into the station. The men began drifting down to the door where the tall man and the time-keeper had gone in.

"Good morning, sir," the tall man said to the station agent. He leaned on the little wooden fence that was built across the room. The men came in the door one by one.

The station agent sat at a desk on the other side of the little wooden fence. He looked over the men, and recognized the tall man.

"Good morning," he said.

"Ya got some stone comin in for me on this 11:50 local, don't ya?"

"I don't know, sir. I ain't got the papers on it yet."

"Any way of findin out? We can't waste no more time, we got roads to build, ya know."

"I could call up the line, maybe they'll know at Bremo."

"I'd appreciate that if ya don't mind, sir."

While the station agent was calling, the tall man told the time-keeper that, some men, ya got to handle nice, some men ya got to handle tough. He shook his head, "a lot of tricks in the game," he said.

"Yessir," the time-keeper said.

"It'll be in on the 11:50," the station agent said.

"Thank you, sir."

The men followed the tall man and the time-keeper outside. The men went back to the platform, and sat down close to the building.

"You'd be surprised how I handle the men," the tall man said to the time-keeper.

"Yessir."

"You'd be surprised."

"Yessir."

"I'm *familiar* with 'em, see?"

"Yessir," the time-keeper said.

"I reckon it looks funny to you, just comin on the job. But they like it, see?"

The tall man turned, and walked up on the platform where the men were. The time-keeper followed him. He stopped in front of the roller-man, and stood over him with his hands on his hips.

"Rollerman, you been sittin on ya ass all mornin?"

"Yes suh."

The men watched, grinning.

"*Get up!*" The tall man reached down, caught hold of his shirt front, and jerked the little roller-man to his feet.

"Let go, Boss. Let go. You ruined a brand new shirt last week, now don't ruin this one. Let go, Boss."

"You been sittin on ya ass all mornin, huh? Huh?"

"I was just doin what the new boss told me."

The men laughed.

"*New* boss? What ya mean, *new* boss?" He tightened his grip on the shirt. The roller-man squirmed.

"That's what he told me. He said he was boss round heah this mornin, and for me to sit on my ass til he told me to move. I said, yes *suh*, Boss."

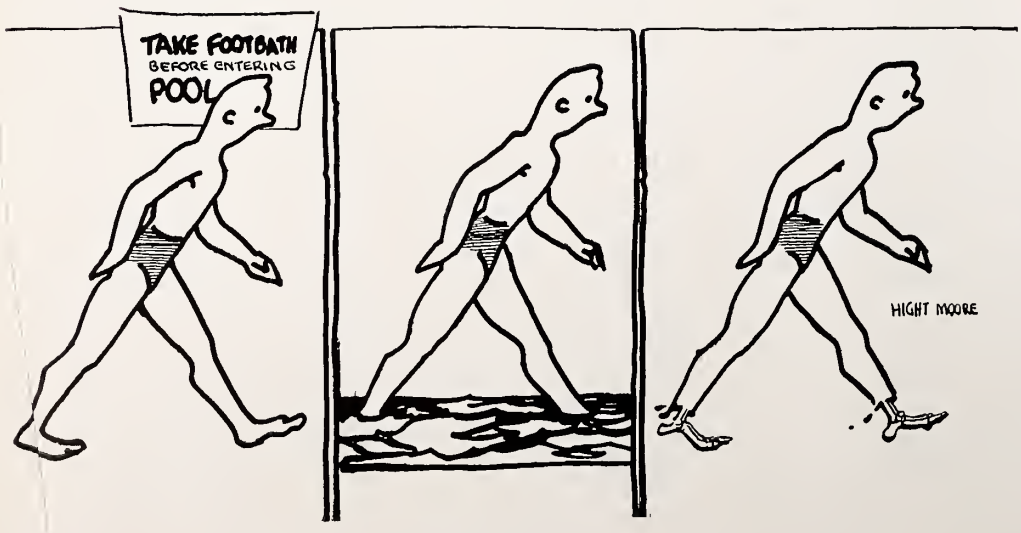
"Don't you know by this time there aint but one boss round heah? Huh?"

"Yes suh, Boss, but that's what he told me."

"*Who* told ya? *Who* told ya to sit on your ass?"

"Planerman."

The men laughed, and turned their heads so they could see the planer-man,



who scrambled to his feet and hobbled off down the platform.

"Heah," the tall man said to the time-keeper, "you watch this one."

"Yessir," the timekeeper said. He stood awkwardly in front of the roller-man. The roller-man straightened his shirt, and allowed himself to be watched, as the time-keeper was new. The men rose. They gathered in a circle, grinning, around the tall man, who had dragged the planer-man back.

"So," the tall man said, "you're the new boss, huh?"

"Now, Boss, you know I didn say nothin like that."

"You're the new boss, huh," he twisted the planer-man's shirt tight around his neck.

"Ya chokin me, Boss."

"So you're the new boss. You're givin orders now?" He twisted the shirt tighter. He turned to the time-keeper, "this is your new boss, see?"

The men laughed.

"See, Timekeeper, *this* is your new boss. See?"

"Yessir."

"Now, Boss, Rollerman's lyin. I didn say that. Let go, Boss."

"Rollerman, did you hear that?"

"Yeah, Boss, but you know I don't lie," the roller-man said. He edged backward.

"Let go, Boss."

"Rollerman says he don't lie."

"Let go, Boss," the planer-man said, "let go and I'll show ya who's lyin."

The men grinned, and turned to the roller-man.

"Ya got the right man, Boss," the roller-man said, "just hold onto him. Hold onto him, Boss."

"Let go, Boss. Let go, and I'll get him for that lyin."

"Timekeeper," the tall man said, "would you let this cripple call *you* a liar?"

The men laughed.

"Nossir," the time-keeper said.

The men stopped laughing, as the time-keeper had felt awkward being included in

(See DEUS, page 21)

Y-Y Preview

Something Like a Jig-Saw Puzzle

Charlie Tillett

PUTTING out an annual is somewhat like working an old jig-saw puzzle. You have a fair idea of what the final result will be, but you never can be too sure that when you're finished two or three pieces won't be missing. That's why it's pretty difficult to say ahead of time just what this year's Yackety Yack will be like. Potentially, it's a good one, or at least a sound one. But we'd be the last to say that when May rolls around it'll be anywhere near perfect.

Probably the question we've been asked most about the Yackety Yack is, what is the theme? Strictly speaking, there just isn't any, unless it is "a year at Carolina." But the whose approach, which is in a sense a theme, has been one of informality. Snapshots, write-ups, captions, picture groupings—all have been handled with the main idea of getting away from any sort of stiffness. The fraternity pages, for example, will have short paragraphs written by a member in each chapter about the other members—their nick-names, social dilemmas, and any interesting incidents that took place during the year. And the main divisional pages, which introduce the sections on the classes, activities, sports, and social activities, will have instead of the single word "Classes," "Activities," etc. short captions which carry the idea of the section.

Then there's the campus life section. Past Yackety Yacks have had a wide variety of informal snaps, and this year we'll have just as many as before. But they will be grouped for the most part in a single section which will be presented in a manner somewhat similar to Life Magazine. In other words, certain familiar subjects have been picked out—dormitory and fraternity life, pep rallies, initiations, the war scene—and each page in the section will contain pictures pertinent to the particular subject it represents. Similarly, the dance section, in addition to the usual pictures of figure leaders, will have snaps which tell the story of a dance week-end—the arrival of dates, the afternoon concert, the dance that night and the fight for overcoats. We'll have the usual captions, of course, but they will be supplemented by short, humorous write-ups.

You probably recall the kodachromes (full color pictures) in last year's annual. We have them again this year, and somewhat larger. But instead of emphasizing buildings and views, as did many of last year's, we've stressed people. Introducing the athletic section, for instance, we're using a picture taken at the opening of the Carolina-Virginia game of the captains of the opposing teams as they met in the center of the field. A similar approach has been used in the other kodachromes—with the figures easily recognizable and their actions and setting pertinent to the section being introduced. Kodachromes, of course, aren't new; but much of the other color we have is. Out of a total of about 400 pages in the book over 300 will have color of some form on them. Our second color, which, incidentally, is blue, will run through the entire class section (about 150 pages) and activities section, neither of which had any color last year.

How about features? We have several this year. Eight well-known alumni, representing such varied fields as opera, science, writing, and the army, will be shown along with brief write-ups about their work. A special section entitled "Hats Off" will pay tribute to various men and departments on the campus who have been doing outstanding work, but have gotten little or no recognition. And, of course, there will be a spread for faculty personalities—well-known professors on the campus. Oh yes—there's the all-important beauty section. Selections in the past have been notoriously undemocratic, and pretty well limited to girls known by the editor or members of the staff. We're giving everyone in school a chance this year to at least have a picture submitted. Every dormitory, fraternity, sorority, and the Town Boys' and Girls' Associations have been allowed to submit one entry. And the forty or forty-five pictures that came in have been sent to Kay Kyser who will pick the eight prettiest.

Athletics? If present plans work out, sports will be given even more representation than last year. Intramurals and women's sports, previously rather limited, have been fully covered and have been given sufficient space to show their increased importance to the campus. Football, basketball, baseball and the rest will all be adequately represented.

There's an old saying about annuals that everyone who has his picture in an annual will like it. This may or may not be true—but if having individual pictures counts toward the success of an annual, the Yackety Yack should score high with most of the students. This year for the first time every undergraduate in school has had a chance to have his picture appear in the book. The freshmen voted to have individual class pictures; and the two remaining undergraduate groups, the sophomore and freshman pharmacy classes, followed suite. Only law and medical students now have group instead of individual pictures.

That in brief, is your 1942 Yackety Yack. We won't hazard a guess as to whether or not you'll like it but we have our hopes. The proof of the pudding, after all, is in the eating. But if the efforts of the staff mean anything and the good work that they have done doesn't count for nought, then this year's book ought to be one of the best.

All Those Who Room

A Political Bloc Grows Up

Pat Winston

THE recent designation of Carolina as one of the four naval air bases in the country re-opened a spot that has been a sore one for several years—rooming in town. University officials estimate that over half the students shifted out of dormitories will be forced to room in town, and the protests may fly thick and fast.

Last year an estimated 800 boys rooming in town marked an all-time high for non-dormitory, non-fraternity residents. Made up of 60% freshmen who often got to school too late in the fall to get dorm rooms, the proportion has greatly dropped as residents of the upper quadrangle have picked up rooms where they could.

Although a lot of students like to live in town to study, to get lower rents, or to miss the activity of organizations on the campus, discontent is widespread. Forced to sign a nine-months' lease to get a room at all, boys dissatisfied with their quarters often try to move out before the year's end and thereupon the Dean of Students' office bears the brunt of another student-landlady argument.

Town boys miss a lot of college life. They don't get the social contacts that a dorm store or quadrangle soft-ball game affords. *Daily Tar Heels* come irregularly, the *Mag* and *Tar an' Feathers* even worse. Many a night the walk home to Pritchard Avenue or Gimghoul is a cheerless one. And although rooms are checked once before fall registration, often sanitation standards fall below the boy's home living conditions.

Yet with all these inconveniences the number of rooming in town has continued to grow. The Administration finds it a problem to keep these boys satisfied with their rooms, student drives for funds can never thoroughly canvass town students and student politicians despair at reaching their town voters. Each of these groups comes in its plight to the only organization acquainted with the town—the Town Boy's Association.

However, the problem is a tough one and will take a lot more work to straighten it out.

* * * * *

Two years ago a group of ardent campus politicos sat talking over the prospects for the coming spring. Several of the group roomed in town at the time, and it occurred to them to organize the town students as a bloc of votes.

A meeting of all town boys was called, and through skillful last-minute engineering one of the politicians was put in as president and provision was made for drawing up a constitution. Within three weeks the organization had taken on a real appearance, and preparations were made to swing the town to counter-attack the split in votes brought about by a third party.

And to keep the movement on a sound front, ratification of the proposed constitution was secured on election day by a majority vote of town students, over 500 favoring it. But as the organization—now officially the Town Boys' Association—became legal, its founders began to view it differently.

"Fellows," said one of them in an informal meeting, "I believe this thing is more than what we started with. We've hit on something here that's liable to grow out from under us."

With election of new officers that were to take positions for the coming year, a group of those who had grown really interested in the future progress of town boys decided there were numerous ways the organization could render actual services. Tar Heel delivery could be improved, town dances and socials could bring the students closer together, and town students could be represented on the campus as a potent sector of the student body that would eventually rank along with dorm and fraternity men.

To get money for the next year's activities, the small group back of the Association took over concessions for Junior-Seniors, were lucky, and cleared $60. $250 more was pledged the following fall during registration, and the Association was financially out in front.

The fall and winter quarters of 1941 were spent with a few boys striving to get the Association on its feet. Willing to work, they were in the dark as to how to go about organizing town boys into an active group. The taint of politics was still on the whole organization as far as the campus knew. And attempts to organize the great mass of town students met with inertia—they never had been organized and they didn't want to.

The Association started off with regular meetings every two weeks. But after spending $20 on stationery and all week-end to send one letter to 700 town boys with a turnout of 25 people at the Tuesday's meeting, this was given up. A dance was given and attended by over 400, but interest in the Association died when the dance was over. So apathetic were town students about the campus that a constant struggle was kept up to even maintain the allotted six men in the student legislature. Perhaps the only consolation was that through unbending efforts on the part of a few, Town won out in intramurals for the year, winning four separate events.

The year was hardly a success. Net accomplishment was little, and the future of town boys self-government looked shaky. But at least a lot of groundwork had been laid and most important of all, the campus had been brought to realize that town students were struggling for self-recognition.

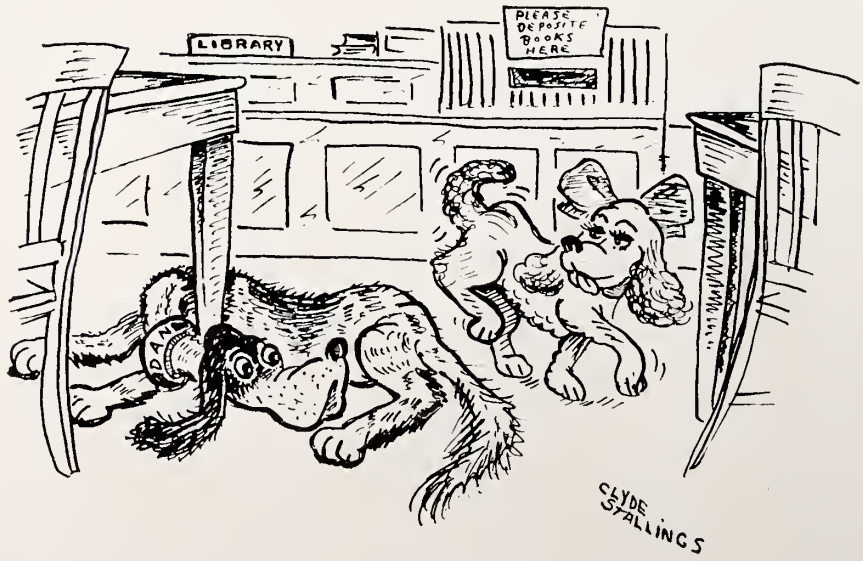
Three factors make organization of town boys difficult:

1. The conglomeration of types—graduate, freshmen, self-help, etc.—defies any one basis of organization. Thus, activities must be included that would interest everybody, and still bring all together on common ground.

2. Town students rarely stay four years—their shifting from room to room or into a dorm diverts their interest in any permanent organization.

3. 700 students scattered over the town have little feeling of unity, and communication with them is difficult.

4. Chapel Hill boys are apt to monop-



olize the organization, which discourages the rest of the town students.

The Administration realizes the need for a working Town Boys Association and will back any activity by the students. The spade-work of organization has been done and there remains but one thing to finish the picture—an energetic, resourceful student leader who will step in and take the job. It will take a person with the will to talk to hundreds of boys in house after house night after night planning an organization system. It will take a person with the leadership to plan better housing movements through landlady-student cooperation and put them into action. It will take a man who can interest others in the existing need for a strong Town Boys' Association, and organize them to work under him.

Since the founding of the Town Boys' Association there has been no such person available, and the original impetus has been retarded. Next year possibly over half the student body will be town students, and along with the increase in need for organization will come an increase in available student leadership. The molding of an active Town Boys' Association is a challenge to student leadership that is of vital importance. The need is clear, the foundation laid. Such a large proportion of the student body cannot remain inactive long. Candidates would do well to consider organization of town students in the coming spring's platforms.

Advice from One Who Has Watched The Sun Go Down

By Nancy Smith

You may see a sunset by climbing the highest hill,
And since it lies unmasked, you will be free
To look, and having seen, to forget the thrill;
But sun-stained clouds from where you cannot see
Are like a promised sun beyond the night.
Past the house and hill you can vision ideal
Pageants more splendid than mortal man has sight
To bear, and sun-stained clouds become a seal
That only greater beauty can unwrite.
A beautiful thing alone is a beautiful thing
Soon forgot; but the things to which you give
A part of yourself and, having given, bring
A meaning all your own are the things that live.
The best of anything is not the whole;
The best of things is found within the soul!

Rejoice Ye, the Mortgage Is Paid

Saroyanism

People Will Laugh

Mike Beam

The pregnant breath of spring . . . the misbegotten smiles of political handbills . . . the baby fingers of love rolling loaded dice. I am going to drink a short story and write a bottle of gin.

The literary editor of the Carolina Magazine will moan softly when he reads my short story, but it will not matter, for literary editors live only to read the work of starving young writers who take a simple smile on a woman's face for a character in the vast drama of an ending life and endless death.

The distorted minds of beer-fed radicals write vicious editorials . . . poisoned words drool from the mouths of milk-fed lunatics . . . the fresh bloody hearts of lovers burn in the blue flame of desire. I am not trying to compete with such distinguished writers as Mebane and Cox and Meyer. Writers who build strong characters with stronger sexual desires.

Intellectual writers with slick styles, plots and atmosphere. Mine is a simple story. I am a starving writer in a lonely room. I need a haircut and I am running out of cigarettes. I do not wish to be famous; I am not trying to win the Thomas Wolfe award. I can tell only the story of men upon the earth, lost and forgotten, cursing and drinking, dead brothers of a living family.

Free love and aetheism . . . fostering mothers of immortal sons . . . the lips of liberalism touch the lips of freedom . . . the kiss of all men of all time. It is strange. My words are the words of Cox and Mebane and Meyer but they tell a different story. Perhaps I do not know how to write of love and death, of young babies and old men. I will talk the matter over and see if I am writing a story . . .

Do you think that you are writing a sensible story?

It must be sensible.

How come?

It is the timeless story of all things.

What things?

The things that are sensible.

What is sensible?

My story, if it is a story .

Is it a short story?

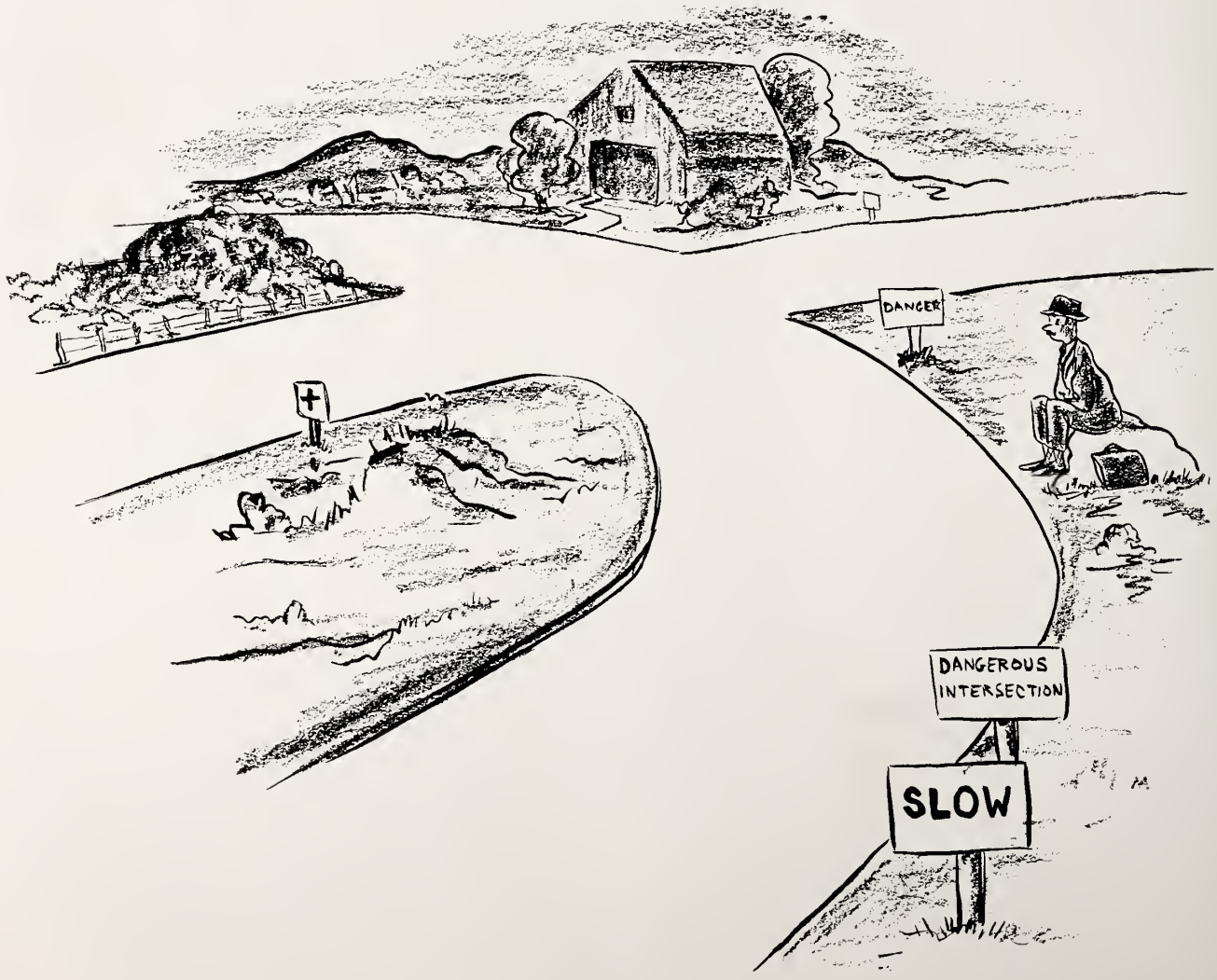
No, it is a writer.

What is a writer?

Words that tell a story.

Well, I guess you are right, go ahead and finish the story. . . .

The iron hand of fate smashing the simple soul of man . . . one hundred and thirty million people living, and of this earth . . . one hundred and thirty million people dead but still of this earth . . . the man is his child and the child his father. People will laugh at my story. They will snicker and giggle. But such is man, such is life, and when they laugh at my story they are as blind fools laughing at their own image.



DEUS

(From page 17)

the game. They turned toward the roller-man.

"Rollerman, you lettin this cripple call ya'a liar?"

"He aint called *me* no liar."

"Let me go, Boss. Let me go, Boss."

"He said ya didn call him no liar."

"Let me go, Boss. I'll show ya."

The tall man let loose the shirt. The planer-man started toward the rollerman. The men stopped grinning. They made a path open for the planer-man, who hobbled slowly toward the roller-man.

"*You're a liar!*"

The men's faces hardened as they watched the roller-man back off.

"You aint callin *me* no liar."

"You're a yellerbellied liar!"

"You aint callin *me* no yellerbellied liar," the roller-man backed over to the edge of the platform. He reached down, picked up a yard lantern.

"If I thought ya was callin *me* a yellerbellied liar, I'd let ya have a piece of this heah lantern."

The planer-man advanced slowly.

"Ha, ha," the rollerman said, "ha, I'd put a knot side your head big as a rump on a forty-dollar mule. Ha."

"He called ya'a yellerbellied liar, ya goddamnyellerbelliedsonofabitch," one of the men said.

"*You* stay out of this, Planerman knows what he's doin."

"Ya goddamn right I know what I'm doin," the planer-man said, "*you're a liar!*"

He swung. Missing, he lost his balance and almost fell, catching himself on his bad leg. The lantern splintered against his bowed head. He fell.

The men cursed. They crowded in on the roller-man, one of them knocked him down on top of the planer-man. The two began fighting on the floor of the platform. The knot of men tightened.

The tall man told the time-keeper that things had gone too far. He pushed his way through the crowd to the center of it.

"Back up! Back up! What the hell ya think this is," the tall man said. He pulled the planer-man off, and held onto him.

"Let me go, Boss. Let me go!"

"Let him go, Boss. Let him kill this goddamnsonofabitch, he ain't got no lantern now."

"Let him go, Boss."

"What the hell ya think this is?" the tall man said, "who the hell ya think is boss heah?"

The men spread backward, cursing. The roller-man got to his feet, waiting.

"I'm boss heah," the tall man said.

The men drained off to the far end of the platform. The tall man stood between the two men. The time-keeper was nearby.

"Look heah, Rollerman, there ain't no fightin on my job see? *Answer* me, goddamn ya."

"I didn start it."

"Stay where ya are, Planerman. Look heah, Rollerman, nobody gives a good goddamn who started it, see? The next time ya jump on a cripple round heah, ya gettin your walkin papers, see?"

"I'll take care of him, I don't need no goddamn help," the planer-man said.

"The hell you will," the tall man said, "get on down there with the rest of the men."

He walked slowly, his heavy shoulders dipped to one side as he stepped on the crippled leg.

"Heah comes the stone!" one of the men called from the other end.

The time-keeper heard the whistle, and then the dull roar, slowly increasing itself, til the engine was in the yard heavily flushing smoke and steam and noise over

Study in Black and White

Jim Crow Mocks Democracy

Ethel Lawner

HER heart swelled in the warmth of the Washington spring. The cherry blossoms in full bloom thickly clustered about the calm waters of the Potomac Basin. From across the water the white tower of the Washington Monument proudly and silently radiated its message of freedom and democracy.

Armanda Waters was receptive to all this beauty, probably interpreting more into the scene than she would have under other circumstances. This day it seemed the world and all its accessories was hers. The sun shone down on her, the earth smiled up at her, the blossoms framed her dark beauty with their fresh whiteness.

Last night had been her night of all nights. Her symphony had been played by Dr. Kindler at Constitution Hall. She, Armanda Waters, a negress, had received recognition before an audience of Washington concert goers, by one of the nations' greatest conductors. When the spotlight fell on her, she remembered how she felt the heat rush to her face, how her strength almost failed her, how the sound of the battering applause resembled the gush of a waterfall. It was one of those moments in life when nothing else mattered, when the joy of the moment brought tears to her eyes, when she felt for the first time like an integral part of society, a contributor, adding her bit to the beauty and art of mankind.

And today, she felt a little dazed, but oh so happy! Today, in spite of her black skin, she held her head erect. Her image in the waters of the Potomac did not make her recoil with disgust and desperation, as her mirror image had so many times before. Today she was a part of humanity, a musician, an American.

As she took her last look around Washington, she could not suppress a smile, for this city would forevermore keep vaulted her most pleasant memory, her most thrilling experience.

She hailed a cab which hesitantly stopped, and was driven to Union Station where she arrived a few minutes before train time. She mingled with the rest of the crowd in the waiting room. She was alone but not lonely. When the train pulled in she boarded with the other passengers but—as she was about to become settled in her place, the voice of the porter bellowed, "the Jim Crow car please, Miss." Of course, how could she have forgotten. Below Washington all "niggers" must be segregated, separated from the lighter colored members of society. She was no longer like all the rest. Now she was classified, she black, she was a "nigger."

Sadly, but resignedly, Armanda Waters moved into the car where the faces were as black as hers. As the wheels screeched, the engine puffed and the train pulled out, she could still see the Washington Monument proudly and silently radiating its message of freedom and democracy, but this time her heart didn't tingle with pride, this time its whiteness was harsh and cold, this time she felt ashamed.

the station and the men scurrying to their trucks.

"*Get in the pick-up, Rollerman, goddamn ya, I'll take ya out myself,*" the tall man shouted.

The roller-man walked slowly toward the pick-up.

"*Hurry up, goddamn ya,*" the tall man yelled after him, but there was too much smoke and noise.

"*What ya think of that?*" the tall man shouted in the time-keeper's ear, "*jumpin on a cripple with a railroad lantern!*"

"*Rollerman's a cripple too,*" the time-keeper said.

"*What? Come on let's get movin.*" He started off toward the conveyor, where the stone would be unloaded. The time-keeper trotted after him.

"*What did you say, Timekeeper?*"

"*I said, goddamnit, Rollerman's a cripple too. You're a cripple. I'm a cripple. Everybody's a cripple!*"

The tall man stopped. The time-keeper stopped.

"*What ya mean, I'm a cripple, you a cripple?*" the tall man put his hands on his hips and shouted, "*what ya mean? Huh?*"

"*Nothin.*"

"*All right,*" the tall man shouted, and started off to the conveyor again, "*why don't ya say what ya mean.*"

●

CRITICISM

(From page 15)

and Lou Harris have accomplished more through their articles than a month of enthusiastic Tar Heel editorials on hazing. Conditions at WC are no longer as bad as Miss Perry's article stated. Lou Harris' article has awakened people to their education and its practicality in preparing them for careers after college. We wish he'd gone further and advocated more.

The curse of criticism is the critic who writes to see himself in print. Let's not have any one on this campus. Samuel Taylor Coleridge in his "Shakespeare Lectures" says of critics, "Every critic . . . puts on the seven-league boots of self opinion, and strides at once from an illustrator into a supreme judge, . . . and fills his three ounce phial at the waters of Niagara; and determines positively the greatness of the cataract to be neither more nor less than his three-ounce phial has been able to receive."

●

SOUTH

(From page 14)

down from tour tickets? You know how a sucker looks."

"Take my advice, little man. LEAVE."

I pulled the Mex to me and shook my fist in his face. Then I pushed him away. He said nothing. His hands were behind his back.

We stalked out into the sudden explosion of sunlight. Jay whistled. I was sore. But I was glad to leave that dank room. It made me feel nasty, polluted. The first Mexican walked by. "Get our dough," I told him.

"No entiende Ingles," he said.

"OK, OK.—Jay, why the hell didn't you let me slug that greaser."

"Because, my adventurous one, in his slimy paw was a knife—a nine inch switch-blade knife. Pretty little thing. Like a lance."

It was good to hit Texas again.

But I wondered if we had just averted an international incident.

"Friend," Jay said, "chances are they would never have found the body."

Devil's Food

I've wished on every star on high,
Every white horse passing by,
Every time I found a pin,
Every new moon ere it dimmed.
On each passing load of hay,
Every wish-bone hear me say. . . .
Take my lover from me never
Let our love live on forever
As sweetly as an angel's song
But they all gave up and you are gone.

You heard this prayer I'd just begun
At "angel's" song you began to run—
As evil spirits when they heard
Someone say a Christian word—

When I said angel, on the level
I didn't know you were a devil.

—JANE RUGGLES

GROUND

(From page 9)

lions of magazines on the newstand, and then know that the next month brings a million new ones—that you can never catch up.

She lowered her voice.

"Look at Miss Ridley over there. She's reading the Reader's Digest, we all read the Reader's Digest. Every month. Why? Why, why? Why should we be made to read the Reader's Digest every month, yet why do we have to do it? Did you ever get the feeling that you were lost? That's how we feel, Miss Ridley and I. Lost in a pile of millions of words, and not knowing which to read. So — " She moved her palms out imperceptibly, "we buy the Reader's Digest."

Jimmy didn't answer. Gertrude went on.

"Oh, don't get the idea that I'm kicking about myself. But think of it. Miss Brown, Miss Ridley, Madelyn. The girls in the office across the street. The girls in all the offices across the street all over the country, the kids like you, well, like your age — the kids that eat their hearts out. Refinement. Culture. Good Music. Literature. The 'finer things,' if you please. Oh damn them!"

She went off on another tack suddenly.

"The Reader's Digest. Listen, did you ever stop to think of the reason for all these new little trouble-saving digests lately? They're beginning to cover all the stands with all their fancy new names. As if there were shortcuts for the Miss Ridleys, God, it's to laugh! Well, feed it to them, they'll buy them!"

She was silent a moment, and when she spoke again, the bitterness seemed to have left her.

"You know, Jimmy, maybe this says it best about us. The other day I and the girls were in the lockerroom and we were talking. We were talking about Lost Horizon because most of us had seen it already. Well, that's all right, but then Miss Bronson began talking. It seemed that she had 'read the novel.' Now it seems that the picture was 'good' but that it wasn't 'as good as the book.' Jimmy, doesn't that tear your heart out? Don't you see, it wasn't so important whether it was as good or not, whether 'the character in the book was more *real*—don't you see what I mean girls,' but rather—this is the point—that Miss Bronson had to let us know that she *had read the book.* Listen, Hollywood ain't full of dumbells. Why do you think they make more movies from books. Why in the advertisement the 'from the novel by Sinclair Lewis,' or Jane Austin, or James Hilton or whoever you god-damn please? You want to know why? For us. For us because if it comes from a novel it must be 'good,' 'worth-while,' 'worthy,' as you say. . . .

"And there's something too, after this, Jimmy — something they haven't gotten to yet . . . but that I did. You know what it is? The theatre, the concert, the art-gallery, the opera — you get to feeling that movies aren't good enough anymore . . ."

"I know," Jimmy said, "I have a girl-friend that is proud of the fact that she hasn't seen but four movies in the past two years."

"Well, you see what I mean."

"But it's wrong, Gertrude, especially now at some of the things we're beginning to get. It's nothing to be ashamed of. Sometimes I wonder what all people like me would do without movies. We didn't know what the inside of a caboose looked like, how 'society' folks talked—just like us, after all. I think of all the things I've come to know, life in the country, people on islands, and the thousand other emotions and reactions we would never have

come across in our own life. You know it really enriches our own lives, and I don't have to use the arguments about the 'new great art' that are beginning to excuse the people like your Miss Bronson."

"Jimmy, you mentioned life in the country. You know sometimes I wonder if I'll ever get back."

"Sure you will, anytime you want."

"I'm not so sure. I always wanted to be a schoolteacher in that little school house in Wisconsin. I could see the kids facing their blond German teacher and saying, yes, Miss Faustmann. I got to thinking that maybe I could teach them a little bit about books while I learned myself, and then maybe it wouldn't be so painful for them later on. Oh Lord, all the things this little head thinks about. Names, names, names. Names and numbers, they're always going through my head. You know, I think of milk. Not like this little bottle here, but a lot of it foaming in a earthen jug Maw always had in the kitchen—warm yet, warm as the side of the cow it had come from. . . ."

"I remember too," Jimmy said softly. "I remember the milk, but it was winter. I was a little boy and we lived in the suburbs and I saw it through the window pane after you rubbed the mist off. It was outside on the ledge, and the cold had made it push itself out two inches. Two inches of frozen milk with the top sitting over it after it's little ride up. . . ."

"Oh Jimmy. I remember the farm. I remember the new colt with the soft eyes nibbling out of my hand." She gripped the desk suddenly. "*Oh, but I want to get back!*"

Jimmy didn't say anything. There was nothing to say. Presently he turned to her.

"You ought to try these crackers, Gertrude, they're good."

She munched one slowly.

"Yes, they are."

"What's the book you were reading?"

"Arthur Kober — Thunder in the Bronx." She frowned. "How I hate that man."

Jimmy laughed at her seriousness.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh — — Bella, Miss Plotnick, Mr. Sam whatever-his-name-was."

"I don't understand."

"Why should they be Jewish? Don't you see what he's doing?"

"What?"

"Why should they all sound like they came out of the Garment District? Don't you see Miss Bronson in all of them? Notice how good he has them down. I bet Bella reads like anything on the subway going to and from work—just like I do."

Jimmy saw.

"You know what he'd do if he knew us down here? Well, this novelist would get us down perfect. He'd probably call his stories something like "Culture and Miss Bronson," or better yet, "Literature and Gertrude Faustmann."

"Oh, now, don't you think you're being a little bit unfair? He's just trying to get things down true to life, he feels a little sorry for his Bronx people.

"Oh no. Remember those Mr. Kaplan stories we read together? Well, there's a difference between the two. You laugh *with* when you read that author, I can't get over the feeling that you're supposed to laugh a little *at* when you read about Bella.

"I don't know. . . ."

"Oh, yes you do. How else is it possible to write about our sort of people? The people of the middle ground, the ones that were given so much, but not enough. You know it's a problem, and you won't find it in any other country, except America, in the world. Look at me. A nice dress, my hair fixed and I look like any other girl, trim, like all the secretaries in this country. You wouldn't be able to find me out until two hours of conversation. I could pretend enough to keep them wondering."

Suddenly, the names began going through her head again. Bertrand Russell, Leoncavallo, Variations on a Theme, Le Cid, View of Toledo. She shook her head slightly, clearing her brain.

"Look at us. We all look — American. The First Generation. Our parents didn't get through high school and they still talk with the accent of the old country. Yet, they are — what do you call it — the great middle class. And if you wrote them down, it comes out untrue and they sound like foreigners from the East Side. Yet you meet them in the stores and you meet them on the streets and you don't think of them as poor or as stupid as the language sounds when it's written and printed. They change if you tried to get them down. I look American first and then German. For them it's the opposite. And why do you think we're so damn unhappy about the whole affair. Because of the nature of this country and the opportunities it gave us. Public schools, books, colleges—things our Pops didn't have. It makes us aware for the first time and we realize that we aren't the school-going kind of people. If we stop at high school we sound like I sound. No, I mean it. Just think of it. If you just wrote down the way I thought about books and things, think of how stupid I would sound: Literature and Miss Faustmann. And what gripes me is that it's so easy to do it that way. Those writers can be so damn clever—they never have to call the characters dumb, because they're so good in writing. Instead they put down the cheap little things we say — like Miss Bronson and Lost Horizon in the locker-room. But they forget one thing and that is the *feeling*. Do you think Miss Bronson is shallow because she wants to boast to the other girls that she has 'read the book'? What about Miss Bronson? What does she think about herself when she faces herself alone in her little flat? Don't you see the way we all pretend, and yet hate each other when one 'tries to show her superiority.' God, but we're lonely."

She stopped shortly.

"Here comes Mr. Lashey, I wonder what he wants."

They both paused, watching the department supervisor approach them.

"Miss Faustmann, I'd like a few words with you. . . ."

"Yes, Mr. Lashey?"

He looked briefly at the young boy sitting beside her. Well, it was no concern of his, if she didn't mind his hearing what he had to say—

"Miss Faustmann, I've been observing you for a few weeks. There have been no complaints but — "

She asked him. Without preliminaries, reaching the point.

"It's not about your work, Miss Faustmann, it concerns the reading you do during office hours."

"I've never let it interfere, Mr. Lashey, sometimes in the morning there are minutes when there are no letters — the girls talk, I just pick up a magazine until there's something to do."

"I know, but it doesn't look efficient." Then he told her what he wanted to say.

"If it were a magazine, it'd be more all right, Miss Faustmann, but it usually is a book of some sort."

"But Mr. Lashey, what's the difference? Book. . . . Magazine. . . .?"

"It arouses a little secret hard feeling among the staff, bad for the general office discipline. . . ."

She looked up unbelievingly.

"The girls," Mr. Lashey continued, "don't like it. They wouldn't think of saying it, but they don't like it. They think you're airing your knowledge. . . ."

"Mr. *Lashey* — "

He smiled.

"Oh, I know there's nothing to it, but — " He decided to be friendly. "Miss Faustmann, why don't you mix more with the girls, go with them on their lunches,

(See MIDDLE, next page)

Last Will and Testament

(POST SCRIPT)

When they plant violets over me,
And put a little angel at my head;
You'll probably come and pick
The flowers from my flower bed.

But, My Sweet, if you tell some girl
That they speak of your love that's true,
By the Beard of the Prophet of Alla—
I swear—I shall come back to haunt you.

—Jane Ruggles

The IRC and CPU Present . . .

By Walter Klein

Who Really Doesn't Mean It

CHAPEL HILL—(Obnoxious Press)—Price-Fixer, Trust-Buster, Muckraker, Woodchopper Afghanistan Flinch, personal aide to Drummans K. Flatch, the famed errand boy of Congress' hallowed halls, will deliver an address on a Memorial hall rostrum on the night of October 29, Ridley Whitaker, CPU chief, announced yesterday.

Flinch, who wired Carolina Political Union officials yesterday that the topic of his CPU address will be "Pottery of the Ming Dynasty," is expected by CPU chairman Whitaker to "make the most comprehensive, fist-shaking analysis of the Washington political scene ever brought to Chapel Hill."

* * *

CHAPEL HILL — (Delayed) — His Excellency Commander General Viscount Ambassador Sir Wimberly Piffle, Foreign Minister of the Ubangi-in-exile government, will make his first proclamation in the United States on January 23, 1943, under auspices of the International Relations club, Grady Morgan, IRC president, revealed yesterday.

In the IRC's 172nd Victory Series speech, H. E. Sir Piffle will disclose the entire issue behind the Hess flight, the exact figures of Russian war production, location of the alleged Italian army, location of the British navy, name of Hitler's step-sister's aunt, and possibly even the current crisis in Ubangi.

Sir Piffle will arrive by bomber from the Washington embassy the day before his address, Dismal Drip, Director of Speakers Arrivals of the IRC, divulged late last night. He will be a guest of IRC members at an exclusive luncheon at noon, he will survey the Carolina campus throughout the afternoon with IRC executives, and will attend an IRC banquet at the Carolina Inn at 6:30. Following Sir Piffle's post-speech open forum, a reception will be staged in Graham Memorial.

* * *

That, friends, as if you didn't know, is the way the Daily Tar Heel appeases and boosts the IRC and CPU. Both organizations sign some of the queerest, most intellectually-on-relief, unknown characters that were ever thrown together and called "people." They sign them to speak in Memorial hall to an inevitably "overflowing" crowd of anywhere from 150 to 1,200 morons who habitually attend all speeches for these reasons:

To be seen.
To argue with the speaker.
To take a date somewhere.
To break the monotony.

All others among the spectators are either IRC or CPU members, planted to make the audience look bigger and to ask silly questions. These questions fall into three channels:

1. What do you think of the foreign situation?
2. What do you think of the domestic situation?
3. What do you think of Union Now?

Occasionally the IRC or CPU brings somebody here with a big name. But each of those famous people who appears at Chapel Hill for a few minutes to make a speech is here only between two other speeches—one at Fort Bragg and the next at a department store executives' dinner in New York. He says the same thing at all three speeches, all of which are pretty damned trivial.

So you, you poor sucker, you'll go on soaking it all in, week after week, believing everything the underhanded CPU and IRC publicity machines dish out, and wasting your evening time on Memorial hall's slabby seats.

See how it is?

MIDDLE

(From preceding page)

talk with them — "

"Mr. Lashey, I do mix with the girls — "

"I know, but do it more." He turned to go. "Think over my little advice, won't you, Miss Faustmann."

They watched him walk out of earshot, then the boy, half to himself, murmured:

"Boy. If that doesn't take the cake for — "

She shook her head.

"No. . . . Don't you see. It's all there. It's funny and it's wrong — and it's all there. He said it better, all I was trying to say. . . . Don't you see. It's all there. . . .

"Yes," said Jimmy, "I see."

●

CRIP

(From page 7)

Latin reading to 253 pupils, never gave anyone an F. Dr. Ira Rose of the Pharmacy school has failed none of his 486 students. Out of 323 students of Dr. Ernest Groves—most of them taking his famous Marriage course—not a one has failed.

If you happen to be one reader who thinks he might be entitled to some easier work, a word of warning about the converse manifestation—the so-called "stiff courses" and "hard markers." The five-year report included low marking as well as high marking, many flunks as well as few.

Let's go, students, come and get it! You can't lose a damned thing, and the profs don't mind.

●

U. S. Camera magazine is hitting new highs these days with the aesthetically thrilling photos it's been publishing. In a recent issue the editors published pictures of rotting bodies of several 200 year old Swiss monks dug up out of a crypt. But, glory of all glories, in the May issue US Camera brings its touch of photographic bliss to America. It prints a pic of a dead horse on New Mexico desert land, with rodents and insects merrily wending their way through the horse's not-so-fresh flesh. Keep it up, fellows! We just can't wait to see your six-page spread on a Morgue in an Air Raid. ....

●

The term "visiting" includes entering the parlor of a town house—DTH story on co-ed regulation.

• **Sort of a spider-fly routine.**

Thank You . . .

According to late news flashes, the Student Legislature has abolished both the Tar an' Feathers and the Old Carolina Magazine. At long last.

There is some talk about T&F editor-elect Ben McKinnon petitioning for a referendum. Bet he doesn't make it.

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May 1942

The University of North Carolina Magazine of Campus Life

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're flying Uncle Sam's bombers across the ocean

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice . . . you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain *(nearest camera)*, a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

There's LESS NICOTINE in the smoke

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), *(second from left, above)* says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

IN MY NEW DEFENSE JOB, LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE IS IMPORTANT TO ME. I STICK TO CAMELS

FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAROLINA MAGAZINE

The University of North Carolina Magazine of Campus Life

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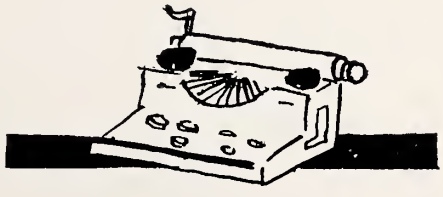

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¶ Published eight times a year, October to May inclusive, by the Carolina Publications Union of the University of North Carolina. ¶ Material appearing in the columns of The Carolina Magazine *may be reproduced in part or in whole only with the permission of the Editor. ¶ Address all communications to the Editor,* The Carolina Magazine, *Chapel Hill North Carolina, Box 717, or to Graham Memorial. ¶ Contributions are welcomed from those other than undergraduates, but in all cases manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. ¶ Subscription price of $1.50 per year. ¶ Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879—pending.*

JABBERWOCKY

What Packard? . . .

SUMMER, that eventuous season of bathing and juke boxes within the roar of the incoming breakers, always leaves us a little unhappy in Chapel Hill. The bleached hair of the bottled-blond boys seems incongruous away from Myrtle or Carolina beaches, and the freckles and tan of the coeds seem out of place on late dates and more flattering down in the vicinity of the gym. But in this in-between season when the waves are not yet in sight and we hear the rumble of the surf while taking our Eco. exams, there is one custom at Carolina that we must confess ourselves completely addicted to—namely, that of the Carolina Hayride and picnic.

Where else in the country do we find such a happy custom when the Packard convertible is ready at the door? The pick-neck is moved from the heat of the mid-afternoon into the cool of the night. And afterwards that ticklish stuff all over you is not just dirt and dust, but poetically transformed into the everlasting fragrance of Nature. For those who complain that the Arboretum is too close to the sterile dorms, we offer a hayride as an example where you can have your cake and eat it.

"Chee!"

For Whom the Bell . . .

INCREASING have been the laments by those who indulge in that age-old luxury of sleeping on Sunday morning, as to the choir of morning bells on that most important of all morning-afters. Most sleepers are unaffected by the earlier church calls, but beginning at about 10:30, one by one each church clangs its different pitched call until at 11:00, when the Bell Tower and South Building Bell join in with their officious tones, a wondrous effect hangs over Chapel Hill. This is undoubtedly the most jolting, unharmonious chord of noise in the repertoire of ether vibrations which guarantees (in a sort of menacing, hospitable manner) that all citizens will be up to greet the new day.

Vicious Verdancy . . .

WE WANDERED the other day through the verdant atmosphere of Chapel Hill in Spring. It was glorious to smell the fragrant flowers and watch the squirrels dash around over the green carpet and the birds flit through the lush foliage. Somehow, we aren't sure just how, but anyway we wound up in the alley behind the University Cafe and the Campus Cafe. There we first found the true beauty of Chapel Hill in the springtime. A small English sparrow, a hangover from winter, hopped here and there amid the rubbish, pecked hesitantly at uncovered garbage. The warm spring sun tenderly caressed the skins of oranges, rotting the scattered peels. Grotesquely twisted coat-hangers littered the alleyway, mocking the cry of national defense. Used paper napkins were dumped haphazardly among burnt toast, potato peels, tuna fish cans, and lettuce leaves. Broken glass glittered diamond-like in mounds of ashes. Large cans of garbage overflowed onto the ground throbbing with the pulse of spring. Sundry types of flies droned incessantly in the rotting filth. We watched one fly as he twitched desperately in a pool of evil-smelling waste wash water, dashed carelessly out of a rear door. An unhealthy sickening odor of decay suffocated the ecene.

Ah, spring. Luxurious, verdant, Chapel Hill in springtime.

Ah, spring. Ah, wonderful. Ah, rubbish.

Dirty Doodle . . .

ONE OF the second-story Graham Memorial men was found wrathfully fuming over his typewriter the other day. When questioned, he said that he had been minding his own business, doodling on the wall of the telephone booth while waiting several hours to get connected with McIver dormitory, when a passing coed who took the Japanese course looked in and slapped his face.

Mental Manevolence . . .

THOSE WHO grumble about annoying labs know not whereof they speak until they have gone to a Psychology lab. Here after a hard morning of classes and a satisfying meal, one walks into

lab for mental nourishment of course, but at what price? Although there is no real physical activity in the lab, it is often very difficult for one to casually sit and digest his meal, occasionally glancing out of the window while drinking in knowledge. First, two-place multiplication problems are thrown at you, in order to see how many you can get correct in a designated time, which is certainly enough to upset one's gastric juices on a quiet afternoon. On top of this, though, bells, automobile horns, and slamming doors are subtly thrown in to test your ability at being distracted. Amusing indeed were the various grumblings which occurred. Such distractions seemed to be familiar to the students who were working, for several conditioned responses broke through the barriers of class-room inhibition and protests like "Stop it," "Quiet!", and "My God!" were flung at the instructor. Those who survived the ordeal managed to crawl out of class well enough, but in a highly weakened emotional state.

This reminds us of an amusing story told by a friend at Wisconsin. It seems he was tied to a chair by the Psychology department there, blind-folded with a shock coil in one hand and an apparatus to measure his emotion by the perspiration on his other hand. After a series of a ringing bell followed by shock, the boy got bored and started thinking of a nice girl he knew, when he suddenly heard his instructor remark, "Watch those thoughts of yours!" "Aha!" he thought, "here's where I have some fun." Whereupon he proceeded to imagine Hedy Lamarr running through a forest as in "Ecstacy." Results were instantaneous, because the apparatus needle vibrated so violently that it broke, and the poor subject was nearly electrocuted.

Who're Ya Kiddin' . . .

WE SAW HIM. The original defeated candidate. He was walking alone out by Battle Park on the day after elections. Tears were in his eyes. He was mumbling to himself, almost sobbing. We crept closer. We listened. "It really didn't matter. . . . I didn't expect it anyway. . . . Aw, who cares. . . . He's a good boy, oughta do a good job. . . . Well, I guess the best man won. . . ." We crept away, a little ashamed of our eaves-dropping.

Bunion Bustle . . .

THE BAREFOOT season was quite a little late and reluctant in coming this year. Surprisingly enough there have been no requests yet by the Office of Price Administration asking for longer duration of this period to conserve leather. It is difficult for us to take a stand one way or the other, because as there is much aesthetic delight in trampling freely through Mother Nature's hair, there is also the less pleasant cutaneous experience of trampling through the dances, the 10:30 coke rush, or even more furious 11:59 P.M. beer putsch.

New Necking Nooks . . .

THE CAMPUS is anxiously awaiting Henry Moll's regime at Graham Memorial, because Henry is always full of new and unusual plans. Hundreds of suggestions come in daily, many of which discretion forbids publication herein. Some suggest more rooms like the proverbial Green Room upstairs, equipped with music to take the place of the too public lounge. An outdoor dancing pavilion for the summer is also rumored to be under consideration, as well as private black-outs for the building. In the end, however, we feel reasonably sure that Henry's only opponents will be Davey Clark and the Baptist Church. Good luck and don't stretch temptation of the Carolina Gentleman too far, Mr. Moll.

"Well, gas and tires are rationed, and who wants to walk?"

NEW ORDER

Shotgun Wedding

Biggest news story of the campus this past hectic month was the biggest only because it was played up as the biggest. The people who were most interested in it were the ones that determined its publicity, so it received plenty.

Louis Harris, the legislature, and Henry Moll stomped into Ben McKinnon's cabin on the edge of the ol' hill yonder, leveled a .12 gauge at him and took him off to marry his Tar an' Feathers to their unwronged but needy magazine.

Thus the cross-breeding was effected. What the child of this union will be like, which parent it will most resemble, the campus waits apathetically to see. Publications people sit tight, hoping they haven't erred.

McKinnon fought the combination not from desperation, as was alleged, but to find out what the campus really wanted. He found out that the campus didn't care, was resigned to accepting the decrees of the legislature as a child is resigned to accepting the autocratic orders of a neurotic parent.

A referendum, maintaining precedent of all previous referendums, failed to poll a quorum—garnering less voters than signers of the petition requesting it. Combinationites didn't vote in many cases just to keep the referendum from snatching the required quorum, but McKinnon still wonders what the campus wanted, the campus wonders what it wanted but managed to drown its curiosity in a bumper of brew—the answer to all problems.

SERVICE TO NATION

Oh, Dem Golden Wings!!

With the terse efficiency of front line Naval action, the Chapel Hill Pre-flight Training program was officially opened on the 23rd of this month.

NAVY NIGHTLIFE
The trainees will be bushed.

Brief ceremonies started the eastern one-quarter of physical building, body-production for the United States Navy Air force. Pummelling is the motif, and will be for the three months to come for the men who would fly our planes into battle.

But Carolina students have foreseen the abridgement of their special functions. They have foreseen that they will be crowded. Except for the fact that their dormitories no longer will ring out at the night with shouting and catcalls, they won't know the difference.

The naval trainees will be secluded. In the first place, they will be so knocked out by their rigorous daytime activities that they will be in no shape to participate in and crowd Chapel Hill's night life. In the second place, they will live under close rules and strict observation of conduct.

Students need not fear. If they avoid the quadrangles, the war will still seem in Zamboango.

SHORN

Golden Fleeced

"Is this," the old man said, "the place where the golden sheep will be fleeced?"

The gnashing of teeth reverberated from Battle Park to Westwood two Sunday evenings ago when the Golden Fleece honored its chosen few. As a matter of fact, the concensus placed their tapees as too little and too late.

The big noise that went up Monday was more chuckles at the absurdities of the thing than gripes. Faults were of omission rather than commission, even the Fleece oldtimers admitted. But nevertheless, the Fleece has not lost 39 years of tradition in one bad night.

Left out but grinning were men who have served the campus faithfully and well. Taken in and sobered were others, dazed but determined perhaps to prove their tappers right and thorough.

The Quest

Sir Galahad mounted his white charger and tore off into the night in quest of a mythical tumbler from which Christ supposedly drank at the Last Supper.

Carolina male students each year charge about the campus on a grey jackass in quest of the Grail, a very real trinket made by the Balfour people which is later suspended from a key chain.

But the Grail has lost its flavor of honor. It is now a functionary organization which gives the only script dances on the campus, grants money in scholarships, to worthy organizations low in exchequer but high in quality. Perplexing in its mixture of BMOC tapees and nobodies with connections, the Grail is a constant source of amusement to prognosticators, of bewilderment and chagrin to the lads who enjoy seeing a long list of accomplishments after their names in the annual, thereby graduating with a certain aura of self-satisfaction not otherwise attained.

QUEEN FUTRELLE
. . . was queenly.

HONOR BRIGHT

Chagrin

A bright Friday night in May saw several thousand people mobbing Kenan stadium to play roulette wheels, toss darts at pictures of Orville Campbell and Louis Harris, hob-nob and raise cash for charity.

The night wore on. May Queen Peggy Lou Futrelle was queenly. Dr. Frank Porter Graham made a stirring speech.

Names were called and students of honor rose to receive the acclaim of the multitude and a trinket of copper and gold plate.

Precedent

Truman Hobbs, DKE and president of the student body, was awarded the Parker honor for service to student government. Thus do precedents start. From this time hence, the president of the student body will receive the Parker Medal whether he deserves it or not. (Prognostication.)

GLAMMER

Coed Cutie

Sound and Fury did a lot of good work one Saturday this month. Their slapped-together revue was more fun than a show they spent months on. The reincarnation of "Tales My Mother Told Me" and "Gentlemen, the Carolina Coed" was pleasant.

Saturday night at the final Junior-Senior fling, Sound and Fury picked the prettiest coed present. Brunette Mary Lib Masengill slithered in to win by a nice nose.

Brunettes have copped the honors two years in a row—the entire lifetime of the contest. Last year's winner was Huldah Warren, proving, it might be concluded, that the Carolina Coed is not the harpy she may have been.

DEPARTURE

Commencement

Dean A. W. Hobbs and secretary now begin to manipulate the records, heartless documents. Some 600 students have wearily but happily marched the last mile, gone gayly barefoot, are ready to receive degrees which the war will make parchment, not sheepskin.

The final sweltering day alone awaits them. Then they march off into the cruel world, to do battle with bullets, not with statistics and sesquipedalian monologues against suffering buyers, not with words to the novel-hungry, not with education to the masses.

Half-glad their studies are done, half-sorry that college is now a carefree memory, they tread the grass of Kenan stadium in one last salute to higher education, to beery weekends, to midnight cram sessions, to fraternity hell-weeks —the rah-rah days are left only for thigh-slapping belly-laughs in retroversion, the reminiscing at reunion, at brief holidays when they return to the Hill and relive the good old days with former chums a trifle paunchy in the midsection, lean in the pocketbook, gray at the temples—college is four years, swift, bright years—years of the present, of the future, a little tarnished in retrospect. But if we only lived them now as we later will say we lived them . . . that would be the life.

Revelry

For one week this month the seniors let down their hair, relaxed and enjoyed themselves. Of course, at Carolina you can't tell an allegedly staid senior from any other undergraduate but the day they went barefoot you could.

They returned to the hill country atmosphere with no envy from other students, too stone-bruised to enjoy the saddle shoe stomp that night. Ten years from now the faces in the 1942 Yackety-Yack will be as the bare-ended, pillow snapshots in ye olde family album.

THE DRAMA

A Barnesville Thespian

Douglass Watson comes from the town of Barnesville, Georgia, which lies sweltering in the summer on the edge of the Peach State's pecan belt, shipping short staple cotton to the mills, selling fertilizer to nearby agrarians, selling bait to the Atlanta fishermen that drive down to Lake Jackson for a peaceful weekend.

How an actor came from middle Georgia even the Georgians don't know. But the Playmakers were happy about the whole thing when Watson played Peer Gynt, from the play by Ibsen of the same name.

Although two acts were sliced from the play, although remaining parts were slashed and mutilated, 'Peer Gynt," the Playmaker version, was a most adequate performance.

The Forest theater enhances any play, the background of Greig's recordings added color and sparkle, and Jean McKenzie, finally divorced from the strictly ingenue, did a creditable job in a new role for her—as Peer's mother.

Since the full development of Gynt as a character comes in the last two acts of the play, much of its true meaning was lost. The thread of the story, however, was unharmed and it seems that the Playmakers, founded and directed as they were and are by Frederick H. Koch, have done it again.

THE PEOPLE

Dangerous (?) Radical

Dr. Eston Everett Ericson has been teaching since Okay, Nebraska was the biggest town he ever saw. A product of the wild west back in the days when it really was wild, his experience in the classroom started when he was seventeen.

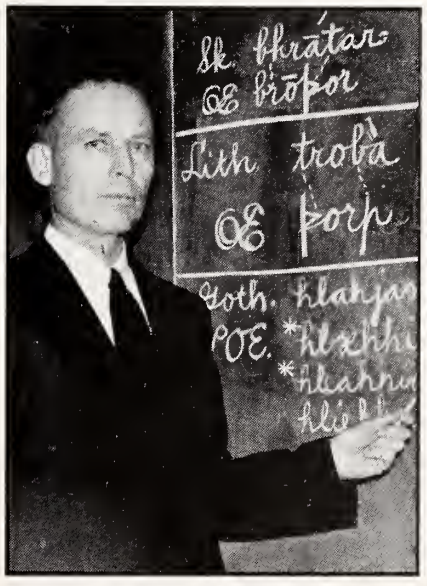
Since then he has had a lot of practice. The hawk-beaked son of Swedish immigrants taught in his home town before entering Nebraska State Teachers College. After that he got his AB at Montana, his MA at the University of Maryland, his PhD in English Philology at Johns Hopkins.

He taught in public schools, was principal and superintendent, has taught in all his alma maters except the Teachers College. He has been here since 1930.

Never dare Ericson to do anything. Once a student double-dog dared him to bum to Chicago by freight train. He and the student soon after grabbed a reefer, rode to the Windy City and back at the expense of the train company. Walter Klein dared him recently in the Mag's "crip course" article. Saying, in his usual in-between-manner that keeps his students guessing whether he means it or not, that he had been "humiliated," he immediately assigned quizzes for everyday in the week. The class is now looking for Klein.

He is the most feared and misunderstood radical on this campus. For a man who has organized a consolidated school, written 110 articles for publication in everything from the Carolina Buccaneer to the "Bulletin de la societe linguistic," shipped as ordinary seaman to West Indies ports, been exchange professor to the University of Nanking for two years, the appellation of 'dangerous red' is a trifle silly.

"Certainly I am interested in social reform," he says. "I was once a member of the League for Industrial Democ-



DR. E. E. ERICSON
A product of the Wild West.

racy. I am head of the local of the American teachers federation which has over 25 members on this campus. I am a dangerous person."

Ericson has been in more hotwater since he came to Carolina than the issues and philosophies he has defended. He caught hell for a peace rally; he caught hell because he sat down for dinner with Negroes—a social situation from which he could not gracefully escape—; he catches hell right and left for everything he says or does on a political tan-

gent.

To some degree deserved because anybody around here has a right to disagree with anybody else, Ericson has caught a little more than his just share of brimstone. The real story behind the many malignations he has suffered is another article. This is the pedagogical approach.

A peculiar, almost apologetic classroom tactic enables Ericson to keep the class sharply attentive and interested even when he is presenting dull and difficult material. Called "crippy," his English 95, growth and structure of the English language, is a complicated, intricate study—simple only because of his facile technique on the platform.

His laxity at taking the roll, however, is not compensated for by his jovial classroom presence. After dire threats to the effect that he should start calling the roll, the more habitual cutters appear—for a few days. This absence is fortunate, though, because his bad habit of writing too low on the blackboard doesn't make any difference if there are no heads in front of you to obstruct the view.

Always close to student activities, EEE translates ideologies into action when he asserts, "The best teaching is done by arousing curiosity and interest —not by rigid discipline and drive."

Right now he is doing a little driving himself. He is writing a History of the English Language, highly specialized for graduate students.

Instead of stamps, the usual acquisition outlet, he has a collection of 30,000 3x5 cards on the history of the language —an assortment that has taken him more than ten years to amass. That comes to a total average of some nine cards a day for the past decade. He still collects his queer recipes, most of them weird medicinal concoctions consisting of buzzard brains and aboriginal prayer.

Ericson bicycles daily to classes, keeps in good shape, once challenged anyone in his class to three rounds in the squared ring. No one accepted. Also he and his son, now a captain, last on Corregidor, served in the National Guard together.

"The Eating of Horseflesh"; "Finding of a Drowned Body"; "Fatherhood at an Advanced Age"; "Bowie Knife—Early Uses"; down to "Etymology of Orchard" are some of the titles he has used.

He is tremendously fond of Chapel Hill, perhaps one reason is Dr. Frank Graham's statement: "As long as our men are decent and stay within the law, their private lives are their own."

BATTLE ROYAL

Mag vs. PU Board vs. Legislature vs. . .

By Bob Hoke

Long hushed from student ears, the Mag-Publications Union Board spat rumbled and started shaking dirt as it pushed above ground with the changing of the guard.

Into the PU Board's sanctified chambers the other day strode new untried ideas personified by angular, defiant Ben Snyder, zealous Ernie Frankel, and Billy Webb—new student purse strings of campus publications.

On the way out, retiring Board members G. I. Kimball, Bucky Harward, and St. Clair Pugh whispered a word of caution to the neophytes about the enterprising bunch in the cubicle behind the Sound and Fury office.

For onto the respective heads of Snyder-Frankel-Webb and faculty representatives George F. Horner and E. H. Hartsell falls the job of coping with a question that has nibbled at the principles of student self-government for the past year. The renovated Mag under versatile Henry Moll cast extended hands toward the Board for increased funds, was rebuffed, and carried its case to the austere halls of the Student legislature. Constant lobbying and a sympathetic campus won the additional funds and all was happy among the Maggers.

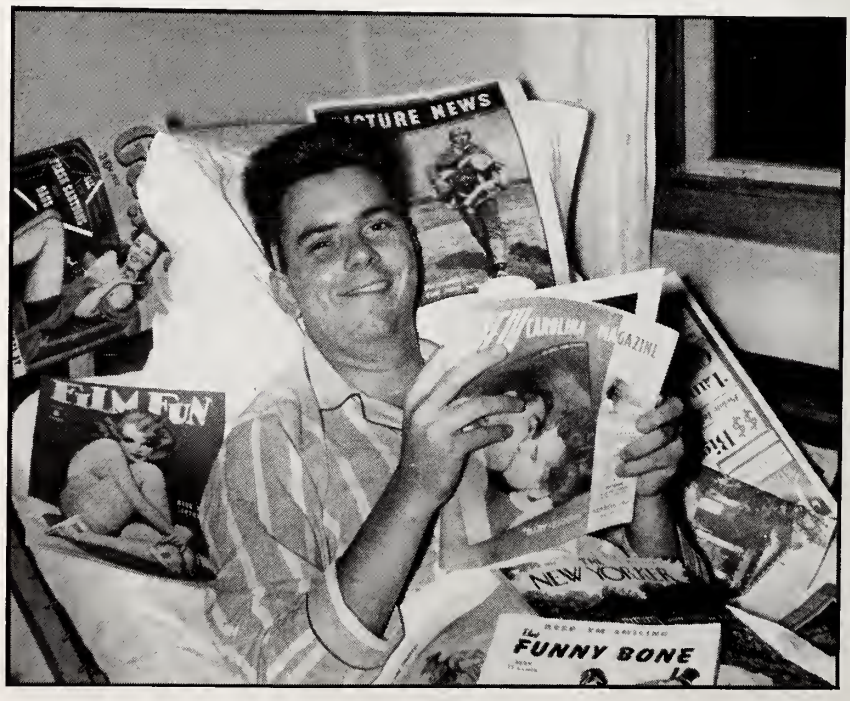
Except for one thing—the Board refused to honor the legislature's action and refused to materialize the voted funds. Wary Carolina politicos scampered out of the way as the Board marched into the Student Council room and presented its case, asked for a supreme court decision. The Council balked. Nobody knew if it had the power of judicial review of the legislature or not.

So it passed on to its present resting place—the glass-topped desk of Dean of Administration R. B. House, final authority. Busy-man House can only give students power when they show they want it and when it is healthy, a rare coincidence. The weight is on the side of the status quo until this is shown, and heavy hangs the weight.

Moll & company stirred a hornets' nest. Their request for additional funds for more pictures spawned the question of authority between the Student legislature and the Student council. In a case of conflict, who was to have the final say? Legislators pointed to their constitution which graciously gave the Council limited veto power over legislative enactments. Councilmen half-heartedly maintained judicial review was implied. Only solution is the much discussed campus constitution which has yet to appear for campus ratification.

Stymied on all fronts, Moll turned toward combination as the means to his ends. Past history rallied to his aid.

A sex-mad humor magazine and a



Henry Mario Moll, here shown in Watts hospital suffering excruciatingly from the pain of a fractured, crushed, and otherwise mutilated ankle incurred while high-diving in Fetzer field, recently received recognition as the editor of the best college magazine in the country. Said Moll: "We did it in spite of the PU Board." (see story)

HARWARD, PUGH, HARTSELL, HORNER, LEAR; KIMBALL (absent)
They held the purse-strings, but . . .

long-hair literary mag had blotched student publications. The humor attempt oscillated under varied titles and gradations of cleanliness for numerous years, caused caustic criticism from the good people of North Carolina, the financial backbone of the University. On the other side, the intellectual literary mag was supported by a student body of which only a very small minority consumed it. The few interested ones looked to the PU Board for correction.

But the Board looked away and held up its interpretation of its own constitution—merely financial control over publications, not in policy. Said Moll, "Their estimation of a good magazine seems to be one that is financially solvent."

Blond Terry Sanford, newly-elected speaker of the legislature, poked the fire last spring and persuaded Moll to run for the Mag chair on promises of a house-cleaning. With the Sanford political machine behind him, Moll was catapulted into office unopposed and immediately rebounded with the now-famous Aviation issue. Slick paper, colorful features, and multitudinous engravings went into the new type magazine of last spring. Moll was chastised for the expense. Dr. Graham personally bought 400 copies.

Under a steaming late summer sun, Moll went before the Board with proposals for a magazine like the first one, published four times yearly. J. M. (King) Lear gave him the go ahead signal, told him to see if enough advertising could be garnered. After two weeks of canvassing agencies in New York, Moll returned to find the rub. Lear had already signed the advertising contracts.

Came September and budget time, the Mag was given choice of 28 pages with $125 for engraving or 32 pages with $80. Mag moguls took the 32 pages and lobbied legislators for $125 engraving funds. Improvising an "experimental year" label, the legislators accepted the plan which would dig into the Board's $14,000 surplus. The additional funds were granted when the PU Board's budget came before the student assembly for routine approval.

Raring up, the Board refused to recognize the legislature's power to alter individual items of the budget, ordered engravers to limit engraving to original figure, carried its case to the Student council and the subsequent stalemate.

Touchy on the subject of its tremendous surplus, the Board reiterated its policy of spending only current income, refused to dip the well for experimentation. Built up in fat years when ambitious business managers of publications got unexpected advertising, the $14,000 surplus backing $4,500 in equipment, $9,500 in stocks and bonds) is closely guarded in order to get better rates in printing contracts.

Admitted deficiency of the Board is its negative attitude. Members, usually on time-consuming publications, have too much to do to take positive action on publication problems. Suggested remedy is to include editors of campus publications as ex-officio members. Further fostered by its enforced role as a supreme court, its inertness is its Achilles heel.

• "King" Lear is not quite as black as he has been painted. Daubed by misinformed critics as dictator of the Board, he is technically only its financial adviser. The economics professor takes care of all legal points, keeps the books, is the one continuous character. Conservative, a viewer of problems from only the financial angle, his advice along this line is usually good.

• Mustached Mr. Horner, one of the two faculty representatives, knows his publications from conscientious perusal. His strong conservative views add to the conservative trend of the board—stem of the staunch stand against the legislature.

• English and education professor E. H. Hartsell, the other faculty emissary, comes in with compromise proposals when the Board is deadlocked. Former managing editor of the DTH, he knows campus publications thoroughly.

• "Big Noise" Kimball, retiring president of the Board, is strictly financial, the adding machine mind type. His conservative tendencies found steady ground and plenty of company.

• Greatest influence, sleepy-eyed Harward brought the legislative viewpoint up for consideration repeatedly from his dual perch as member of the student lawmakers and junior representative on the Board.

• Pugh was quietly taking minutes throughout the year.

It was a problematical year, more than usual. Moll didn't oil the waters and was constantly raising the ire of the Board by spending money without authorization, another sore spot. Disliker of the Board, disliked by the Board, the problem child veered from the path of the other publication editors who followed the commandments of the publication potentates.

He got a reward though—from the legislature. His combination proposal was passed in easy fashion one night. Too easy some say, especially one Ben

PU BOARD & SURPLUS
. . . they refused to dip.

McKinnon, elected editor of Tar an' Feathers who fought a defeated battle for campus invalidation of the legislature's act.

The act left the choice of the combination's editor to the discretion of the Board. Mag-editor elect Sylvan Meyer got the nod.

On hand, but in the background, the old members will make the combination decisions in collaboration with the new members.

Still looming on the horizon is the Legislature-Student Council scrap on judicial review. Still in the womb is the campus constitution to untangle the scrap.

PROGRESS BY CONFLICT

By Sylvan Meyer, Managing Editor of the Daily Tar Heel.

Two Ends Against the Middle

The Daily Tar Heel for 1941-42 is one of the best ever published.

The paper was strong in every division but one. Its editorials were leading and provoking—perhaps not always right, but definite so that no one misunderstood what the DTH was getting at.

The front page was well-madeup, colorfully written, wide-awake with more than the normal amount of errors but also more than the normal amount of just distribution of publicity, coverage, and personality.

Campbell was a moron. He was and is a hick from Hickory and no one understands how he did it. The fact remains that he did it. The fact remains that out of his ignorance, or perhaps, ignoring of the usual campus bellywash channels came a strong edit page, with a true purpose, with the drive and the vim to step out of its typewriter and into action.

When Campbell campaigned editorially for social rooms he swung the power that goes with the Tar Heel into the drive, collected the money himself. Long into the nights of winter the managing editor and his staff raged at Campbell for his special issues, his brilliant ideas. They were work. They kept us up till dawn while the rest of the campus danced and drank beer. And the DTH news staff is renowned for its adoration of brew.

We had it out at the beginning of the year, Campbell, Schwartz and I. Campbell won. The PU Board later told me firmly but gently that the final delegation of authority was vested in the student elected official of the paper. Campbell was sore because I made more money than he did. I was sore because he could tell me where to get off and I would have to get off there.

After that Campbell asked for no more front page edits. The managing editor is always very jealous of his front page. After that we got along splendidly. Of course, he always sent out photos to be engraved when we didn't know where the cash was coming from, he was always coming up with ideas that meant more work and he always asked you to criticize his ideas in a manner that could bring nothing but favorable comment . . . it was that "don't you think that's great" approach.

I thought most of them were terrible. Usually they turned out to be great.

This was a Tar Heel of personalities. The sports page was dead and except for an occasional spark the subject matter and not the writing or makeup provided interest. Carruth, Komisaruk, Hoke, Wallace, Shipley, Webb, Frankel—all the others, driving Walter Klein, steady, prolific Bob Levin—these men clashed. Their ideas and their personalities and the way they thought a newspaper should be run—all clashed, never violently—just an undercurrent of conflicting ideals.

Our greatest faux pas of the year was the Franklin street rooming house case. Our information was accurate but incomplete. Campbell refused to back the front page editorially. We refused to wax over editorialish on the front page. The hullabaloo died down. We had done a little good. The University still hasn't released the grades that the board of health assigned those rooms. When they do, perhaps we will have a followup.

Biggest stories of the year were the dance cuts, the pre-flight training school, with combination a poor third. A story like that still gives you a thrill to write and develop. You get awful tired of working for the Tar Heel.

Best piece of work the Tar Heel has ever done was the special "Your University" supplement, printed tabloid a few Sundays ago. Campbell had been working on it for months. When it was finally ready to go to press, I went to the infirmary. Campbell and Harward did all of the work and a greater part of the writing. It was good. Letters came from Parker, House, Dr. Meyer, Dr. Graham, Bradshaw, the editors of state newspapers commending the issue and exclaiming upon it. It was good. Campbell would not print the letters in the Tar Heel. This is the first time a newspaper, always belittled and belied, refused to pat itself on the back.

Campbell turned out all right. He surprised us all. He surprised the staff, his opponents, even the people that voted for him. I often wonder even now if he knows what he's doing, and I doubt that he does. Everything works out all right whether he does or not and a man just isn't lucky that many times. Harward is going to have a tough time filling those shoes.

He is unnormal for a newspaper man. He thinks up the thing to do. Writes it down. Does it himself. He has actually proven the power of the Tar Heel to wield and to mold student opinion. This year is the first since I have been here that students glanced at the first page, turned to the edit page and read it carefully before anything else in the paper. They wonder what that damn country fool is going to pull next. Yet, it took us seven months to sell him on the new name plate and he still isn't sure he was wrong—neither are we.

The Tar Heel is being read this year. Once it was perused, once it was torn to shreds before it left the dorm. Tar Heel people never know how it is received. They get so close to the paper that it seems almost like a personal plaything. That conception is the hardest to kill, to overcome—the realization that 4500 people have to read it is sobering. But we did a good job. I'm not satisfied but I am placated. I am not sorry the year is up. Orville isn't either. Every day is a lot of papers. We printed 120 pages a month.

We did more things right than wrong but we heard only from the wrong. We had to teach brand new people how to write—to write in our style and for our readers, to write crisply but completely, to cover and cover and to work, work, work.

If it hadn't been for Campbell the year wouldn't have been worth it. I wouldn't have had anything to gripe about, I wouldn't have learned the things that I did—the things that you don't pick up from the composing room or the city desk but from people like Campbell.

It's the end of the year. I am elected. I will have a free hand with my words. In November, I was going to use a moment to blast Campbell into a verbal purgatory.

Now, in my literary liberty, I can say only that there are too damn few hicks like Orville Campbell on this campus. There are too few men like him who are too stupid to know when they're licked, too ignorant to understand the problems facing them, too conceited to admit that they're wrong, too ornery to let you rest between ideas, and too downright mean to let you argue with them at all.

Danziger . . . . Spy?

The Idle Tongues Wagged

Stuart Cahn

"Have you heard? . . . the FBI . . . short wave radio in his piano . . . Dean Carroll stood bail . . ."

Rumor, borne on the fertile imaginations of small town gossips and exam-weary students, flew swiftly one week in March. Object of many wary side-glances was the Austrian-bred, heavily-accented Danziger, proprietor of Chapel Hill's segment of Old Europe. War-jittery Chapel Hillians attached a sinister significance to the mysterious appearance of FBI agents in their isolated community.

"What are they looking for?"

"Enemy agents, of course."

"Enemy agents . . . in Chapel Hill? Don't be silly."

"Silly, huh? . . . What about the Naval Unit, and the airport? Hitler's got spies all over the country."

"Maybe so, but in Chapel Hill . . ."

"Haven't you heard about Danziger? The FBI found a short wave radio in the back of his piano . . ."

Thus the idle tongues waggled a fabricated tale of lies. Disregarding truth, a bridge party listened open-mouthed to a proud informant, reveling in the attention that her distorted statements brought.

What are the facts?

The facts are that the Danzigers *have* had contact with the Gestapo, but that contact has not been pleasant, has been on the other side of the fence.

* * * * *

The Danzigers have a history. Edward Danziger did not stumble into the fine pastry and candy business by chance. Raised in the Viennese atmosphere of a candy business founded by his father in 1891, he left school at 14 to begin an apprenticeship which carried him throughout Europe,—Nice, Monte Carlo, Marseilles, most of Italy and Switzerland.

During these years France was to him a second home and French became a second language. He got a job in Switzerland as a foreman in a candy factory and then . . . somebody shot an archduke.

Inflamed with the patriotic fervor of his age, the 18-year-old Danziger left his job to hurry home and enlist in the Austrian Army. Entering as a buck private, he was wounded three times and received several medals, finishing the conflict with a corporal's rank. Satisfied that his duty was done, he returned to Vienna to enter his father's thriving business.

Soon he became the proprietor of the establishment—"not the largest, but the finest" in all Austria. In 1920, a success with 80 people on his payroll, he married.

While Europe, still trembling from the effects of the battle, was being crushed in the worst depression in its history, the family-owned candy business enjoyed comparative prosperity.

Then Hitler's brown-shirted legions goose-stepped into Austria.

Racial edicts, such as had terrorized Germany, enveloped helpless Austria. Nazi agents, probing deep into family backgrounds, discovered that the Aryan Danziger had a Jewish grandfather. Protests of loyalty and proofs of war heroism were of no avail. It was decreed that he must part from the land of his birth. Home, business, and bank account were seized by the invaders. Management of the company was put in the hands of a Quisling ex-waiter. Since Mrs. Danziger was of pure Aryan strain, she and her sons were permitted to remain in Austria, shorn, of course, of their former property.

Torn between family affection and the love of life, Danziger appealed to the Chinese Ambassador for a visa to Shanghai. Meanwhile, his wife recalled that a friend was the wife of an instructor at Pennsylvania State College. A frantic appeal for aid resulted in the arrival of an affidavit, two weeks before the boat to China was scheduled to depart. A poignant parting, four dollars in his pocket, and on to the United States, and freedom! As a parting gesture of bon-voyage, the Nazis confiscated his sentimentally-valuable gold watch, a gift of his grandfather.

Thrown upon the mercy of the Quakers, of which his benefactor was a member, he was fortunate in securing a job within two days as a cook in New York's famous International House. Here he met his first Americans, and here he first discovered that Americans are not gat-toting, uneducated gangsters, but are instead intensely kind and helpful. After two or three months, the former prosperous candy producer secured a job with a candy concern for a $15 weekly salary.

His Quaker benefactors, true to their appellation of Friends, garnered a satisfactory sum and began a search for a busi-

(See DANZIGER, page 17)

Confectioner Danziger & Customer (Pat Fuller)
A Viennese Waltz in a Viennese Atmosphere.

Green Night

The Gargoyles Jabbered

John Roeder

Leopard-like the Brute's feet whispered through the thick, green foliage. It was a dark, empty night, with only the glow of an almost full moon to light the tropical jungle.

Hungry and desperately weary the Brute wandered through the entwined branches of low vines. They were not vines that he could tear apart with his hands, but he used his knife—a thick, blood-rusty, five inch blade. Through the entwined branches the moon threw grotesque shadows to the moss covered ground. As the wind croaked through the vines, the shadows were gargoyles jabbering at each other.

To the Brute's weary, famished mind they seemed to be plotting against him. Plotting an approaching destiny.

As the Brute trudged along, looking for some kind of civilization, he did not care if it were hungry, painted cannibals, or mad men who would tear the guts from him, he slashed at the long, twisted vines insanely. And his voice slashed through the empty jungle night.

"Get me out of here before I die. Get me out."

But the only reply was the croaking wind and a slight rustling in the foliage a short distance away from him.

For a moment he listened to it. The sound was like the crackling of burning paper. The Brute bent his body until it was as a piece of the vine surrounding him, and he listened.

Pushing out his arm to spread the leaves he saw a long, swirling snake. It was twisted as a whirlpool. It was untwisting itself. The Brute watched.

He smiled and kicked it. The snake moved away, as though in fear. The Brute laughed harshly, ridiculing it, and he kicked it again. The snake saw him and slithered toward him like an eel sliding through the water. The Brute brandished his knife, and sliced the head from the reptile, watching the flow of the night-color blood.

Suddenly he thought he saw a blazing fire. And in front of it, dancing toward him, a naked, ebony girl. She shook, and writhed. With every twist the light framed a curve of her shining, black body. She was coming closer to him and writhing faster, and the trees around her shook and there was a steady pounding of a jungle drum, beating to her tremulous motions.

The Brute tried to run to her, but he couldn't. He stood still—paralyzed by fatigue and starvation.

Because of his hate, and fear of his loss of strength, he closed his eyes, so he could no longer see the shaking, female form. But his eyes would not remain closed, he had to open them and torture himself.

". . . and as the sleepy tropical sun dips gently behind the mountains, we bid a sad farewell to the peaceful land of Zambo-zambo. And as the azure sky . . ."

And he opened them, but the ebony girl, the shivering fire, were gone. In their place was the shadow of a tree shaking across a small lake which reflected the frozen light of the moon.

"Get me out of this," he yelled at the night, "Get me out."

But only the empty wind answered his call.

He was exhausted, but he could not sit for fear that if he sat he would never rise. So he pushed on—pushed deeper into the jungle dungeon, looking for civilization. He slashed and cut at the obstacles, driving himself deeper into the jungle.

Roeder, a consistent contributor to the Mag, has this time tried his hand at something different.

We call it a success.

The gargoyle shadows jabbered to each other, plotting against him—plotting the death that the Brute feared was creeping on him.

The Brute listened as the jabbering made sense. The gargoyles repeated the story of how he came into the jungle.

* * *

Flying, a plane formed a joint between the aqua sea and the empty blue sky. It was a little plane burring harshly toward land. But the only land was an island like a tremendous blotch on the soft, silken surface of the ocean.

It was the story of this plane that the gargoyles jabbered—the story of the Brute and Timothy Andrews.

Timothy, a small, physically weak man, with sunrise hair, piloted the plane across the atmosphere and spoke softly to his companion, the Brute.

"I like sending this thing through the sky in the middle of nowhere."

"You're crazy as hell. We better get someplace quick. I'm getting sick of this damn ride."

"Look out there, you got thousands of miles of ocean beyond that island. It gives me the feeling of power."

The Brute looked at Timothy as though he were crazy. "Come on. Can't you get this crate going any faster. I want to hit some civilized land not that damn place down there. Then I'll show you what power is." He pulled his arm. His muscle raised as a whale's back surges out of water. "That's power. That's power I can crack a skull with if I want to. I'll show you.

And the plane, with its steady burring, moved on. The two men were silent, both watched the sea with the sun glittering on it, like a million diamonds in a pewter setting. And they watched the island before them.

Abruptly the plane started to sputter. It heaved and surged in short spurts. Timothy looked at the meter. "We're out of

gas. There isn't any more in the tank." He stopped and when he spoke again his voice spluttered like the motor of the plane. "We're out of gas."

"Why don't you figure some way out of this."

"I can't." Timothy pulled his hands away from the controls. The plane started to fall.

"You damn kid. Don't do that." The Brute was angry and loud. "Don't do that. We'll fall into the ocean and drown." He leaned over and looked out of the window, scanning the island with his heavy, black eyes. Then he sat back, quietly, calmly. "Glide her down over there. It looks okay. We can get down. It's grassy. It ought to be easy."

Without looking to see whether the Brute was right Timothy followed the instructions, just getting the bearing of the island.

"Do you think we'll get there all right?"

"You're the pilot. I can't drive this thing. Or can you?"

"Yes."

"You got the brains of this crew." The Brute's voice was angry and wheedling.

Timothy spoke thoughtfully, "I guess I'm afraid to die."

The Brute looked at him and shook his head slowly.

"I've been impotent in life, I'll be impotent in death." Then Timothy, almost crying, prayed. "God, may heaven be a world of silent angels, and let me be their slave!"

The Brute remained silent — and thought, as the plane glided to the island not far below it. The wind whistled by like a thousand flutes heard from a broken phonograph.

Through the scratching, magnificent sound, the Brute spoke. "How much food have we got, kid?"

Timothy looked at him, almost through him. "Not very much. Not enough for either of us to last long."

The Brute smiled.

The plane surged down. It swam toward the ground like a pearl diver searching for an oyster.

All the time Timothy watched out of the window. He cried, "It's not grass. Swamp. Swamp. We'll never get out of it. It's swamp."

The Brute, too, looked out. "Swamp land. We've got to get through it, and find people, and get the hell out of this place."

"We'll never do it."

"I'll see that we do."

Nervously, prayerfully, Timothy pleaded with the Brute. "Take care of me. I'm afraid. You'll take care of me, won't you? You'll take care of me?"

The Brute thumped Timothy heavily on the back. "Sure, kid, I'll take care of you, don't worry." He was silent, then, "There's only food for one, but I'll take care of you. Yet bet I will . Just get us down okay."

Suddenly the Brute cringed, he closed his eyes. "Look out for that tree. God damn it, look out."

But it was too late. One of the wings of the plane had smashed into the dead, twisted tree, standing alone in the swamp.

There was a crashing, cracking, tearing sound as the wing separated from the fish body of the plane. And then the plane spun around in the air—and around until its nose fell into the swamp, and was swallowed up.

The two men shook for a moment, but after the plane settled they stood up. The Brute towered over Timothy. He was a Hercules standing over a dwarf. "Get the food."

Timothy hesitated. He stood there slightly belligerent, but he bent down and from under the seat he pulled out a small, round, lumpy package. He looked up at the Brute.

"Let's get out of here."

As Timothy waited for the Brute, the Brute watched him, with half squinting eyes. He was like a vulture watching for his prey, so he could swoop down and chew him, leaving only the dry, grey bones.

"Go ahead. I come down after you."

Timothy opened the door and jumped. He sank into the mud.

The Brute stood, looking down at him, and over the wide, never ending swamp, covered with grey bristle.

Timothy looked up at him. "Look, it's just swamp. There isn't anything but swamp."

"I'll save you. I'll save you." The Brute jumped. "I'm coming." He hurled himself on top of the helpless Timothy.

"What are you doing? You'll kill me. You'll kill—"

The Brute grabbed the weakling by the neck and pushed his head deep into the mud. "That's power. I told you I could crack a skull—or kill a weakling. That's my power, not steering a mechanical whore through empty space." He waited a moment. "There you little bastard. You can be a slave to your God-damned angels."

He let go of Timothy's neck. The body sank. It, too, was swallowed by the swamp.

But with the body of Timothy, the round package of food sank, and the Brute, alone, moved on, through the grey bristle, deep in the mud. He moved on with the sun throwing its heat at him and the bugs biting him. He moved cautiously forward

(See BRUTE, page 18)

Direct Hit

He Was Ready

Randy Mebane

"One minute and a half and our objective will be within firing range."

The ship's side was lined with mechanism to shoot the human torpedo hurling through space for two minutes.

Nikko patted the head of the torpedo.

"Nikko!" the commanding officer shouted. "Stand by, ready for fire."

"Yes sir."

Nikko strapped himself within the shell and oiled the steering apparatus. One half a minute now and the men on the outside would lock him in. Then two minutes oxygen supply to steer the torpedo at the enemy's ship.

The men locked the sideflap of iron.

"Ready, Aim, . . . Fire!"

Nikko felt himself shooting through air. Then his tiny craft hit the water and submerged.

Two more minutes of life. Strange that he should feel no pain. Strange that the two minutes fell heavily. Why did he volunteer for the suicide squad of the Imperial Japanese Navy? There was the day a year ago when he and Kari had planned their wedding. They had talked of the war then. Nikko remembered having said, "If I have to go, it will be fast and clean." Well, that was how it was going to be.

He could see through his aim sight that his objective was right in line for a direct hit. Another minute perhaps and . . . And Kari had said, "Please let's not talk about it. Let tomorrow take care of itself."

And now tomorrow was here and was taking care of everything. But Kari had wanted it that way and so when they would inform her an hour after his torpedo had exploded, Nikko hoped that it would be the way Kari had wanted it.

He could feel her warm skin. His hands once again tangled with her hair. He smelled her musky perfume. It was getting dark. Nikko looked at his oxygen meter, then at his objective.

"Kari, you wanted to pay tomorrow for today's fun."

Nikko swallowed.

"I hope you won't be too unhappy." The darkness folded in. His hand on the steering gear relaxed slightly.

His aim had been perfect. A good job. The broadside of the vessel loomed ahead and as if by some powerful magnifying glass it was two feet from him.

"Captain, the torpedo was a direct hit!"

"Good. Open Nikko's letter and inform the person whose address is there that he died in the service of his Emperor."

"Man the guns for attack." The Captain walked by.

The Andrews Census

State Educators Won't Let It Go Unattacked

Walter Klein

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The Census . . .

AVERAGE LEVEL OF FACULTY CENSUS OF HIGHER EARNED ACADEMIC DEGREES

FIFTY-FIVE NORTH CAROLINA EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Catalog, 1940-1941

	Institution	*Index*	*Race*	*Class*	*Average Faculty Degree*
1.	Duke	1039.2	White	Sr.	MA plus 15 months
2.	UNC	992.7	White	Sr.	MA plus 7 months
3.	Wake Forest	987.7	White	Sr.	MA plus 7 months
4.	Meredith	982.3	White	Sr.	MA plus 7 months
5.	Davidson	975.5	White	Sr.	MA plus 6 months
6.	ECTC	965.5	White	Teacher	MA plus 5 months
7.	Guilford	963.8	White	Sr.	MA plus 5 months
8.	Pembroke	961.5	Indian	Sr.	MA plus 5 months
9.	Black Mountain	961.1	White		MA plus 5 months
10.	NC College	958.7	Negro	Sr.	MA plus 5 months
11.	Greensboro	942.3	White	Sr.	MA plus 3 months
12.	NC State	942.0	White	Sr.	MA plus 3 months
13.	J. C. Smith	939.1	Negro	Sr.	MA plus 3 months
14.	Queens	935.7	White	Sr.	MA plus 3 months
15.	Catawba	935.3	White	Sr.	MA plus 3 months
16.	WCUNC	934.2	White	Sr.	MA plus 3 months
17.	Salem	921.4	White	Sr.	MA plus 2 months
18.	Elon	921.2	White	Sr.	MA plus 2 months
19.	Lenoir Rhyne	916.1	White	Sr.	MA plus 1 month
20.	Appalachian	913.0	White	Teacher	MA plus 1 month
21.	Biltmore	908.3	White	Jr.	MA plus 1 month
22.	Shaw	903.2	Negro	Sr.	MA
23.	Western	903.0	White	Teacher	MA
24.	Atlantic Christian	900.0	White	Sr.	MA
25.	St. Augustine	900.0	Negro	Sr.	MA
26.	Chowan	900.0	White	Jr.	MA
27.	Lees McRae	892.3	White	Jr.	AB plus 7 months
28.	Campbell	892.0	White	Jr.	AB plus 7 months
29.	A & T	891.8	Negro	Sr.	AB plus 7 months
30.	Bennett	889.6	Negro	Sr.	AB plus 7 months
31.	Asheville	888.5	White	Teacher	AB plus 7 months
32.	St. Genevieve	887.5	White	Jr.	AB plus 7 months
33.	Immanuel Lutheran	885.7	Negro	Jr.	AB plus 7 months
34.	Elizabeth City	884.6	Negro	Teacher	AB plus 7 months
35.	Barber-Scotia	883.3	Negro	Jr.	AB plus 7 months
36.	Peace	881.2	White	Jr.	AB plus 6 months
37.	Winston-Salem	880.9	Negro	Teacher	AB plus 6 months
38.	High Point	880.6	White	Sr.	AB plus 6 months
39.	Pineland	876.9	White	Jr.	AB plus 6 months
40.	Flora McDonald	875.8	White	Sr.	AB plus 6 months
41.	Fayetteville	871.4	Negro	Teacher	AB plus 6 months
42.	Livingstone	868.1	Negro	Sr.	AB plus 5 months
43.	Montreat	866.6	White	Jr.	AB plus 5 months
44.	Brevard	859.1	White	Jr.	AB plus 5 months
45.	Mars Hill	858.4	White	Jr.	AB plus 5 months
46.	Sacred Heart	857.1	White	Jr.	AB plus 5 months
47.	Wingate	857.1	White	Jr.	AB plus 5 months
48.	Louisburg	852.6	White	Jr.	AB plus 4 months
49.	St. Mary's	852.0	White	Jr.	AB plus 4 months
50.	Pfeiffer	846.6	White	Jr.	AB plus 4 months
51.	Presbyterian	845.4	White	Jr.	AB plus 4 months
52.	Belmont Abbey	840.0	White	Jr.	AB plus 3 months
53.	Mitchell	840.0	White	Jr.	AB plus 3 months
54.	Oak Ridge	837.5	White	Jr.	AB plus 3 months
55.	Boiling Springs	827.2	White	Jr.	AB plus 2 months

Alexander B. Andrews is the Secretary of the Board of Trustees of this University. He is an attorney and counsellor at law, with offices at 239 Fayetteville Street in Raleigh.

Mr. Andrews has made a report. This report has been his hobby for nine years—since 1934. This month he completed it and handed it over to the Daily Tar Heel and Carolina Magazine for exclusive release.

The report, a detailed tabulation of the higher earned academic degrees of the 55 faculties of all of the state's universities and colleges, is dynamite. It is dynamite because this report is the first of its kind ever to be assembled in the United States. The federal department of education already has privately praised Andrews for this work.

Andrews abstracted his census enumeration from the college catalogs of the state's 55 institutions and then sent letters to the colleges, containing the assembled data and requesting confirmation of their accuracy. Similar letters also were sent to members of the Board of Trustees.

"Naturally such a letter aroused considerable criticism," Andrews remarked, "particularly by one person . . . who viewed this as an attempted 'appraisal' (on a comparative basis) instead of a census enumeration. He raised the contention that such a tabulation was an incorrect statement because practically all of his faculty had taken additional work for a higher degree than listed in the catalog. My answer was that my work was a census and not a degree appraisal, although the latter was incidental, and that the research and seeking further degrees on the part of some professors was indefinite and unrecordable."

The infinite detail of Andrews' research is remarkable. First six pages of the report tabulates the degrees held by the faculties of North Carolina's 55 educational institutions, grouped into state, private, senior, teacher, junior, white and negro classifications.

Second table of the report is a summary of the first tabulation. The third table lists a group of the 42 white colleges, according to numeralogical rank. Fourth is a separate table of Negro college faculty rankings, and the fifth table records the standings of the state's 55 faculties in order.

Sixth chart records similar figures of Andrews' first observations, from 1933 to 1936, designed to show relative progress made by all the faculties. The seventh and final table compares the advancements made by state-supported white and negro schools.

The entire monograph contains 19 pages, 14 of them tabulations. For each of North Carolina's 55 institutions, Andrews

ALEXANDER B. ANDREWS
Mr. Andrews has made a report.

charts the school's group classification, year of establishment, number of teachers with PhD's, number of MA's, number of AB's, three minor degree classifications, totals, indices, and averages in the form of "the average North Carolina State College professor has an MA degree plus three months."

Most apparent and startling revelation in the Andrews report is this: the faculty of Duke University ranks considerably higher than Carolina's. Duke's index is 1039.2 and Carolina's is only 992.7. The average Duke prof holds an MA degree plus 15 months, while the average Carolina prof has an MA plus seven months.

The census shows that the faculty of North Carolina College for Negroes not only has progressed more swiftly but stands above the faculties of Woman's College at Greensboro and North Carolina State in Raleigh.

The Andrews' report ranks Meredith Woman's College faculty fourth highest and the faculty of St. Mary's as 49th—seventh from the bottom. It puts the faculty of Black Mountain, the upstart of this state's colleges, in ninth place.

The report places two Negro faculties —NC College and J. C. Smith—above those of Biltmore, the highest ranking junior college, as well as above Elon, Lenoir Rhyne, Appalachian, UNC Woman's College, Salem, Catawba, and Queens. It also lists 13 white college faculties lower than all the Negro faculties of the state. This is the newest indication of the progress in southern Negro education.

Principal criticism expected of this historic report is that it does not seem a true evaluation, because the best professors aren't necessarily PhD's. Andrews realized this throughout his work; also realized that his method was the only one that could be used to compare faculties. The method is a continuation of an already accepted educational system; therefore he believed he was justified. His census, he points out, is not an *appraisal*— not an evaluation—but a *comparison*.

"This may or may not be a correct method of comparison when a party attempts to enumerate a census," Andrews writes in recognition of his own prospective critics. "The story is told of a person with limited education being challenged on the spelling of a certain word, who, upon being told that Webster's unabridged dictionary spelled it a different way, replied that he 'had as blamed much right to make a dictionary as Mr. Webster'."

But Andrews knows the strength of his nine-year work. If critics condemn his census, they must also condemn the state's traditional systems of hiring, and of salary distribution, and of individual faculty comparisons.

Printed with this article is a master summary tabulation compiled from the Andrews report. Although it is a summarized compilation, no compromise was made in the figures. Look it over. Study it. But be careful in your conclusions—don't draw the wrong ones.

The Andrews Census?

It Is a Mistake to Use Degrees as a Final Test

The Andrews Census has some value —as far as it goes.

But a more comprehensive type of evaluation and comparison could have been made.

In fact, it already has been made—the evaluation issued by the American Council on Education. This report was not based on arithmetical listing and computation of degrees, but on the fundamentals of record, ability and output.

The men who made this evaluation were selected by the various learned societies of American education. This jury of 50 consisted of the most preeminent scholars in their particular fields. They worked confidentially, in a sort of "Australian ballot." Scores were made on a national basis.

The results of the evaluation of the American Council on Education, the recognized authority, placed the University of North Carolina's faculty at the top among universities south of Baltimore and east of the Mississippi.

Only three other universities in this region even qualified at all for this evaluation. Carolina stood on top with a score of 11, Duke came second with 8, Virginia was third with 3, and the other institution was awarded only one point.

* * *

Many outstanding men in their fields in this country do not hold PhD degrees. By using a degree rating basis —such as the Andrews Census employed—the most distinguished of scholars might reduce the rank of the faculty of his institution.

Several of the top ranking scholars in their fields on the faculty of this University hold AB degrees. R. D. W. Connor was nominated by the American Historical Association as its first choice for national archivist of the country, certainly among the greatest positions that can be held by any history scholar. Dr. Connor holds only an AB degree.

Professor F. H. Koch, one of the most outstanding teachers of the drama in the United States, has earned only an MA degree. And Paul Green, the most creative dramatist in the nation's colleges, has but an AB degree. These are three examples of top men on the Carolina faculty who can't be rated by the degrees they hold.

* * *

The Andrews Census does have values of its own. North Carolina State College has added more PhD's to its faculty in the past ten years than in all the rest of that institution's history. This tabulation of data is duly recorded in the Andrews Census.

But it is a mistake to use degrees as the final test in rating an institution. It is recognized among United States colleges that Woman's College of the University of North Carolina has one of the strongest faculties of any woman's college in the country. Yet according to the Andrews Census, Woman's College is rated below institutions which have not even been recognized by the Phi Beta Kappa and Association of American Universities, both of which have placed Woman's College on their approved lists.

And of course many PhD's are among the poorest teachers. Often a man who is not qualified as a personality and as a good teacher will work hard until he obtains a PhD degree to offset his other deficiencies. This University's faculty would suffer considerably if effort were made to substitute many of the present MA's and AB's with new PhD's.

—THE EDITORS

Really Mary Bradley

«He Married Alice, You Know»

Randy Mebane

I

The theatre was filled.

Late-comers were straggling into their seats with pardons on their lips.

The house lights dimmed and suddenly the 800 people that before had been 800 people—became one body. Each with the same thought. Each with the same excitement for the local girl who had made good in the big city.

Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley from Yadkinville, had come home to show the "folks" how she had won the hearts of Broadway's vitriolic critics. She had come to show them that her blond hair and slender figure had not gone to waste among theatrical bigwigs.

Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley had come home. Home to the town where she had been known as the wildest kid there. Home to the town where she had her pigtails dipped in the ink bottles of the local school. Home to the town where she had led the Prom at the High School Junior-Senior. Home to the town where she had brought her college friends for gay weekends.

Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley had come home.

The lights were all out now. A few more pregnant seconds and the curtain would open to hold its audience by their nerves and emotions. The play was a good one. It had run on Broadway for more than a year and the Yadkinville girl had been acclaimed a real dramatist . . . a real actress. The show was having its road show premiere in her home town.

II

"My dear, you were marvelous, simply divine!"

"No wonder the show ran so long. Delightful . . . absolutely delightful."

"You were the show . . . the whole show!"

"How do you remember all those lines? And then say the same thing night after night."

The women cooed and cackled, milling their way around Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley.

She stood there and accepted their proffered gifts at her altar. She stood in just the right pose to show her body to good advantage. Occassionally she pushed the long hair from her eyes. The gesture was eloquent. It was meant to be. The hostess gown that swaddled her perfect 36 had been cut in the right lines and her make-up whispered, refusing to shout.

She smiled and accepted the gifts. She quietly laid them aside one by one. The women moved on and more came to take their place. The husbands who had so long ago forgotten what a young figure was, stood on the fringes of the room and eyed her. Their eyes wandered back to their respective wives and they sighed.

"You have made our little town so proud of you."

"You've put Yadkinville on the map."

"We were even mentioned in Life Magazine."

"And when you told that reporter that you were born over your father's drugstore in a small town we all remembered the day you were born and how your father closed the drugstore just like it was a legal holiday."

"Everyone thought you'd marry and settle down here. We even had Jim all picked out for you. He married Alice you know?"

"It's so wonderful for you to bring your show here first."

III

"Martin, fix me a drink and for God's sake, sit down! I'm so tired of people milling around me I could scream!"

Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley, slammed the door of her hotel room and stalked across the floor. The wave of hair fell across her face. She slapped it back. The gesture was not eloquent. It wasn't meant to be.

She reached out her hand and pulled the curtains apart, squinting her eyes to look out at the sleepy town. Far across the main street where the four neon lights had long been switched out she saw the residential section, sitting squat and glum. Quiet as a Buddha the town squatted through the early hours of the day.

Switching her focus back into the room, Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley looked at Martin and then let her gaze go through him. She saw into something that was a long time ago. Something that might be of a far-away future. Then a

(See MARY, page 16)

Of the Month

THE MOON IS DOWN

—by John Steinbeck

There have been a great many books written about the Nazis. There have been a great many horror stories about invasions. There has been a great deal too much hatred propaganda on the same old themes. In his latest book, *The Moon Is Down*, John Steinbeck has tackled the well-worn task of writing about a Nazi invasion. He has done it with subtlety and with a power of restraint and sincerity that will make his book, though not a *Grapes of Wrath* classic, a novel to be remembered long after Nazis or invasions are subjects of current interest.

We have the feeling that *The Moon Is Down* is a play, perhaps because the descriptions are vividly simple, perhaps because the book has the unities of time and place which stage action requires. The setting is in any conquered country in any age, the characters are any simple people and any lonely invaders in any year.

By 10:45 it was all over. The enemy had marched in and in an hour had set up headquarters in the palace where Mayor Orden lived in some comfort and a little pomp. Lieutenant Tonder thought the countryside so beautiful that he smiled to think how, after the War, he might settle there on a little farm and be happy when the Leader held the world. But Colonel Lanser was a good soldier, and the Leader had to have coal. Colonel Lanser had to shoot Alex Morden because he struck an officer and the officer died. He had to insist that the men wear their heavy steel helmets whenever they went out because the Leader had made rules for soldiers to follow during an occupation. He could not go out alone because soldiers who go out alone are found dead in snowdrifts. He got very tired. He wanted to laugh and could not, and to talk and dared not.

Mayor Orden was still Mayor no matter what the status of the city was. He had to sign the order for Alex Morden's execution, knowing when he did it that he unleashed a revolution and a hatred which would cost him his own life and those of many of his people. There was so much hatred, so much grim acceptance of defeat. But life had to go on, even though the Leader did not understand the hearts of soldiers or know that Lieutenant Tonder wanted to go home.

There is silence in *The Moon Is Down*, the silence of snow, of hate, of fear, of loneliness. There is suspense in it. There is simplicity where there might be the starkest kind of melodrama, and sincerity where superficiality might make good literature. This is the kind of story which sticks in the mind and heart, which makes a newsreel "Somewhere in Denmark" have new meaning and gives to the faces of the conquered a new expression of poignancy.

—ANN SEELEY

Match - Point

Harris Everett---Upstart Opponent

Mark Garner

At Newport, R. I., the gallery, watching what should have been a routine conquest for Don McNeill, the national singles champion, sensed an upset and was tense with excitement. On the smooth green of the courts an unknown was running the great McNeill all over the white-lined grass with amazing placements, tantalizing drop shots and powerful drives.

With the score tied at two sets each, the smooth-stroking intruder held a lead of four games to two in the deciding frame and seemed certain of victory. McNeill staged a rally which enabled him to come from behind and eventually win the gruelling contest from his upstart opponent. The real significance, however, is that a new court star was on the rise.

Harris Everett, who recently finished three years of undefeated singles play in dual meet competition at Carolina, came close to a major upset that day in 1940. Always well-cast in the role of the giant killer, the Jacksonville, Florida, netter has disposed of several ranking players during his tournament play in the summer. Welby Van Horn, Henry Prusoff and Gardner Mulloy, all big names to tennis fans, fell victims to Everett when the chips were down, and even the great Bobby Riggs was upset in an exhibition match. Still Harris terms his near victory over McNeill at Newport the greatest match of his life. "I played better tennis that day than ever before or since," he says with a tang of modesty.

Behind these triumphs and the rise to the top-ranking netman in the Southern Conference this year lies a varied and interesting history. For Everett has played and defeated everyone from Riggs to movie star Errol Flynn, has participated in tournaments from Bermuda to California, from Canada to Mexico.

Mixing his education with travel, Harris attended five high schools and was an all-round athlete participating in baseball, basketball, tennis and track. But the travel bug and the glamour of tennis attracted the impressionable youth and he decided to devote his talents to the one sport. "Tennis is one of the few sports you can get to play and get to travel a lot too," he rationalizes. "Also since it is an individual's game, people get to know you better."

Before Harris played in his first tournament at the age of 12, he was a precision shotmaker. Long hours of self-imposed practice before a makeshift backboard had developed his now accurate and carefully executed strokes. "We used to have a concrete driveway at home and with the closed garage door serving as a backboard, I practiced continually on my shots," he explained.

But the Carolina star would never have presented the well-balanced play of today had he not had tournament experience and a well-conceived court strategy behind him. Whatever ability Harris now shows is entirely natural. Until he was taken in hand by Carolina's Coach John Kenfield, there was no tutoring, no coaxing, just practice and more practice.

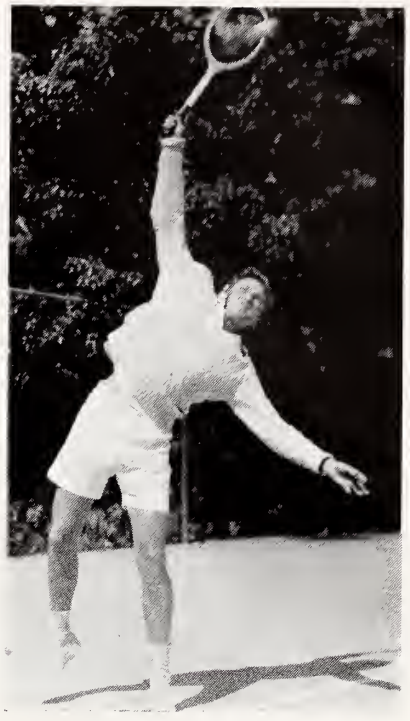
A hectic two years followed his graduation from high school. Along with Bobby Riggs, Harris enrolled at the University of Miami, noted throughout the country for its tennis teams. But the Florida institution soon bored the pair and they set out in Everett's car and with Riggs' money for the west coast. "I went for two weeks and stayed for two years," says Harris in relating the story. "Bobby got me jobs in Los Angeles. And what jobs. I minded babies, I jerked sodas, I carried papers, I kept books, I was an office boy for 20th Century Fox. I even sold toys in a local department store."

Anxious to return to the tennis wars, Harris headed east and entered Kenyon college in Ohio where he remained one semester before enrolling at Carolina in the winter of 1939. From that point on, the somewhat philosophical young man has taken his tennis seriously and has concentrated on improving his playing to championship calibre.

Everett's three-year record at the Hill reveals that he dropped only three sets in dual meet play in singles and hasn't suffered a single match defeat while winning 44 encounters. Though his doubles record is not spotless, there are only two losses, both in his sophomore year, chalked up against him. Since the last of the 1940 season Harris has teamed with Co-captain Ham Anthony and this duo has walked off with the annual North-South doubles title for two years and added the circuit crown in doubles play each season.

Undoubtedly Everett's best collegiate tennis has been played in the annual loop tourney against teammate Zan Carver, captain of the Carolina varsity last year. Harris won the crown from the hard-driving Carver in five sets his sophomore year but Zan evened the count last year by edging his previous conqueror in another quintet of hard-fought sets. This year Everett regained his lost title with a blistering 6-1, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2 win over Anthony in the finals after brushing aside all previous tournament opponents without the loss of a set.

For the last four years the Carolina star has toured the summer circuit with considerable success. Winner of the Florida State singles crowns in 1938, 1939 and 1941, he made the greatest showing in any one tournament at the West Virginia Open last year when he annexed the singles, doubles and mixed doubles titles for a clean sweep of the prizes.



Harris Everett
He even sold toys.

Following the habit of ranking netmen, Harris has participated in the tournaments at Southampton, Seabright, the Cotton States at Birmingham, the National Clay Courts meet at Chicago, the White Sulphur Springs Open and the country's top attraction for netters, the Nationals at Forest Hills, N. Y. In 1938 he made a specialty of doubles competition and gathered in the laurels at the Wisconsin, Kentucky, Maine and New England meets with such partners as Martin Buxby and Elwood Cooke.

The match that really marked Everett as a player of real talent was his 3-6, 5-7, 6-3, 6-0, 15-13 victory over Welby Van Horn in the second round of the Nationals in 1940. Van Horn, ranked fourth in the country, had little trouble winning the first two frames from Everett but the confident Welby made a mistake in letting his opponent earn the third and fourth sets and tie the count. In what turned out to be the longest match of the entire tourney, Harris outlasted and outdrove the tiring Van Horn in the rubber set for a well-deserved 15-13 decision. However, Everett was played out, and two days later when he faced his old friend Don McNeill in the fourth round the champion took a short, easy straight-set win dropping Harris from the tournament.

The most significant tournament championship was added to Everett's growing list last summer at the annual Seigniory Club International tourney in Quebec,

(See RACKET, page 17)

MARY

(from page 14)

cold feeling brought her back to the drink Martin was touching against her hand. She brought it to her Mephisto-red lips and swallowed four times hard.

"Well, Mary . . . how do you like your home town after your long absence?" Martin laughed to himself quietly and poured another jigger into his highball.

"Don't call me Mary, God dammit!"

"But that's your name. Besides I thought that after a night back home you'd want to start being what you haven't been for three years."

"Oh, shut up!"

"We aren't getting temperamental, are we dear?" The voice carried a nasty twist.

"If you're going to sit there and irritate me, I wish you'd get up and go to bed."

"Why Miss Duval! To bed! In New York we'd just be getting started with the crowd at the Stork or "21" . . ."

"This isn't New York and I'm tired."

"No, dear, this is Yadkinville. God's gift to a crop rotation club. Really, after being here tonight I wonder how you learned all you seemed to know when you came to New York."

"There are all sorts of ways of learning things."

"Undoubtedly. And you must have seduced your teacher."

Martin got up and moved over to Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley and took her empty glass. He looked at her a minute and then,

"I thought you'd be happy to be home again. You certainly weren't what anyone could have called happy in New York."

"I can't ever remember being happy."

She looked at Martin. "I can't ever remember a time when I was happy. Sure I had fun when I lived here, but I was always thinking ahead of the other kids of my age. I was always hunting for something that I never found."

"Isn't that the usual alibi?"

Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley looked at him. She took a deep breath and got up from the chair. The glass was soon refilled and she went back to the window.

For a few minutes she said nothing, then turning aside she came back to her chair and flung herself in it.

"Somewhere out in that night," she said pointing to the window, "is my life. The life that I never found. The life I'll never live."

"I don't get you, babe."

"No, I guess not, Martin." She looked out into the air. "I guess you never will. To you, I'm Constance Duval. The Mary Bradley part is the one that wasn't written for me and one I'll never have the lead in."

"Aw, cut the melodrama . . . you're off the stage now."

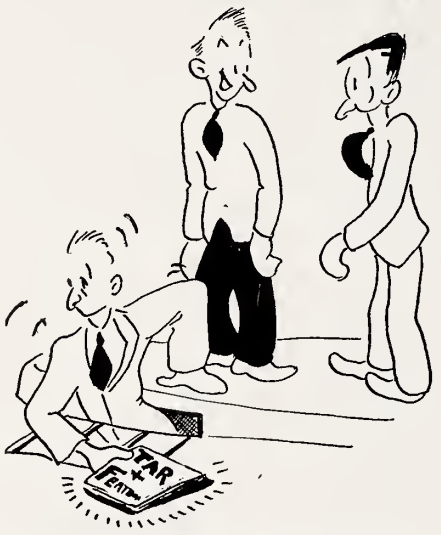
"Am I?" She lit a cigarette and smiled. "Or am I just beginning to be on?"

Martin twisted his face up into a puzzle and poured himself another drink.

"Go to bed will you, Martin. I'm tired and we have to travel so far tomorrow." She set her glass down on the table and got up.

He watched her as she moved to the dressing table. She hashed out her cigarette and began to dab cold cream on her face.

"Goodnight, Martin." She had Kleenex now, rubbing it over and over, until her face was pink without the aid of Pancake number 3.



Rumor, ugly rumor seeping under the door to the Tar an' Feathers office, leads us to believe that the final fling of the boys with their "peculiar kind of humor that must be preserved"—(preserved in alcohol, no doubt)—anyway, this rumor leads us to believe that the next Tar an' Feathers will be full of dirt, dirt, sex, sex. Be sure to get your copy early and avoid the rush. (Paid adv't.)

"Goodnight, Martin." She repeated.

He stood there a minute.

"Hey, snap out of this, will ya?"

She looked at him.

"This isn't like you. You're the sophisticate. You're the gal that knocks them cold. Remember?"

"I'll remember that tomorrow."

"I knew we shouldn't bring the show here. It's messed you all up this jerk-water town has. What the hell's the matter?"

"Goodnight, Martin." She turned on the dressing table stool.

"Aw hell . . . goodnight!"

The door closed and she heard her press agent walk down the hall.

She went to her suitcase and pulled out a night-gown. It wasn't satin or chiffon like Constance Duval's should have been. It was cotton batik like Mary Bradley might have worn.

She walked to the window again and looked out. Far away she saw a light burning. Once she thought she saw Jim's face out to her. Then she returned to her suitcase and started to undress. She slipped the gown over her head and went back to the dressing table. She brushed her hair long and hard, until it fell loose and limp. Long down her back. She stood and looked into the mirror.

There was Mary Bradley looking out at her and standing beside her was Jim, saying,

"I can't marry you, Mary. You have something wild inside of you that calls you. I'm not strong enough to hold you to me, if you should ever want to leave. You weren't ever meant to be a small-town girl. We aren't alike."

Mary Bradley stood there pleading.

Jim had moved away. "No, Mary, I'm not going to even try it. Alice loves me. I know that."

"Jim, please. You open my heart for the first time in my life. You can't close it like this."

Jim laughed a little. "Still the actress, Mary."

The play was almost over. Mary Bradley had crawled far enough.

She flung at him. "All right dammit. Go and marry Alice. The little nincompoop! Do you think I ever cared! Do you think for one minute I would have married you unless you had been who you were! Surely you can't think I ever loved you! God, what a laugh. And the nights you held me in your arms and said you loved me, do you think I cared? Do you really think I ever cared? Cared . . . yes, hell I cared. Cared because I thought you'd get me out of this place, out of this mudpile . . . cared . . . that's a laugh . . ."

Her voice floated out into nothingness and Jim was gone.

Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley, looked at herself in the mirror. She turned the lights out and padded softly to the window again.

The town squatted like a sleepy Buddha. The light six blocks away was out now. Alice and Jim were probably asleep in Alice's beautiful canopied bed willed to her by her maternal grandmother.

The breeze murmured and a truck rumbled down the highway.

Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley, repeated Jim's words to herself. She liked the sound of his voice in her memory. He had been one of the last ones to speak to her tonight at the reception. His words banged away at her.

"I'm glad to see you so happy, Constance." He had called her Constance. "I'm glad you found what you were looking for at last."

She made her way to bed and slipped off the satin mules so peculiar to the batik nightgown.

Constance Duval, really Mary Bradley, cried.

Exit Smiling

Leave me no tears behind
To cleanse me of your love.
I cannot bear them.

Leave me no broken words
To hover in my ears.
I shall not hear them.

Leave me no tattered charms
To hang upon my heart.
I will not wear them.

But leaving tell me only this:
That I am free of you
And all your love.
That when you go
It will be so.

—Franklin Overcarsh

RACKET

(from page 15)

Canada. A first-year-man at the invitation meet, he caused quite a stir with his smashing, heady game and when the meet was over had the singles trophy tucked safely away by virtue of his victory over Bill Canning of Lafayette, Cal., in the finals.

Sandwiched in between tournaments and studies, Harris found time last year to complete the CAA course here at the Hill and now this former sideline promises to become the chief interest in his life. On June 11, the 22-year-old netman, pilot, and traveler enters the naval air corps. "Maybe I've picked the wrong branch, but aviation is my future. But I won't quit tennis," he added hastily. "It's something you can't give up. It gets in your blood. I hope to be able to play exhibitions when I get in the service."

Before Uncle Sam takes over, Harris is determined to have one last fling at the sport that has been his life-blood for the last 10 years. The latter part of May he will play in the Connecticut State tournament at New Haven and a week later move down to Hartford for the New England championship matches.

With five simple words Harris summed up his play in the tennis world. "I've liked what I've done," he stated simply. "I've met people, I've visited places, and I've enjoyed myself throughout." If this is a recipe for happiness, tennis is sure to have a large increase in the number of participants in the future.

●

DANZIGER

(from page 9)

ness site which would be appreciative of the talents of Edward Danziger, Austrian refugee. At the suggestion of a group of Chapel Hill townspeople (chiefly Dean Dudley D. Carroll of the Commerce School, and faculty members Richard Hobbs, Floyd Edmister, and M. E. Bernstein) he travelled to Chapel Hill in May, 1939 with Homer Morris, Quaker leader. Impressed by the beauty and friendliness of the pine-enclosed community, and mindful of Mrs. Danziger's love for the semi-rural, he decided that Chapel Hill was ideal for the attainment of his desire to make "not millions, just a living." Accordingly, in July of 1939 he established the now-famous sweet shoppe, mecca of delicacy-loving atmosphere seekers. A summer of hard work produced the delicate mixture of Old World culture and collegiana which has become a Chapel Hill landmark to rival the arboretum and the Old Well.

Once he was established, plans were made to bring the separated family together. With youngest son Irving already safe in Sweden, Mrs. Danziger and teenaged Teddy crossed the Swedish border upon the pretext of visiting their youngest. Once across, arrangements were made to cross the submarine-infested Atlantic to the New World. After a perilous crossing, October found the family reunited after two long, fear-beset years.

A family once again, the Danzigers went quickly about their task of making a place for themselves in their new home. Teddy entered the University, while all pledged themselves to the job of running the shop. Greeted by surprising success, the establishment was expanded in the fall of 1940 with the addition of a back room. Its many-languaged walls are patterned after a Tyrolean establishment where guests from all parts of the world used to write upon the walls.

On December 7, 1941 the United States became a nation at war.

Hate for and suspicion of the Germanic races, unawakened since the tragic days of 1918, began to smolder in the American mind. The Danzigers became the subject of malicious, suspicion-bred rumors. The unassuming Austrians who made made a place for themselves in the environment of Chapel Hill were suddenly suspected as spies, saboteurs, fifth columnists.

Dean Dudley D. Carroll, confidant-adviser of Edward Danziger since his arrival in Chapel Hill, resolved to clear the aura of suspicion surrounding the Danzigers. Acting in his capacity as chairman of a committee interested in assisting worthy refugees, he requested that the F. B. I. dispatch investigators to the scene. Thus, for the second time since his arrival in the United States (the first was before he settled in Chapel Hill) Edward Danziger was the subject of a searching federal investigation.

After a careful probe the agents left the scene, content to leave uninterrupted the Danziger existence.

To those in whose minds suspicion still clings, a survey of the Danziger family should serve to banish further doubts. Son Teddy, who is due to graduate with honors in June, is a member of the CVTC. Although still too young for the draft, he is willing to go when his adopted homeland calls. Irving, baby of the family, is so en-

"Talk Carolina!!"

thusiastic about his Boy Scout activities that he often dons his uniform while serving coffee and strudel to customers. As for their father, he is registered for Selective Service. Having demonstrated in one war the valor of which he is capable, he is more than willing to again risk his life, this time on the side of democracy.

The Danzigers have, of course, long since taken out their first citizenship papers.

If, in the present day, when every enemy alien is open to suspicion, the United States government is content to leave the Danzigers unhampered, let the rumormongers ask no more.

●

BRUTE

(from page 11)

—but there was no end to his trail. He moved through the swamp for two days and nights until finally he reached the jungle, exhausted, mad, craving food and rest. Waiting for the end of the perpetual green jungle night.

* * *

That is what the Brute heard the jabbering gargoyle shadows telling, and he insanely shrieked at them, "Shut up. Get me out, get me out of this." But his only answer was the croak of the wind, and the incomprehensible jabber of the shadows.

He pushed slowly, bent almost to a crawl. His body ached from hunger and exhaustion as his arms slashed and tore at the vine nets.

Looking down at the mossy ground he saw a piece of meat. The Brute picked it up and bit it. But it was not meat, it was a pulpy, grey fungus growth, which dried and puckered his mouth. He spat the fungus out, and with it was a daub of blood.

Again he shrieked. "Get me out of this God-damned hell."

And he pushed on, afraid to sit, looking at the shivering shadows pass along the ground like multitudes of reptiles.

He tore bark from a tree and began to chew it, but it was sour. The wind blew up harder and louder and the trees shook as though they were dancers.

Suddenly, from above, there was a cackle of flying reptiles. The flap of their wings, and the flutter of the leaves as they beat against them was like the banging together of a million dulled cimbals.

The Brute looked up through the tunnel of leaves and saw the moon passing down behind them. There was only a soft yellow light coming from the edge of the jungle—making the shadows long and thin.

The Brute pushed on. The arm with the knife no longer slashed at the vines, for the slight strength was gone. But he pushed until before him, he saw a wide arena-like space completely surrounded by trees. The ground was covered with grey, shadowy moss, like a piece of ragged, somber velvet. The moon sent oblique light through the allies of trees and foliage.

The Brute looked down at the ground and saw his shadow, long, emaciated. His shoulders were hunched and his arms ended in spear-like fingers. His whole body had the appearance of a saber blade. The Brute's eyes moved up to the top of the shadow, but there was no head, it was hidden in the shadow of the trees. He held the knife to his side and it was a gigantic thorn pricking his body.

The Brute was beyond exhaustion. Beyond hunger, beyond movement. His mind wandered to thoughts of sleep. He just wanted to sink, completely into oblivion—to close up as a jungle plant.

He had to sit down and as he did so his shadow disappeared into the shadow of the

tree against which he leaned. He closed his eyes, but they wouldn't remain closed. They stealthfully wandered around the soggy arena.

From behind the trees, near him, the Brute saw another shadow entering the arena. As it spread out on the ground he could see that it was not gaunt like his, but softer, rounder, with rays of the falling moon surrounding it. The light framed the new shadow as though it were a halo.

The Brute closed his eyes. There was something fearful in the new shadow, something that made him sweat as he watched it. He closed his eyes. But again he couldn't keep them closed.

They opened, and before him stood Timothy. Timothy the man he had killed and left.

The Brute gazed at him in horror—rubbed his eyes, but he could not obliterate the verescent apparition. Timothy was covered with mud. His whole greenish body was caked with blotched mud, but through it the Brute could see that Timothy was just as he was when he had grabbed his neck and plunged him into the swamp.

Timothy examined the Brute in utter silence. Looking down upon him, grinning, but the grin changed to a laugh.

"Can't your strength save you?"

The Brute said nothing, nor did he move. He just sat against the tree.

No sound but the croaking wind—no sight but the blazing Timothy—no taste but the puckering remains of the fungus growth—no touch but of the slimy handle

of his knife—no smell but of the humid air.

The Brute's eyes swelled with tears, yet nothing fell but salted sweat.

"Muscle-bound coward." Timothy's voice was even and monotonous, it seemed to be part of the wind.

But the Brute could not rise.

"I'm not a slave to the angels. I'm a master."

The Brute tightened his hold on the knife.

"Wimpering coward. Why don't you speak to me? Are you afraid? Are you afraid of me? You're stronger than I am, you know. Much stronger. You proved that when you pushed me into the mud and made me suffocate. You're the stronger of the two of us. Much the stronger. You told me that was power, power to crack a skull or kill a weakling."

The wind whistled and the light of the moon was gone. The jungle sank in blackness. All except the slight glow of the very distant sun.

Timothy laughed. "I was the weakling. I was the weakling—but—"

Tears ran down the vallies of the Brute's face as he pushed himself up. "I killed you. You can't be here."

"I am." Timothy chuckled.

"It's my imagination. I'm raving."

"You killed me. I've returned."

"And I'll do it again. I wasn't afraid of you when you were alive. I'm not afraid of a ghost." The Brute held up his knife.

"You can't kill the dead."

The Brute pulled the knife to make ready for a thrust into the ribs of Timothy.

Swiftly the blade formed a long arch

"I dunno. Lou Harris says it's a camouflaged blimp."

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"Oh, no, Eleanor. You're mistaken there. I always use two eggs, whip the whites, and fold in the batter. . . ."

in the air as it passed through Timothy's body and hung limply at the Brute's side.

Timothy stood without moving and gazed into the sweating face of the Brute. "You can't kill the dead."

The Brute stood still. He could not move. In the silence the whole arena lighted up, and he saw birds and monkies, chattering to slimy serpents. They watched him as Timothy spoke.

"You are standing in the stadium of death, and I am your judge. It is not going to be a fair trial, for men like you never get fair trials. It was in such an arena of Ancient Rome that Gladiators pierced each other's groins with spears."

The Brute watched and listened to him impotently.

"You are standing there, sterile. You can't kill me and run away this time. You can't kill harmless animals to satisfy your ego. You just stand there and listen to me. Your brute strength can help no longer."

The animals laughed at the Brute.

"Leave me alone. I'll get out of here. I've gotten away before."

"You have no more of your strength."

The Brute forced himself to run—run

CLUE No. 1:

Behind a mirror, behind a table, behind a door marked "LADIES."

across the slippery moss arena. He ran slowly, panting, toward the trees. There he stood, and saw nothing but Timothy standing beside him.

"Get away. Get away from me."

"You see that?" Timothy pointed. "Do you know what it is?"

For a moment the Brute stood and looked, amazed, incredulous. "Quicksand."

"It is the gate of hell."

The Brute lunged at Timothy, but fell to the ground.

"You can't hurt me."

The Brute rose and followed Timothy closer to the quicksand.

"Below that is a hell from which you can never escape. An infinite space of flaccidity. Limply you shall hang in it, yielding to the pressure of anything—of insects and giants. Powerless, you shall yield."

The Brute stood there, looking into the pool of quicksand, like a statue.

He placed a foot to the sand, which grabbed it, and started to pull it down. He jumped back.

"No. I'm a damn fool. You're not here. Nothing is here, but the jungle." He started to run again. He ran across the moss. Suddenly he stopped as though he had hit an invisible wall. He turned and came back to the pool of sand.

Timothy was gone.

The animals stopped cackling. The wind stopped croaking. There was a complete silence. It was as though the whole space were a vacuum. The Brute looked down at the pool and saw a great empty space infused with an ugly violet light. It went beyond the depths of his imagination, beyond eternal thought, beyond spaciousness. Then, without a change it seemed to have claws and a body.

The Brute shrank backward. For a moment he stood still

then he jumped into the center of the pool.

Quickly it swallowed him, as though he had plunged into the throat of a prehistoric monster.

The Birds and the monkies cackled, the serpents hissed, the wind croaked, and with a fluttering sound the arena was empty.

THE END

ODE TO MISS BUMPITTY

(on wearing slacks)

Manish pants and women stout
Will never mix, you'll find,
If you will turn yourself about
And see yourself behind.

—Harley Moore

"It's all right, Hubert. He's only in the beard-growing contest."

The Begones . . .

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there was an old old magazine that lived in musty pages and issued words of wisdom to nobody in particular. Nobody in particular cared.

Then there was a little magazine, born of the gutter, transcended (maybe), that lived in empty pages and issued empty words of nonsense to everybody in particular. And nobody is particular cared.

The first was called the Carolina Magazine, Wise and Venerable. Said the people, "Begone, old Carolina Magazine."

The latter was called Tar an' Feathers, razz-ma-tazz. Said the people, "Begone, squirt."

In this last issue with these last words of wisdom, the Carolina Magazine weeps no tears. It is composed, wise . . . and happy.

The squirt will bawl once more and will weep that it has been cheated.

Say the people, "Begone!!"

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